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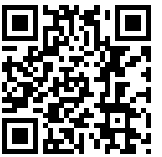

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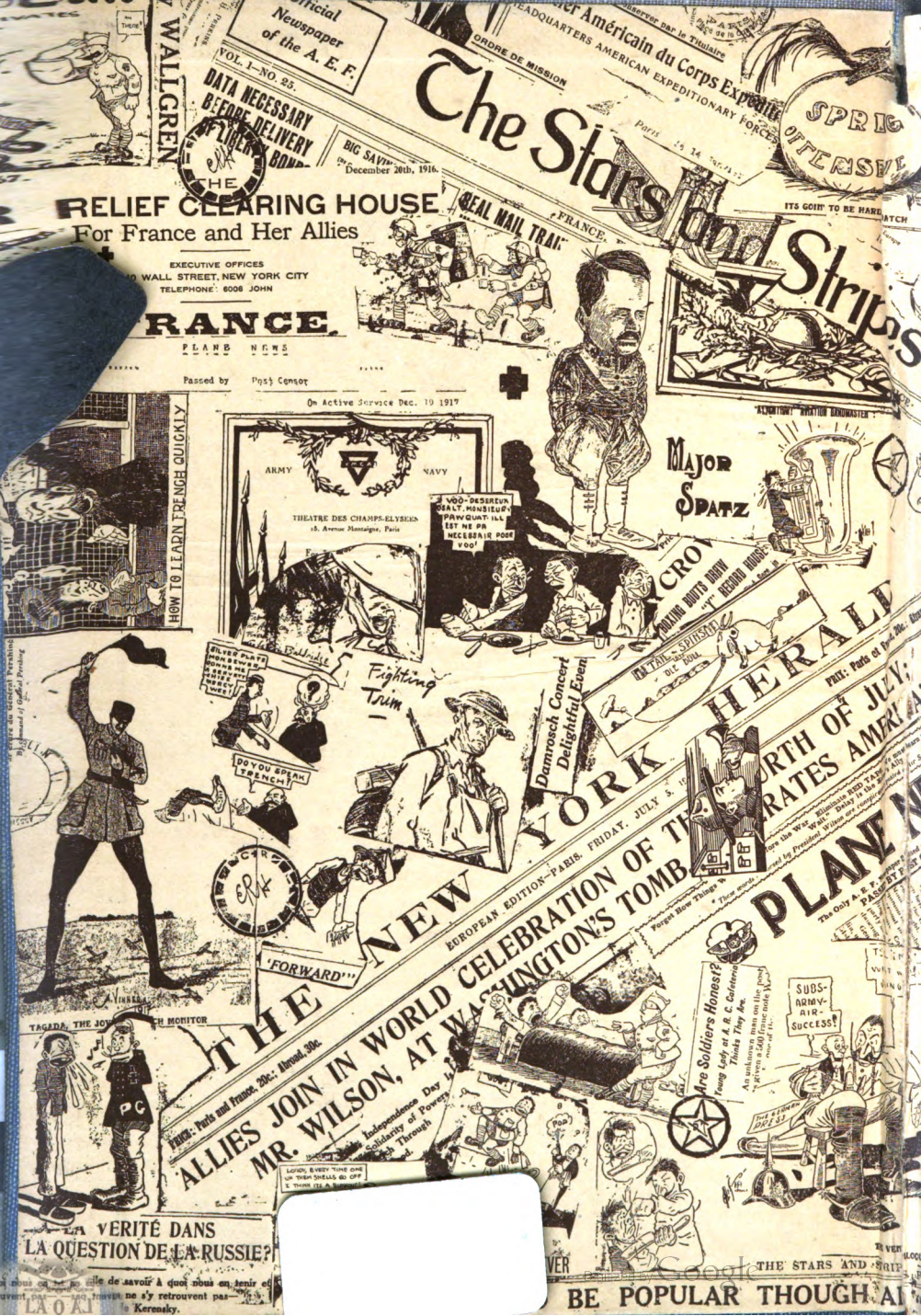
ONE WOMAN'S WAR

anonymous

Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.
VOL. 1—NO. 25.
DATA NECESSARY BEFORE DELIVERY
BIG SAVING
December 20th, 1916.
The Stars and Stripes
RELIEF CLEARING HOUSE
For France and Her Allies
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY
TELEPHONE: 6006 JOHN
FRANCE
PLANE NEWS
Passed by Post Censor
On Active Service Dec. 19 1917
ARMY
NAVY
THEATRE DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES
15, Avenue Montaigne, Paris
HOW TO LEADN TRENCH QUICKLY
Major Spatz
Fighting Trim
Damrosch Concert Delightful Even
DO YOU SPEAK TRENCH?
NEW YORK HERALD
EUROPEAN EDITION—PARIS, FRIDAY, JULY 5,
"FORWARD"
THE
ALLIES JOIN IN WORLD CELEBRATION OF
MR. WILSON, AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.
Are Soldiers Honest?
SUBS-ARMY-AIR-SUCCESS!
LA VÉRITÉ DANS LA QUESTION DE LA RUSSIE?
THE STARS AND STRIPES
BE POPULAR THOUGH

PLANE NEWS
PASSED BY POST CENSOR
HOLIDAY EDITION
On Active Service, Dec. 27, 1917.
By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.
50 CENTIMES
NOTICE
The New York Herald and Chicago Tribune will be published daily from Plane News Office, 3.fr a month
FROM HOME
Lots of Lumber is cut at the Saw-mills
Cpl. Peter Lennartz Keeps Things Dancing At The Power Plants
Band Practice Every Day at the Y.M.C.A.
"Charlie" Wins 1st Prize
Toffey
Put-'Er Over
The Goat
One of the trucks Running between Town and Camp
The Red Cross
Bath House
Scenes and Doings About Camp
A Cadet
At the Rocking Boats
One of the French Seating Parties
Out on Field No. 2
One of the Wild Motorcycle Riders
By "Alex"
BON JOUR, MONSIEUR
PLANE NEWS
E. H. SOTHERN'S DELIGHTS MEN
FRIDAY AUGUST 2, 1918.
"OFFICER"
—By WALLGREN

ONE WOMAN'S WAR

ANONYMOUS

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ONE WOMAN'S WAR

ANONYMOUS

Some of the women war workers never returned; some returned to commit suicide rather than face the memory of what they had become. The woman who writes this book was a member of an aristocratic family. Because of what happened she could not rejoin her family. From her war work serving as nurse, kitchen worker and in various other capacities, she returned to make her living in America. She became a night club hostess and a chorus girl, ultimately to find her way as a magazine writer. Her war experiences had cleansed her of class pride and futile shame.

And so she is able to tell the truth, to tell it in the language of the trenches. The war tore her out of normal life. She reverted to primitive womanhood, willing to do all to give men courage. Above the actual events, is the record of her own development, the story of a womanhood formed against the most lurid background in all history. Avid for life, and needing distractions, she participated in the reckless revelry that accompanied the battles.

The story is not a pretty one. Often it is appalling. But it is one of the most impressive as it is one of the most absorbing books to come out of the war. It is the story of a woman who is neither bitter nor ashamed.

Macaulay
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

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ONE WOMAN'S WAR.

Anonymous . . . New York: The Macaulay Company . . . $2.50.

Reviewed by
LAMBERT DAVIS

AFTER what has already been said under signature, it would seem false modesty for war commentators any longer not to sign their records, but both "War Is War" and "One Woman's War" come from the press with that additional promise of titillation which anonymity confers upon a book. Each of these books aims to set down in the simplest terms possible the story of the war as it presented itself to a participant—the first a professional writer who enlisted in the English army early in the war and served as a private almost to the end; the second an American flapper living in Belgium who fled before the first German invasion and spent the entire four years, off and on, as a hospital and canteen worker.

Ex-Private X implies in his introduction that he has set about to write the "All Quiet" of the English infantryman. Setting aside the consideration that it is as difficult to conceive of an English "All Quiet" as a German "Journey's End," there is a wide divergence between Remarque's horror of war as war and Ex-Private X's fretful irritation at the many stupidities which warfare brings with it. In "All Quiet" physical details are employed to color the author's fixed vision of war as the destroyer of the spirit, and they are used to produce an effect which is tragic without appearing to have been set down in rancor. "War Is War," on the other hand, is rancorous without ever being particularly tragic. The author has the colossal superiority complex of the middle-class Englishman which makes him fly off into irritable diatribes against Canadians, Australians, the Irish, the French, and most other non-British. He displays the normal hatred of the fighting man for staff officers and politicians, but he shows little compensating sympathy for his fellow footsloggers. Except for a few vivid battle scenes the book reads as a series of personal animadversions on individuals, races and institutions.

The key to "One Woman's War" may be found in the jacket blurb which states that the author has since been a night-club hostess. The wartime diary of this nineteen-year-old girl is full of the wise-cracking, hard-boiled naïveté which is characteristic of the newspaper interviews of Texas Guinan, and there is added spice of the Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Ex-Wife variety. Her account of her flight from Belgium, which apparently has been written from memory, has movement and drama, but from the moment she reaches Paris and resorts to her duty her narrative is about three-fourths concerned with her dealings with soldiers on leave or in training and with her efforts to pick up the slang which her early life in Belgium had denied her. The rest of the book consists of those odds and ends of misinformation which soldiers pass on to attractive young women. "One Woman's War" confirms the theories of psychologists on the effect of war on the feminine psyche and should provide entertainment for those who enjoy popular confessional literature.

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JOHN P. FINLEY
DEC 23 1930

ONE WOMAN'S WAR

Anonymous

THE MACAULAY COMPANY
New York

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'ONE WOMAN'S WAR' WILL BE PUBLISHED

The Macaulay Company will bring out in June "One Woman's War" (Anonymous). The story, which is taken from the diaries of an American woman war worker, is astonishing in its frankness. John J. Niles, author of "One Man's War," and collector of the anthology, "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," brought the manuscript to the publishers and vouched for its authenticity. The nature of the script makes it necessary to publish the book anonymously.

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THE MACAULAY COMPANY

One Woman's War (Anonymous), just published by Macaulay, has many interesting personal sidelights on some of the most famous American aviators in the war --Eddie Rickenbacker, Quentin Roosevelt, Maj. Spatz of Question Mark fame. The writer, a Virginia girl living in France when the war broke out, joined the Red Cross, but was discharged because of a love affair with one of the aviators. She tells how Maj. Spatz failed to quiet the aviation cadets when they decided to celebrate the New Year 1918 by shooting up Camp, how this, the most spirited and gallant army of undisciplined troops in the war, booed their officers, went AWOL, broke all regulations, but when the time came to fight, they were the most spectacular and unbelievable soldiers in history.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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FOR THEIR LOYAL FRIENDSHIP AND UNDERSTANDING DURING THOSE TRYING DAYS THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

DORA LOUES MILLER
HELEN BENNETT
MARY AGNES LEONARD
ETHEL WYNNE
NORMA ABRAMS

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Behind the War Lines

One Woman's War. Anonymous. Macaulay Co., 295pp, $2.00.

Even a casual reading of this book will explain why it is anonymously published. It is the unvarnished story of the experiences of a young woman as nurse and canteener during the war—a confession that few women would care to admit to be their own. The story, which is written from the basis of numerous diary notes, is told by a young woman who evidently was normally much of a hoyden—the daughter of a rich and egocentric mother who, having lost her first husband, became the victim of an adventurer but was so proud of the title that she obtained through the marriage that she would not admit that she had been victimized. When the war broke out the family—mother, stepfather, the diarist and her brother—were living cosily in Belgium. The stepfather fled before the German advance, the mother went to Paris where she thought she would find comfort and safety, the stepson joined the army of Belgium and the diarist went into the war work which she seems to have done pretty well, though much of her time was spent in flirtations and lovemaking. The latter two occupations, both of herself and those around her, are described in detail, and one is left to the conclusion that the situation at all points where she served presented a moral debacle. The war was the excuse for all sorts of unconventional behavior, and the story is written in the smartest of modern slang, with great freedom of suggestion. Twice she fell desperately in love, and each of the men was killed. It is another of those books that all women who continue to vote for war ought to read.

'One Woman War' a Novel of C rasts

ONE WOMAN'S WAR, Anonymous; the Macaulay Co., New York. $2.50.

The anonymous author of this novel of the world war tells a story that is vividly alive, graphic what a woman might do to further a cause. If, as is to be assumed, this story is based on truth, then the protagonist put love of country and the game of war above pride and modesty and even shame; she did things men desired her to do because she discovered it gave them courage; she lived the life of a woman who would do all to help the cause with which she was allied, and she emerged from the turmoil of conflict with a viewpoint as broad as the space between the stars.

This story is full of the sort of stuff that stamps the "sex" novels in the simon-pure fiction field, yet it has the ring of being a sincere, authentic story, embellished a little for readability, romanticized a trifle to lend realism. It is said the writer came back from the war and could not rejoin her family because of her wartime past, so became a night-club hostess and a magazine writer, turning, finally, to the field of the novel, or, at least, the autobiographical novel.

Whether all of this is true or some of it imagined, here is a book that will keep you up most of the night and hold you with a stirring appeal to the last page. Nothing like it has come out of the war and perhaps nothing like it will come out again, for surely not more than one woman could have experienced all of this and possessed, too, the happy faculty of being able to tell it in such appealing style. Emotional, poignant, brittle as steel and emphatic in its appeal, "One Woman's War" is one of the most diverting novels we have read in several seasons.—M. R.

One Woman's War. The book is dedicated to Dora Loues Miller, Helen Bennett, Mary Agnes Leonard, Ethel Wynne and Norma Abrams, "for their loyal friendship and understanding during those trying days. This is a war story. It is a story told by a women who served as a nurse and in other capacities. She returned to America but not to her old home. After years of struggle she has now become a magazine writer. This is her first book. (Macaulays's book. New York.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The publishers are happy to give assurance that the matter in this book has been fully authenticated.

The manuscript was put in the hands of Lieutenant John J. Niles, author of "SINGING SOLDIERS," and "SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME"; these books constitute the first comprehensive collections of songs sung by American soldiers in a major war.

Lieutenant Niles, who was in the aviation service, was in a position to give personal corroboration to many of the episodes treated in the book. Through inquiry and research he was able to secure a point-by-point verification of those sections of the book not covered by his own experiences.

The author, whose name we are not now in a position to divulge, further presented us with documentary evidence of her wide and varied war work.

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War Was Not All Hell for Helene

One Woman's War. (Macaulay). Anonymous.

June 8, 1930

While war was not all hell for Helene, she saw enough of it to last one woman a lifetime. She made her own bed, however, and she could blame no one but herself that it was not always the most comfortable. It is to her credit that she slept in it uncomplainingly—and it is to be hoped that time will soften her recollections of the horrors through which she passed and make only a blurred background for her more happy experiences in and out of war.

For some reason the name of the author is withheld and so far as the reading public is concerned her name is Anonymous, but the publishers probably impelled by the hoax perpetrated by another woman writer emphatically state that the story told by Anonymous, mostly taken from her diary kept during the war, has been verified.

Helene, by which name the author refers to herself occasionally in her story, was of F. F. V. stock, but as a young girl her family left the United States and settled in Belgium. There she was at the outbreak of the World War in the direct path of the invading Germans, and from then until the day the war closes bringing one of the greatest tragedies of her life at a time when the world was hysterical with happiness, she was very much a part of it. And as were so many others, who were torn from a quiet peaceful carefully protected home life, and tossed into that inferno of hate, with its variety of filth, bloodshed, suffering, heroism—eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die attitude, she was swept away by it, and when she was "in Rome she did as the Romans do."

Her diary as the war progressed showed its effect on her. She tried to learn all the slang she could and recorded it, much of it bordering, as so many of the expressions and songs of the soldiers did, on vulgarities which might well be deleted in print except that it shows war and its effect on a wellbred woman at its worst.

ONE WOMAN'S WAR

Anonymous. The Macaulay Co., New York. $2.50

She was scarcely more than a kid when the war broke out. She got right into the midst of things and for the duration of the conflict she served as nurse, kitchen worker, Y.M.C.A. canteen girl and general lover of and for soldiers of various nations with whom she chanced to come in contact.

One or two of them she actually loved, according to her story and bits of a diary she kept during the war. The war, in brief, taught her to live a full life even if it might be a short one. It robbed her of much that is beautiful and divine with the result that when the war ended, she could not quite return to her aristocratic family. To blot out the memory of what had taken place in her life of unrestraint during the war, she came to New York, became a chorus girl and then turned to fiction for her living.

"One Woman's War" is a splendid psychological study of just what drastic changes war made in the lives of some women. The disillusionments she encountered and the general futility of it all carved their trade-marks deep upon her heart and soul.

Still, considering the authoress was merely a girl when the war broke out and that her womanhood was moulded against a bitter and reckless environment, she cannot be entirely blamed for her various participations in the wild revelry that embroidered the battles.

June 8-1930

But, like all who went through it, she came out of it tired and worn and wan and bitterly disillusioned. The glamour of it all was nice for those who read of it in the newpsapers; but, she says, there was too much glory for the men 20 miles behind the lines and too much death and agony for the men in the trenches.

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CHAPTER ONE

I WAS born in Virginia and liked it a lot. But before I knew better, they dragged me off to the continent and tried to make a Frog out of me. Then my real father died and my mother who was loaded down with money (and still is)½ became the object of much slap-dash love-making on the part of a lot of broken down, phoney and otherwise undesirable dukes and lesser notables.

My brother Robert was ten and I was seven when we left these pleasant shores. He didn't mind the continent. Boys can get about over there and scatter their untamed cereals where the scattering is good, but girls! Listen, sisters, take it from one who had a halter on her neck all during her teens, don't fall for this continental education racket; it's a flat tire if I know anything about life. And the ten years I've spent in the good old U. S. since the war has taught little Hélène quite a few of the back alleys.

The only thing I can remember about the trip to Europe was the boat ride. We crossed on a ship named the *St. Louis,* and the trip was a big number, only my mother didn't think so. Dad and I had a whale of a time, but mother was extremely rococo. Father said she had the vapors. He had been reading Dickens to Robert and me. You know how those Dickensian heroines have the vapors —well, that was my mother. No offense, however. It

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might be in order though, since she turned her darling (and only) daughter out at the end of the big war and said:

"Go and sin no more, and try to make an honest living."

That was a big order, particularly for a native-born Virginian with sex appeal all over the place and a breakfast-in-bed kind of bringing up. But no matter, let's get on with my background.

After wandering around visiting most of the important villages on the continent, we landed in Belgium where we spent most of each year—I mean the temperate parts of the year. The first problem was to teach me the French lingo, which was no small job. Then came my father's death and my mother's marriage to Count Henri de Placervillers.

The very first time my brother and I laid eyes on Count Henri we pronounced him a dud. He disappeared during the war, and if the Germans bumped him off, they should be congratulated on their good sense. But my brother says if Henri lost his life he lost it running away from the war—like the lines of the song the negroes used to sing on my father's plantation in Virginia:

"For lack of breath,
He ran himself to death."

Robert and I never really believed that Count Henri was according to Hoyle. He had a lot of badges and papers and scrolls and crests and coats of arms—a galloping bull rampant in a field of pawpaw bushes, surrounded by

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three gloved hands thumbing their noses at one another and all such rot—but they didn't go down with the young folks. And then, I being just rising fifteen, the Count took an eyeful of me every time I passed him and it was a mean, hungry eyeful too. But my brother Robert was a strong robust lad of eighteen and the Count had savvy enough not to shortcircuit his meal ticket by laying hot hands on me.

The roof of the château at Namur nearly flew off one fine day in 1913 when Count Henri and my mother announced that I was to be presented to a bunch of Heinies over in Cologne, one of whom was intended to become my husband. Do you hear me screaming! Well, I say now. Robert and I got together and had a confederate veterans' reunion and made plans enough to wreck the solar system. And they were dirty plans, too, but I'll come to that later.

The war in 1914 hit us like a thunderbolt. It unhorsed me and sent Count Henri to parts unknown. Robert had been going to school up at Brussels and he hopped into the Belgian army. Mother was in Paris at the time and she stayed, what I mean! But I stuck it out as long as I could, hoping to see what it was all about.

Meanwhile I had kept a lot of diaries. Some of them were written in an attempt at blank verse. I had early visions of being a poetess—one of these lavender-eyed dames who spellbinds with mixed metaphors and doesn't really say anything. Later I got on to the intimate lingo of the United States Army of America. I learned about

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English from them and I hope they're satisfied. That's why the later parts of my diary are more crisp and less difficult for the man with the hoe to understand.

It was a great war though, and it surely took the halter off of little Eva!

* * *

My very early childhood was unbelievably happy and all because my real father and I got on so well together. Back in Virginia he used to spend a certain amount of every day playing with me—inventing stories involving imaginary animals, fairy princes and all such hop. But when he kicked off, old man Tough Luck crawled out of his shell and punched me a lick right between the eyes.

I didn't understand it then, but I know now: I'm a man's woman—that's why I never could get on with my mother. With my father and my brother Bob I was at home; but with my mother I was always ill at ease. My mother was always trying to solve me, like a difficult problem in division. What it took to solve me, however, she didn't happen to have, and the continual process of least common denominator was very trying to me.

As a child and even as a grown-up girl, I used to throw tantrums. Not while my father was around, but for my mother and any other females who happened to think tantrums were bad form. I named the tantrums after different animals. I had a tiger's tantrum and imagined myself to be a tiger named Tommie. The tiger's tantrum was particularly trying to my mother's nerves but very re-

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laxing to mine. It involved much noise, kicking, rearing, snorting and baying.

Then there was a bear's tantrum and a hyena's tantrum and a buzzard's tantrum, an eagle's tantrum and a snake's tantrum. Once my mother called in a very well known doctor from Brussels to examine me and see if the tantrums came from any organic disorder. I liked the old doctor very much and in the strictest confidence told him that the tantrums were all trumped up and acted out for theatrical effect. He thought it was a wow of an idea and said he would write a paper on it for some medical society. He prescribed that I be given some kind of mineral water and when he left the house he gave me a big hug and a most scandalous kind of wink. But the tantrums went on just the same whenever I thought they were necessary and in order.

When once we settled down in Belgium and father bought the château at Namur I thought I was in for a spell of never-never-land good times. But before I knew the run of the château grounds and had visited all the animal pens and crawled through all the stable lofts, father died. That, in the language of Mr. Ludendorff, was my "black day."

Up to that time I had had a man tutor. He was a young Belgian of about twenty-five and a grand person. He blushed every time I said anything to him. And he spoke English with such an adorable accent. He almost shed tears because I refused to understand arithmetic. He would say that every lady should at least be able to add up her

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bill in a hotel or a restaurant. I have never been able to do this—not to this day. I remember well how when the company manager for one of Mr. Ziegfeld's road shows deducted the price of a chair car seat from my $60.00 a week, it took the stage manager, the orchestra director, my own personal boy friend and a wardrobe mistress to explain the figures to me. I was neither a mathematician nor as trusting as I might have been.

But when dad was gone the first thing my mother did was to dismiss the tutor and import a dud mid-Victorian from England to carry on my education. That was the blow that knocked my nose right out of joint, and how I did take it out on that old school-teacher. I called her Miss Prism, at first in private and to my brother, but later to her face. Oh, I was a mean little beast, but so was she.

What queered my chances with old lady Prism was my gum-chewing. I'll bet I used to chew more gum in a week than Bill Rogers did that whole season he played the gum-chewing cow-boy act with the lasso in Mr. Ziegfeld's merry-merry. My father used to chew gum and I learned the habit from him. We had gum sent to us from America. I can remember when I was just a youngster my father discovered a kind of gum made in Louisville, Kentucky. It came in little round tin boxes and was perfumed like violets. The empty boxes were great prizes. Bob didn't chew; he smoked as soon as he was able to inhale without getting sick. But as I said before, Prism hated gum-chewing and that was jake with me. It saved me the bother of having

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to supply her out of my store, which after my father's death was slimmer than before.

Life at that time would have been impossible for me if it hadn't been for my brother. He saved the day for me by coming home occasionally from the college up at Brussels and bringing his boy friends along. After the first few trips the boy friends began to notice me and then Bob had to almost run a ticket system as they used to in the old style stand-in-line barber shops. That was my first introduction to coquetry and how I did coquet! Those Belgian boys were susceptible lads to begin with, but, when I stepped on the gas, they seemed to have only one really serious desire and that was to learn the English language, and from me too! Get that!

I don't wish to appear stuck on myself when it comes to this vamping business, but I do desire to show what a little scientifically applied S. A. can do when it comes to managing the male. And that's the right word, too—managing. They all need it and love it when properly done.

The first serious crush I ever had was at the age of fifteen. He was one of my brother's boy friends and his name was René—René de M. de L. I shan't give any more of his name, as he has friends living today in Belgium and they will prefer to remember him as an extraordinarily brave Captain in the Belgian army who died at Liége trying to stop the Kaiser's steam roller. Well, René was one of the most accomplished lovers and one of the most unabashed manhandlers I have ever encountered, and after spending my twenty-second and twenty-third years as a welfare

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worker attached to the United States Army, I have some margin of comparison.

I was really crazy about René, and it thrills me to this day to think of the inordinate pleasure I used to get out of his holding my hand. If I could only experience that same thrill today! My arms would go weak; my body limp and my breath would go so that I could speak only in inarticulate gurgles. And René! He was not entirely unmoved either.

It wasn't because it was I, nor that we were sitting out in the moonlight looking across the Meuse River. It was because I was a man's woman even at fifteen and he was a woman's man at eighteen and that both of us had inherited something from generations of similarly inclined ancestors—mine being the heavy lovers of the Civil War South and his being the cavaliers of the French and Belgian nobility.

These meetings out in the moonlight beside that gorgeous river were the last cry in stealth. Surreptitious is not the word; it isn't properly descriptive! The yarns I used to tell to be able to steal away by myself and be sure that Miss Prism was not on my trail! If St. Peter stops me at the Golden Gate, he will have lots of things to say, but those yarns will head the list. Nevertheless, if I had it to do over again, I'd do it exactly the same way. After all, we only live once and René was such a delicious person.

He wrote poetry about me. Those foreign lovers do that, you know—and how! They read Verlaine and Baudelaire and then sit up all night rhyming a four-line stanza. His

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poetry was not always translatable, but here's one of the best things I recorded:

You smiled,
And I saw a flash of white teeth
Like pearls of dew
Nestling in the chalice of a
Blood red flower.

I didn't get it. He was a futurist with words and a modernist with love. I didn't get it, but I enjoyed René. I remember the last time I ever saw him—he came to tell me good-by before he went away with his regiment. He caught me up in his arms and crushed his mouth against mine. It wasn't a matter of lips. I have always hated those pursed lip kisses anyhow. Neither one of us said anything. The kiss seemed to last for eternities. Next morning I noticed three black and blue spots on my breast where the buttons of his tunic had bruised my flesh. And then they say that old-fashioned love went out of style at the beginning of the Twentieth Century!

But René was only one of the house guests we entertained down at the château at Namur. I must admit that he was one of the most ardent, and that my mother and Prism expected the worst from our relationship. But I fooled them and disappointed them at the same time, because they really wanted to yaa-yaa me a little, I do believe —give me the grand raspberry, as the American aviators used to say.

Right in the middle of this puppy-love period came the

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advent of my stepfather, and as I told you all before, Bob and I decided first off that the stepfather was a wet smack. Our juvenile first impressions never changed to the last day of our acquaintance with the Count, if Count he was, which Bob and I still doubt.

Of course, the Count was legally married to my mother, but his inclinations were as loose as the links of a cow chain. Mama was his meal ticket and what got under my skin most was that she didn't know it. It might not have been so bad if he had concentrated on the females of his own or our own class, but when he began to make passes at the servant girls, Bob and I held a confederate veterans' reunion and considered the advisability of cutting the noble Placervillers right off in his prime.

He was a wily bird, and often thought he was slipping something over on little Hélène, but not for long. For example, his insane desire to have me join the swimming parties! Those were the days of voluminous swimming outfits, only I couldn't be bothered. Mother insisted that I at least have an abbreviated skirt on my bathing pants, and the old Count was never satisfied until I had gotten into the water and soaked my hula-hula skirt so that it would stick to me. He had a yen for my figure, in spite of the fact that I was the leggiest flapper on earth—one of those flat boyish-fronted flappers.

What really gripped me most was the news about my coming engagement to that Heinie in Cologne. Bob and I got together on it. Bob was for seeing it through for the purpose of watching developments. He also said that I

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could always bolt at the altar if it went that far. I said, "Yes, but think of the boredom I'll go through in the meanwhile." He said, "Never mind that, I'd take it out on everyone within reach, particularly the Count and old lady Prism!"

So I sulked a lot and treated myself to a few tantrums, bored Miss Prism as much as possible and let my mother go on with the plan to marry me off to the Teuton from the valley of the Rhine.

In later years I tried to make my mother tell me where she ran onto that gang of Germans, but she never would tell, and now that we're not speaking, it's hopeless. I have always believed that my stepfather trumped up the idea of my marrying Karl Mittlewohl. At least, this solution gives me an additional opportunity to chalk up one more score against the Count, which is about the best thing I do.

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CHAPTER TWO

THE first thing I ever heard about the war was one afternoon when the Count came raving through the house with a Berlin newspaper telling about Austria demanding satisfaction from Serbia. It seemed that the Count was on the Austrian side. Well, this Berlin newspaper was red hot about the dirty trick the Serbians had pulled. It was all rather far-fetched to me. I couldn't get all het up over it —neither could Bob.

It was about that time that Bob began to wise me up on the Kermesse to be held up near Brussels. René de L. de M. was going to be there and a lot of the other blades with whom I had galavanted, so naturally I was all for the Kermesse. Mother wasn't very strong for the excursion to the Capital, but she ordered me a new outfit of clothes and took it out by being glum for several days. I decided to go to that Kermesse with perfume behind my ears if it was my last official act and deed. I would even go without the perfume if necessary.

Every day as the month of July approached the talk of Austria and Serbia and the triple entente and the alliance, etc., got wilder and wilder. The Count threw words around like a weight thrower at an athletic meet. I didn't get it at all, so every night I used to steal off and go down to the gate-keeper's lodge and talk it out with Mamma and

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Papa Picot. Those two old folks were such regular people. My real father had employed them when we first came to Namur and they were rather strong for me, although they thought I was a little hard to manage.

Papa Picot had seen a war before—the one in '70, I suppose; so he was not enthusiastic for another. I wasn't in a position to talk from experience but craved to be able to do just that thing. Mamma Picot used to give me a little nip of apricot brandy every time I came down and that also added to the enjoyment of the trip. But most everyone was rather exercised over the chances of a war. They were worried.

Bob had been talking to a collection of Belgian officers. They were hot "agin" the Kaiser. They said the Kaiser thought he'd had psychic intercourse with God and had been instructed to take up the sword. They also raved about a so-called Berlin-Bagdad railroad. The most that happened to me was that I learned a lot of new words and heard folks talk about a lot of places I couldn't exactly locate on the map.

But I'll bet those wires in Europe were hot with messages, every nation saying "You did it first!" "You're a liar; it was your fault!" "Stop mobilizing or we'll sock you with a frankfurter!" "You did!" "We didn't!" "You did!" "We did not!"

And about that time something happened inside the château which worried me no little bit. Emilia, my own maid (yes, I had one in those halcyon days) came to me and confessed her marriage of necessity to one of the stable

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boys. I asked her which one. She told me, and I rather understood how it might have happened. He was a handsome dog and a lady killer and just the kind of an upstart little trusting Emilia would fall for.

I told Emilia that she might as well make up her mind to marry the boy if she was sure about the condition. She said she was quite sure and added the information that she had been making baby dresses now for two weeks. The dresses had a little bit of blue on them because the child was going to be a boy.

I said, "Well, Emilia, you're not only something of an adventuress but a prophet as well," and misunderstanding me, she answered that her sweetheart had a lisp and had saved five hundred francs against a rainy day.

On the 20th of July, Bob went up to Brussels and next morning I had a telegram from him saying that I had better give up the Kermesse because he was planning to enter the Belgian Army if they needed him. I couldn't get this as he had been born in America. I wondered how a foreign-born person could enlist. But he did it. In fact, he never did enlist exactly, but his knowledge of driving an automobile got him a job on a camion and he drove the wheels off it until the early part of the winter when he came down to visit me in Paris.

As well as I can remember, here's how it all started. Austria went about to get even for the death of Francis Ferdinand. This involved a skirmish with Serbia, and at once Russia got into the act.

The same day the Kaiser had a brain wave and decided

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to lick the world in three weeks. France and England, not having had to pay off a war debt for several seasons, decided that their places were in the field. But no one discussed the matter with Belgium. We were caught between the combatants like a nut in a cracker—and they cracked us and made us enjoy it. That's what caused the most trouble —trying to make us like it.

The news of the ultimatum struck us one night at sundown. I ran down to the gate lodge and asked Mamma Picot what she knew about it. She said that the town crier in a neighboring village would be the best source of information. My mother had gone to Paris on some wild-goose chase, and sometime during the day the Count left, riding in the best automobile the family possessed. That was the last I ever saw of the Count Henri de Placervillers.

From the gate lodge I hurried off to the nearby village in search of news. Suppose I let my diary tell what happened. It's the first coherent entry I have been able to find—all the others were too childish.

August 2d. The town crier stumped up the hill. One of his legs was quite stiff—he'd been a soldier. In the market place he adjusted his spectacles. The beat of his drum was louder than the roar of a thousand cannon. The slightest swirl of dust from the roadside obscured the sun like an eclipse. The town crier held a paper in his hand. It seemed he would never begin reading. Young girls usually heckled the old fellow and he ofttimes answered them in kind. But now all was silence. It seemed that he was about to pro-

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nounce sentence. A flock of pigeons fluttered to a nearby ridge pole. They too were listening. The silence was unbearable! Finally, he read. He told of the invasion. Of the call to colors. Of the depository for firearms at the Town Hall. And finally concluded with the statement that it was all commanded in the name of the country and the King. When he had finished, no one moved. Everyone seemed transfixed. And the sun set on a bewildered nation.

The night seemed to come very quickly. The night was a negro—a sooty, black negro with wide frightened eyes. Occasionally there were stars. More often there were tears. The German army was knocking at the doors of Liége.

(You see I had been reading Walt Whitman and Baudelaire and was trying to copy something of their style of writing.)

That night the air trembled—like a runner about to take off in a footrace. I tried to pray, but I couldn't. I'll bet there were a lot of prayers that night though—hundreds of thousands of people all mumbling out things to the same God. The Heinies strafing the French and the French cursing the Heinies. God must have been bored quite a lot with the short-circuiting of all those worried people, because worried they were.

The one fortunate thing about it all for me was that old lady Prism was on her way home to England. When she took off she gave me a parting shot, by telling me all the things a young lady of eighteen and one-half summers ought to do. I said yes and no and was thinking all the

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while that she was full of radish seed. Papa and Mamma Picot were my only companions. Of course, Emilia was there but she was more than worried about her stable boy husband who was about to go away to the wars. I wrote volumes of stuff in my diaries those days but it was mostly bunk—drivel hatched up under the excitement of the moment.

The papers from London and Paris were very discouraging. They talked a lot about Sir Edward Grey. It seems that he grew old in two weeks from trying to make something happen except the war. Here is a note from my August diary.

Diary note. Sir Edward Grey had hoed and watered and pruned and carefully tended an olive tree. Imagine the surprise of the world when on gathering the crop, Sir Edward found the fruit had turned to bullets over night. What a surprise!

As soon as the official news of the invasion got around, everyone on the château grounds who was not immediately attached to the war came and asked me what they should do—and I was only eighteen and a half years old. Of course, I had given up gum-chewing and taken to smoking since my seventeenth year, and had also conducted myself like a rather important person, which I surely was not.

They said, "Mademoiselle, you know things. You have a way with men. You have been about. Tell us what to do! Shall we flee with the other refugees or shall we stay? What will you do?" And such things.

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I said something like this, "My dear friends, it looks like every man, jack and mother's son for himself and the devil take the one with the slowest method of transportation." But they didn't believe me.

Almost at once the roads were alive with soldiers going in the direction of Liége.

August 4th. The mobilization turned farmers into soldiers, clerks into corporals, students into captains, and even the gray-bearded generals exchanged their carpet slippers for map cases and field glasses. All the railroads of France and Belgium carried soldiers. They literally dripped soldiers. Everywhere, men were going to join their classes —men in blouses, in jackets with many odd-shaped patches —men in sabots—and men in the polite dress of the cities. The girls and women at the stations cried, "*Vive l'armée!*" But when they turned away, they wept softly—all the women of France and Belgium weeping softly! But alone!

Squadrons of draft horses were being taken to the mobilization station. Harnesses decorated with flowers. They might have been going to a horse show or an agricultural fair. And while the women of France and Belgium were silently wiping their eyes, youth was singing an exultant song—the roaring song of battle. Youth was singing from a score whereon death had traced the staffs and placed a body for each measure line—where notes were drops of blood, and the rests were piercing screams of agonized flesh.

I thought I was pretty good when I wrote that, and I

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sat around a long while doing it too, chewing the pencil and looking off into space, when I should have been doing something vital for my adopted country. At sundown René de L. de M. came to tell me good-by. He was going up to the Front. From him I had the first news of my brother. Robert was driving a truck and loving it. René was a person of very few words. He kissed me the kind of kiss a girl seldom forgets. That was the time he hugged me so hard I had the little black and blue spots from the buttons on his tunic.

I admit that I was getting worried. But I could see something coming about. The family was gone for the first time in my life and I wasn't under the eye of some deadly tutor. I had loosened the halter. And come what may, I intended to make the most of it. I decided to go native—to be a camp follower if they would let me—not to fall into the hands of the Heinies if possible, but to see the scrap up as close as I could.

Next morning I had my first real shock. The roadways were choked with refugees. My diary simply has one word: "*Evacués!*"

There were smart carriages. There were open wagons with improvised seats, drawn by shaggy-maned Percherons. There were little springless manure wagons. There were carts drawn by dogs. There were countless people on foot, and many who were either too young or too old or too sick to walk were being wheeled in baby carriages. War took on a very grim aspect. In less than a half hour, the grounds around the château were filled with people. They

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would rest until sundown, and then—*en route—là-bas! Là-bas!*

By nightfall, the military authorities had claimed one-half of the road. They were dragging great spools of barbed wire up to the Front. An attempt was being made to connect the forts of Liége with wire protected trench systems. Occasionally a detachment of unshaven soldiers passed. They were not singing. Their faces were grim. Their minds were set on the idea of stopping the invasion.

That was the day I went into the wholesale restaurant business. And let me tell you right here, if you ever have a ringside seat at a big caliber war, don't go into the restaurant business of the quartermaster's department, because you have no idea how hungry those soldiers and refugees can be. I cooked coffee and opened bottles of ancient vintages until I almost dropped, and there were always some hungry people left.

I had a police dog named Yvoir, after the village south of Namur where he was born. My mother always objected to Yvoir. She would, and Miss Prism too! But Yvoir slept on the foot of my bed and went with me everywhere I went or else I did a tantrum; and it was usually a dish-crashing tantrum, not an animal's tantrum. During those days Yvoir was my only comfort. I used to talk to him at great length, whenever the free lunch stand was not running. As the big excitement came closer Yvoir took to barking at night time—barking deliriously. He could possibly smell the wounded going back in the ambulances.

As near as I can tell from my diary there were five

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days of that, and then I left. Here is the last entry I ever made in that Belgian diary. As I left the château I gave the book to Mamma Picot and told her to keep it if she could. I decided to travel light. Mamma Picot kept it well. In December 1918, I went back to Namur and there was the keeper's lodge, and there was Mamma Picot. Papa Picot had passed on in 1915. The château had been entirely destroyed, but the diary was intact; it had been in the gatekeeper's lodge all the while. This is the last entry:

Today there were no horses. There were old men, old women, and little children, leading a cow or a goat—carrying what they prized most highly, tied into a tiny bundle.

During the afternoon an old man passed, dragging a cart containing some straw on which a woman lay suffering the first agonies of childbirth. Mamma Picot had been a midwife during her years in the vicinity of Namur. She tried to attend the suffering woman, but by nightfall the woman was dead. Her child too. The old man put both bodies back in the straw-lined cart and explained in an insane way that the doctors at Charleroi would cure both his daughter and his grandchild in a few days. We never saw him again.

There is an American up at Brussels who is red hot about the war. His name is Brand Whitlock. He has something to do with the American Consul and doesn't mind telling the Heinies what he thinks. I'm quite sure he is from Virginia. It takes a Confederate to rear up and talk to an old buffoon like the Kaiser.

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CHAPTER THREE

WHAT I couldn't understand was how the Heinies, who had been sitting around in beer gardens singing Bach Chorals and listening to Strauss waltzes, could be pepped up into a war so quickly. But I afterwards found out. They hadn't done so much sitting around in beer gardens as we thought. The picture the world had of the German nation was a sow's ear daubed with a whale of a lot of printer's ink. They had been practising "Squads right, column east" since a long while and when Der Tag came, every Heinie in the country buttoned on his tunic, decorated his gun with a few carefully selected sprigs plucked from "Unter den Linden," drank off a stein of Pilsner, shouted "Hoch!" three times and went after the bacon. But there wasn't any bacon.

Instead, they brought back the Dawes' plan, which later turned into the Young plan. What a let-down! After they had done so much "Squads right, column east" and buttoned up their tunics so carefully, one would think they would at least bring back a few hunks of side meat. But no! Clemenceau and Lloyd George were running the butcher shop that year and the Dawes' plan was all they would pass out.

But this philosophizing, if I may call it that, is not

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to the point. I started out to tell you how I left the old château and hot-footed it away from the Kaiser's steam roller. You see Mamma and Papa Picot would not leave. They had stayed in Belgium too long to make any indefinite excursions. I might have done the same thing, only I had a message from Captain René de L. de M. He sent a sergeant with the news of the advance and advised me to put distance between me and the Heinie army. So Yvoir and I started. It was the darkest night I have ever known; that is, it was until about one A. M., when all of a sudden the war started off to the east, and the sky was ablaze with streaks and patches of what I later discovered to be the flashes from large caliber howitzers.

The sergeant's name was Brupont, and he was wounded. I gave him the remains of the free lunch, took a little something for myself and Yvoir and with two hundred sixty Belgian francs in my pocket, I joined the southwestern bound traffic. We were going somewhere and we weren't losing a lot of time doing it. There were two railroads running out of Namur to the south, both of them on the eastern side of the Meuse. But my attention was attracted in a westerly direction, so I followed a gang of folks who were heading for Philippeville. We didn't know it but that very night the big excitement was happening over at Dinant. Quite a lot of Belgian civilians "went west" that night, and the troop I joined only missed being bumped off en masse by the rarest kind of luck.

It happened not far from a little burg named Florennes. That's where they finished off my dog Yvoir, and if I

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should live two hundred years I would always hold the death of Yvoir against the German army.

That troup of klucks I travelled with were as slow as New Orleans molasses. I tried to speed 'em up but they had to go the gait of the oldest and slowest member of the party, and who the Hell asked me to join 'em anyhow! They didn't exactly say that but they objected very strenuously to my taking charge of the expedition. After thinking it over I saw that they were right and anyhow, females didn't stack up as high those days as they do now.

When I left the château I was all in a whirl. I wanted to go around and tell all the stables and the buildings and the gardens and all my dresses and everything one long last good-by. But I didn't have time. Emilia had slipped out earlier in the afternoon riding with a farmer. Mamma and Papa Picot were speechless. I'm glad it was dark as I hate blubbery farewells.

And was that road hard! And did I get tired after the first two hours! I soon discovered that I was a tenderfoot. It was the style in Belgium those days for young ladies to wear buttoned up high shoes—that is, for ordinary wear. At parties we went in low cut slippers and pumps, but ordinarily we stuck to the high buttoned affairs. I hadn't walked five miles until I saw that my shoes were a washout. But what could I do! I had a closet full of shoes at the château. I've never had as many shoes at any time in my life since, but that night the pair I had on was a total flop.

As I said before we ambled along at a snail's pace, my

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dog trotting along at my side, ears up, sniffing for trouble. It was exactly like the mob scenes in Reinhardt's *The Miracle*. In 1923 I rehearsed in the ensemble of that circus up on Broadway in the sixties, in an old motion picture studio building, and every time I saw that gang together I thought of the march of the refugees from Belgium to France. The weariness, the strange people, the hunger, the uncertainty! Everything! Later, when I attended a performance of *The Miracle* (I couldn't stand the prospects of $30.00 a week for all that work) I was disappointed. The costumes took all the Belgian refugee atmosphere out of *The Miracle* and I didn't enjoy it at all.

But that first night, running away from the Kaiser was something to remember. We were on the outskirts of the little village of Florennes groping along in the darkness. There was a very young fellow just beside me trying to push a large perambulator containing an elderly man, a rather fat one. I asked the kid who the passenger was. He said it was his uncle. I said, "The uncle is crippled?" And the boy said yes rather vaguely.

Then the boy asked me in a trembling voice if I thought he would make a safe get-away. I said I wouldn't take any stock in it. I somehow didn't get the impression that the uncle was awfully popular with the little lad, but it wasn't any of my business.

Just then some soldiers on bicycles passed us. They were Belgians. Almost at once a detachment of cavalry dashed down an intersecting street. They reminded me of what Jesse James must have been like. I have never

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known whether the horsemen or the cyclists started the war in Florennes, but there was a lot of shooting. People were getting hit, and making an awful noise about it. Presently the horsemen started through our party and when that happened I could hold Yvoir no longer. He made a leap, and being a very large police dog, he string-haltered one of the horses first off. Down came the horse and the rider and when the shooting was over Yvoir was dead. The horseman was dead too, and the horse was lying on his side screaming as only a wounded horse can. I later discovered that they were Uhlans and nowadays when I want to curse anyone—that is, lay a real snake-bite curse on a person—I just call him a Uhlan. Comparing one's mother with a female dog is as nothing to calling a person a Uhlan! But it has never brought Yvoir back.

Incidentally, as soon as the swashbuckling got under way, the fat uncle riding in the perambulator thought better of his crippled condition and leapt out like an athlete doing a relay race and tore up about a mile of good road-bed getting away. We never saw the uncle again, but the little boy just had to push somebody so he took on a small kid of about ten who had walked her right ankle lame.

(That boy reminds me of the Salvation Army, only I didn't know about it then. The Salvation Army had a wonderful slogan during the War: "Others!" The S. A. took me in once, and I shall always be glad to do a little press agenting for them.)

I had a profound respect for the Belgian soldier after

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that. Those cyclists had stood their ground and the Uhlans left about one third of their number on the road. The cyclists advised us to hurry as they predicted the return of the Uhlans in greater numbers and then it would be hard for all of us, as they would possibly start the *Francs-Tireurs* story and finish us all off. Personally, I am in favor of guerrilla warfare. I think it's the only way for a nation to act when they're invaded by someone they don't like. It gives everyone a chance to declare himself, but of course, you have to expect to be bumped off if the enemy get on to the guerrilla business.

Everywhere I went in Belgium and France during the first part of the invasion, I saw signs warning people against firing on the Germans, telling them that reprisals would be made if such things happened. And as the Belgians are a very well educated race, I'm sure they knew the law, only they couldn't keep from getting even whenever the chance presented itself. I would have done the same thing if I had had a gun; and the Germans would have done the same thing, too, if the war had been carried into their country.

Next morning we discovered that we had been given wrong directions and had to retrace our steps. This we did in double time.

Just before daylight, we were joined by a new detachment of refugees, one of whom had had a very trying time back in Liége. It seems that he had lost his wife during the occupation. He kept crying out about his wife having had gray hair and not having had a very good

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time in life. His conscience was bothering him. He would scream out something about the Treaty of The Eighteen Articles! "What does it mean, to have our neutrality guaranteed! What does it mean!"

He dropped out later in the day and refused to go another step. The Germans possibly finished him off as he was just noisy enough to bother them.

But best of all were the three Americans. One of them was a newspaper man from somewhere in the far west, and the other two were a bride and groom from Iowa. Both of them were school-teachers, and they were on their honeymoon. The newspaper man said he had heard a rumor that all journalists except those with special papers would be shot on discovery and he was scared plenty. But the bride and groom school-teachers were just very tearful and awfully pathetic. I listened to them a long while before I spoke to them in English. But finally I couldn't keep still any longer.

They had been engaged five years and had planned against the day when they would be married and would visit the continent. Now the war had caught them. Their money was no good. It was travellers' checks. No one would listen to their stories; everything was wrong. Somehow they had hit the road. All they craved was to get back to Iowa. During the day we lost all three Americans. I was never able to find out where they went.

About ten o'clock that morning all of us stopped for a moment's rest. We were hungry. That was, however, a matter of concern only to those who had food. I had none.

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I had lost it the night before, back there during the war at Florennes.

I had also taken off my shoes and found that it was impossible to get them back on again. While I was trying to formulate a plan of further action a young priest came up to me and asked me if there was anything he could do. He also asked me if I was ready to meet my Maker. He rather expected me to make a confession.

As far as meeting my Maker was concerned I was not ready, and I also told him that since I was a Virginian it would take a pretty good German to bump me off. He smiled and asked me to what religion I adhered. I said that mother was a Presbyterian and that my father was an Episcopalian and that I did the best I could. Then I suggested that failing spiritual assistance perhaps he had a little food on him somewhere.

Just then a woman sitting nearby interrupted us. She asked me if I lived on the Namur-Liége highroad. I said yes, and then she described my father's château and how three days before I had fed her, coffee, cheese, fresh bread, cold meat, some milk for the baby.

I had to admit that I had fed her three days before. Then she said, "You fed me. I shall feed you." And she produced several travel-worn pieces of bread and a little hunk of dry cheese.

Then the priest spoke up and called all the people together and said that this was the moment he had waited for. Here was a woman who had thrown her bread on

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the water and lo! it had come back. And I got all choked up and blubbered like a child.

My! How I wanted to kiss that priest! It was the only way I could think of to show my gratitude for his kind words. I wanted to kiss him as much as I have ever wanted to kiss any man on earth. He was a handsome lad. I would have joined his church right there. But he didn't have time for joiners. He was conducting a party of refugees to safety. So he patted me on the head and said something in Latin and went on his way. Later in the day the priest came to me with a pair of thick wool stockings and a pair of good wooden shoes. One of the women told me she had seen him take them off a dead woman, but that didn't matter. They were shoes and I wore them, for a long while.

By sundown that day I was too tired to go any farther, and as the excursion had unlimited stop-over privileges I just set myself down, and stayed set. How I wished for a slab of corn bread, like our mammy cook used to make back in Virginia, and a hunk of side meat and some buttermilk; or perhaps some cabbage cooked in pot-liquor-juice. But little Hélène drank some water, ate some fruit she managed to steal out of a passing garden and took it out in wishing.

Before dark that day I encountered Pauline. Pauline was a housemaid from Brussels. How she got down as far south as Philippeville I have never known. It was her own story and she never told it. But Pauline and I got on at once. I still write her letters and if I ever have a

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real bank roll, I'm going to bring her to America. What a lady's maid she would make!

Pauline had been employed in the home of Klobukouski, the French Minister to Brussels, or in the home of some of his friends; at least, she had the low-down on the situation and passed it on to me little by little. Incidentally, I was broke about this time, having lost my 260 francs during the fracas the night before, so with Pauline's savings and the package of food she was carrying I was more than lucky.

Pauline told me that this gag about the Belgians being in on the war long before August 1914 was all bunk. She said that the Minister of War at Brussels had, up to July 22, 1914, been dismissing the 1913 class of reservists. That sounds like preparedness, doesn't it!

That night Pauline and I threw ourselves on the mercy of the French army. And right here may I say that I have never found a more polite, helpful, less offensive and more gallant gang than the French soldiers we encountered. Not once did any one of them lay hot hands on either Pauline or myself. The only other bunch that really clicked to me in this war were the privates and the aviators in the American Army.

My brother turned out to be an aviator in the American army and that may be partly the reason for my attitude, but listen, girls, when I walk up to St. Peter, I'm going to say, "Lad, are the pilots here—the ones with the flying shoe boxes on their tunics?" And if he says no, I'll sing one verse of the song about "Heaven will be a sorry

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place unless my buddies all are there" and then I'll do an about-face, and that will be that.

But truly, those bushy-bearded French poilus were great boys, drunk or sober, and during those first weeks they had a right to be "tight" if they could get that way. The first night Pauline and I were together we had hot food. It wasn't fancy but it was hot and there was lots of it. It was one of the few hot meals I had from the time I left the château at Namur until I got to the city of Meaux nearly a month later. I went out and swiped vegetables, Pauline coralled a pot, and the poilus dug up an issue of canned meat. It all went together. Then there was bread and wine and some stolen fruit.

When I came back from my vegetable-stealing mission, I carried the swag in the front of my skirt, peasant fashion. I was perhaps holding the skirt up rather high. The boys gave three moderately loud cheers for the prettiness of my legs and I was tickled pink. The only other person who had gone to the trouble to notice my figure was the Count Henri de Placervillers, my mother's dud second husband. Of course, by this time I was beginning to outgrow the straight-up-and-downness of my early youth. To make a good job of the dinner, one of the soldiers gave me a cigarette. It was my first in several days. It was a French army cigarette and the nearest thing to smoking minocky dust I have ever tackled. But it was a smoke and there was a war going on just over there a bit.

When dinner was over, I sang songs. The soldiers sang too—unexpurgated ditties, the kind I had always wished

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to hear. Those songs were simple and to the point. They were free from beating around the bush. It was my introduction into the field of ribaldry, and how I loved it!

Later they loaded us on the back end of a truck headed in the general direction of St. Quentin. The truck carried slightly wounded men. Pauline and I took off our shoes and swung our feet over the tail-board. The halter was off my neck. Hélène was a free agent. The hot dinner and the wine had helped a lot.

The first thing I really missed (food excepted) after I went native was my bath. With all these halitosis and body odor advertisements going around these days, it will be a terrible problem in the next war, supplying the soldiers with Eau de Cologne, etc. There will have to be extra Liberty Loans for all such.

But my girl friend, Pauline, and I got on just the same, baths or no baths. Nor did we comb our hair, nor wash our teeth. Nor did we get sick. Never have I been in better physical condition and I didn't sleep in a regular bed or eat a regular dinner in nearly a month, to say nothing of the bullets we had to dodge occasionally.

At St. Quentin, we stopped over long enough to stand in a few bread lines and raid a mess kitchen or two. The mess kitchens were always better than the bread lines and there weren't nearly as many sob sisters hanging around. There was usually a little cognac to be had in the coffee if one was willing to use the old S. A. on a soldier or a cook. Pauline wasn't a wow for looks, but she was a

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female and had lots of come-on in her eyes. So with what I had we got on very well, particularly with the Military. That second day, though, I did give up smoking military tobacco. It was hard to manage.

Leaving St. Quentin we hopped a camion headed for Soissons. The chauffeur named me Madame Sans Gêne and seemed to like me a lot. He had a family in Soissons. They ran a bakery. He would take the girl friend and me to the bakery and both of us would have a job at once—*toute de suite*. The idea of working in a bakery was almost too much for me, but I have lived to do worse by myself. The driver of the camion explained that the Germans could never get as far as Soissons, and we, silly things that we were, believed him.

That trip was a slow one. It was early morning when we finally came into town. We could see the slender spires of the Cathedral of St. Jean from afar. The unofficial evacuation of the city had already started. The bakery was boarded up. We were directed to a hospital conducted by a very rich and very kind lady. Several hours later Pauline and I went into the nursing business with a vengeance.

There is a word in the Flemish tongue for an apprentice nurse. It really means "pot slinger". Pauline taught me the worst parts of the Flemish language and I did my best with all the low-down English I knew, so between the two of us we carried on in three languages—Flemish, French, and English. Pauline's French was something of a

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scream. She understood it perfectly but when she went to talk it she was almost grotesque.

The hospital was known as the *Secours aux Blessés Militaires* and the lady who ran it has since become famous. She stuck to her post all during the first occupation of the Germans and I believe she was there during the summer of 1918 when the Heinies made the last push to Paris. She wanted us to stay with her. Pauline was more valuable than I was, as she had done a lot of housework in her time.

But one night I awoke from a short snatch of shut-eye and heard the noise of distant cannonading. The big guns were shouting "BELGIUM" every time they hit the ground. That was our cue. The day before some French girls from up near the Belgian borders had said that the German soldiers were raping females right and left. They giggled about it, and I couldn't understand whether these particular French girls passed on the news as a threat or a promise. Pauline and I hated to hit the road again and then the wooden shoes had made a whale of a blister on my heel. But we told the kind lady good-by and started off in the direction of Château-Thierry.

That was the most terrible night I experienced on the road. Later when we were inside the German lines at La Ferté and didn't know from hour to hour what would happen to us, even then it wasn't so nerve-racking.

The rabble was unbelievable—men, women, sheep, goats, children, an occasional horse, a foot-sore cow, dog-carts. Everyone carried something and how they did have the

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fear of God in their hearts and on their faces. Two weeks ago everyone spoke of resistance; now everything was going flat and turning into a rout.

It seems that the Kaiser had a yen to eat breakfast in Paris. I don't see why the French didn't let him come to Paris under guard and eat a dozen breakfasts. I know a hundred French families who would have contributed to this trip. But the Kaiser wanted a piece of real estate in the sun, besides the breakfast. That's where old papa Joffre got into the picture. You see, a girl never quite understands the why and the wherefore of such a colossal thing as a war. The female mind sees little things up close and analyzes them carefully. But the international problem was in my case only a matter of long words and unidentified places on big-scale maps.

I can tell you more about the red-bearded cavalry officer who was so terribly wounded back at Soissons and how he made such beautiful love to me as he was dying than I could ever tell about the terms of the Armistice or the League of Nations, or the "scrap of paper" or The Treaty of The Eighteen Articles. It's just the flapper's way of remembering unimportant things and forgetting the colossal facts. Or, better still, never having known the colossal facts, she never has to try to remember them.

As the day wore on the battle came closer; Pauline and I held a little council of war. The roads were too cluttered up to make any speed. I was in favor of stopping and taking pot luck with the Heinies. She was undecided. Just before dark we stopped on the edge of a little vil-

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lage and an old woman offered us a drink of wine and some bread and cheese. That decided us. We would stop where we were and stay until Hell froze over. The blister on my heel was a raw, open sore. The village was La Ferté. We had started out to miss the war. But now that the halter was off, we might as well take all the chances the war offered as they might never come our way again. The girl friend was silent. I was nearly squelched too.

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CHAPTER FOUR

An hour later we went back into the restaurant business. It was the free-lunch stand at Namur all over again, only this time it was French soldiers. It was soup, wine, water, bandages, consolation, and then the same thing all over again. Pauline and I were detailed to the kitchen and that detail was a big number. Every time anyone wasn't looking we grabbed off a little food. If I had stayed in La Ferté a month, I would have been fat enough to get into Sliding Billy Watson's Beef Trust.

And I became distinctly vague about Belgium. It was as if there never was any Namur, and that my real father never really existed, and that Yvoir's body was not swelling under the September sun out there on the road running into Florennes. And my brother driving the wheels off a truck for the Belgian Army; and my mother (with three maids) sitting up in a Paris apartment, having her headaches, and snuffing a bottle of smelling salts!

Don't get the idea that the French stopped at La Ferté. I don't know what happened to them. They had an idea all right, and that idea didn't concern La Ferté until about two days later. What I know about the Battle of the Marne is rank hearsay, except what happened right under my nose and that yarn will necessarily be the sad story of a Virginian and her Flemish girl friend making

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the war at La Ferté—cooking, feeding, bandaging, consoling, vamping, kissing, writing letters, shedding a few tears now and then, holding a soldier's hand and telling him he would get well when he was wheezing out a death rattle. I don't blame you for not believing me. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't been there.

As the war came closer I wondered why I had gone to so much trouble to run away from Namur.

I had been doing a big-time act of talking bravery and running away as fast as my blistered feet could carry me, but La Ferté was the end of the excursion. The French soldiers talked about a German general named Von Kluck. Von Kluck and the Kaiser were the ones who craved the breakfast on the Champs Elysées. But someone threw a wrench into Von Kluck's gyroscope and the Kaiser ate his hot dogs back in Germany, while Von Kluck had to satisfy himself by tearing up the rugs and chewing up the bed sheets in a French village not very far from La Ferté.

When the Heinie advance cavalry patrols came upon the outskirts of our village, the orders were given to evacuate the emergency hospital. There wasn't much left to evacuate. We had seen the handwriting on the wall earlier in the night. Everyone who could be moved was taken away. But Pauline and I refused to go another step and then there were several very charming lads who could not be moved. They had to be left to someone's tender mercy.

I had got so that I could recognize death by the glassy

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look in the eye, so I stuck to a few cots where life was only a matter of a few hours and let the last of the hospital roll away to safety. That sounds like a silly thing to do. But Pauline and I were convinced it was the thing to do; that is, I was convinced and by this time Pauline was ready to do what I did and ask no questions. Pauline was a wow! I shall bring her to America some time.

Soldiers tell me that there is always a brief period of stillness as a village changes hands. I found it so. One side leaves—the other side isn't sure of their shooting until their advance patrols make a reconnaissance. If it is in the daytime the airplanes do this, but at night it must be done with cavalry or motorcycle men, or just plain runners on foot. Surprising to say, there were many just plain runners in this war. The motorcycles and the horses and the telephones and the airplanes seemed to go haywire at the wrong time and some poor devil of a runner had to chase his tail through Hell with the necessary news.

After a bit it happened. La Ferté was caught between both armies and the shelling was terriffic for a short period of time. The Germans thought they were hurrying the French away and the French thought they were slowing down the German advance, when the only thing they were actually doing was wrecking my nervous system, bumping off a few peasants and smashing a nice little French village.

Pauline and I took turns in the remains of the hospital. The other one went down in a cellar with an itinerant mayor, a priest and a few local folks who never really be-

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lieved that the Heinies would make the grade. There were always a few people like that and they stayed behind, like Pauline and myself, and were captured and some of them put to the "kultured" sword of the all highest William the II.

I didn't get much fun out of the cellar. It wasn't what I considered a safe place, as it was only protected by a single-storied building. I hated the idea of dying like a rat in a trap. I craved the open air. And then the mayor's wife was a sob sister. You see, we had seen lots of sobbing by this time. We had even done a bit of it ourselves, and now in the very face of the real article, we had no time for wailing and moaning and gnashing of molars.

By daybreak the Heinies were upon us and those buzzards were a rum looking lot—all except a few doctors, one of whom was very considerate of Pauline and me and perhaps saved us from the rough handling many another female in those parts received. Now Pauline was no beauty, and I surely could never be a competitor for Dorothy Knapp at the Atlantic City Beauty Show, but those Heinies had been marching a long way and the idea of laying a heavy hand on some nice female body was perhaps not awfully uninteresting to most of them.

I am now speaking of their state of mind when they arrived. They didn't stay long. Something went wrong. Von Kluck's trip to Paris became a detour and then the Heinies were sore. Whatever ideas of chivalry they had when they came were promptly dispelled by the realiza-

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tion of defeat. That was a trying hour for me and the girl friend.

The first thing they did was to take the mayor away. No one ever saw him again—that is, alive. Next thing was to establish a headquarters and re-equip the emergency hospital. Pauline and I were put to work doing everything the Heinie hospital orderlies wouldn't do or didn't think their dignity would permit them to do. None of them (officers included) had been shaved since Ash Wednesday and their uniforms were so caked with dirt and muck that I do not understand how they carried on at all. Most of the cases that morning were men who had become incapacitated by ill-fitting boots. The foot cases were given little consideration.

The girl friend and I wondered what all the cots were for. We weren't wised up on things yet. Before sundown that day they showed us what the war was. But they also gave us a good laugh. It was one of the very best laughs of the late unpleasantness. And it all came about because the general commanding the Heinies around La Ferté had a portable printing press with him.

Apparently as soon as this kluck landed in town he immediately went into the publishing business. If he had stuck to his fighting he might have done himself and his ignoble ancestors proud. But that's the way with generals —they never quite know the difference between a quince and an alligator pear. So, as I was saying, this kluck Heinie general went into the publishing business. He was all for taking up a collection to help pay for the holy

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German war. And the posters he put up were worth reproducing intact. The following are the salient features in the German poster displayed to the admiring eyes of La Ferté's citizenry.

First, it started out to tell everyone who was at all interested that the German army was moving across Belgium and France (as if we didn't know it!) and that he, the general, hoped no one would be unwise enough to put any obstacles in the way of its progress.

"French and Belgians! You made your choice!" (In other words, you had an opportunity to lay down on the job and give the Kaiser the breakfast he wanted, and let him make whoopee with the girls at the *Folies Bergère.*)

The noble German armies had fought through unbelievable treachery, this poster went on to say. They had been waylaid by citizens at every turn of the road. They had had hot water poured on their precious heads. They had been tripped up by wires strung across the roads. They had been jeered at and even cursed.

He hoped this would not happen in La Ferté, because he "really didn't want to burn the place." (He didn't have time to burn it; otherwise he would have burned it and talked about it later.)

He then said that owing to the fact that the German Army was hungry, he would be obliged to leave a certain amount of supplies and a few francs in good hard cash. Did you ever see a German who wasn't hungry—particularly a German soldier? I've seen fifty thousand of them at different times during the war—mostly prisoners—and

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they were all hungry, and pot-bellied from eating. Believe me, those Heinie P. G.'s put away a lot of good old American corned bill and took many a swig of coffee that came right from Hoboken, N. J.

Then followed the list of the things the general wanted:

1. A great many French francs.
2. So much flour.
3. An unbelievable amount of sugar.
4. A ton or so of coffee or cocoa.
5. All the beef or other red meat there was handy.
6. Soap—scented varieties preferred.
7. Bed sheets, towels, linens, for the emergency hospital.
8. Tobacco (they were welcome to the tobacco.)
9. And then last (but by all means the most grotesque of all) 5,000 sheets of toilet paper, or other paper torn into the proper size for efficient and practical use.

This last was too much for us! The idea of the German army going sanitary after they had made latrines out of all the holy water fonts in northern France and Belgium nearly finished us off! I wanted to suggest corncobs, but Pauline, being raised in a non-corn-growing country, couldn't get it.

The poster was concluded with a threat about death and fire, and a lot of other things which, through the providence of God, the poor old German general never was able to carry out.

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The most I did that day was to tote water. The person who acted as straw boss over my detail was a red-faced "*looie*"—unshaven, dirty, more than half drunk, and too vulgar looking for description. I never knew Gyp-the-Blood—he passed on to whatever reward was his'n before my time in America—but I have always thought that my straw boss in La Ferté must have been much like Gyp-the-Blood. Pauline worked around the hospital, and had the best break of luck. Only one of the orderlies looked upon her for the lust thereof, and she had to step high, wide and handsome to stay in the straight and narrow path. All day long I couldn't keep from thinking how terrible it would be to be hugged by my straw boss and have him bury his whiskers in my neck. I adore being hugged, but whiskers in the neck are not what I call tender affection.

By noon time there was something the matter with the German advance. A French-made monkey wrench had been thrown. As the afternoon wore on the look of victory wore off. I began to understand why there had been so much talk about guerrilla warfare. The Germans were scared and nervous, from the generals down. They were flighty as Hell, and no matter how much the folks suffered who carried on the guerrilla warfare, it was worth while, because the Heinies were nervous and they spent a lot of good time protecting themselves from imaginary attacks.

The news of Von Kluck's retreat hit La Ferté as the news of the invasion hit Belgium. It was an unbelievable thing—this detour. Why, the Crown Prince was all ready!

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And the old buffoon back in the Wilhelmstrasse had had psychic intercourse with God! The Germans stared at one another in blank amazement. At first they said the resistance of the French would only be temporary, but Pauline and I were becoming wise in this war business. Temporary retreats do not involve the movement of all your junk, and that's what happened. The main street in La Ferté was cluttered up with more Heinies and more artillery and more caissons and more ambulances and more supply wagons than I ever believed existed.

It seems that the first thing a German soldier does when he's licked is to throw his hat away. Friends, there were more hatless Heinies rushing through La Ferté and rushing, what I mean—looking for somewhere to dig in and miss whatever the French had concocted over in the direction of Meaux and Paris.

That's when the Germans wrecked La Ferté—during the retreat. There is no use describing it. The poor little burg was a total casualty. But the Heinies were on their way out. There had been a lot of wild talk about "nach Paris," and like most wild talk, it was a false alarm.

I shall not concern myself with the details of the battle of La Ferté, except that there was a lot of it and that the Germans finally made a quick exit with no applause, like a flop act on a cheap vaudeville circuit. The French gunners shot their 75's as if they were aiming a hunting rifle. And all of a sudden the French soldiers appeared. No one seemed to know where they came from—they just came out of nowhere, from the never, never land, fully equipped

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and ready to do battle. There were soldiers from the south of France, laborers from the vineyards; Senegalese with their fantastic little red caps and tassels; shining black-faced Moors wearing their exotic turbans; dragoons from the Republican Guard; Tunisians, Zouaves, Chasseurs, France was there—looking for the enemy, and Pauline and I were there yelling our heads off, telling the French officers what had happened while they were away and acting as official as possible with the few klucks who had been left behind—the ones who were too badly shot up to move.

The last picture I have of the retreating German army was a very fat Heinie driving a battered oil can of an automobile, Hell-bent for election. The automobile contained two very sad-looking officers, one with a hat and the other without.

We remained in La Ferté a week and then went on to Meaux. At that quiet little city we were received very kindly and fed in grand style, and bathed and allowed to sleep. We were also hailed as being something akin to heroes. I didn't get the hero part of it, but one of the French officers who later occupied La Ferté told the story of our sticking to the hospital. That was being a hero.

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CHAPTER FIVE

At first, Pauline and I had difficulty getting into Paris. I really believe that the wise boys in charge of the government were not in favor of letting the story about the war get around. They could control the newspapers, but the word-of-mouth racket was something they couldn't regulate. Why, do you know that at first the wounded from the early battles never came into the Paris hospitals! No sir! They were shipped all over the provinces and not until the thing couldn't be kept quiet any longer did the city of Paris begin to get its share of the hospitalization problems.

Finally the girl friend and I made it. We must have been sights to behold. Imagine us riding along the rue de Rivoli in an open *voiture* one afternoon in September, heading for the Hotel Meurice, where my mother usually stopped on her Parisian sojourns.

We arrived in Paris the same day some of the Government officials got back from their tour of the provinces. In fact, those fly-by-night politicians said they had been down to Bordeaux where it was quiet and they could work out the necessary plans for finishing the old Boche off. There had been a Battle of the Marne. I'll tell the world there had—and a lot of other battles too, and if any of them had been won, the soldiers had won them.

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And this last most important Marne fracas had been pulled off successfully while the politicians were off on a boar hunt in the wilds of Bordeaux. (Don't think there are no boars around Bordeaux. For there are. I've seen 'em.)

So, as I said before, we came to town with the politicians. (All the bureaus and departments didn't come back until the end of November.) But the very first moment I looked at my weeping mother in that room at the Meurice, I knew there was a fly in the well-known ointment. Mother asked me who the other person was, meaning Pauline, and I was forced to do some explaining. But in the middle of it, Pauline got the drift of what was going on and jumped the gun with the whole story. Of course, my highly proper mamma couldn't imagine a member of her family galavanting around with a servant girl. That was too much for the troops.

Then broke forth the storm of wild talk. Where was my brother? Where was my "dear" stepfather, the Count Henri? Why hadn't I boarded a train and made a direct trip to Paris the first day of the invasion? Why hadn't I stopped the bloody invasion single-handed? Why hadn't I brought Mamma and Papa Picot? Why didn't I bring the two crests last seen hanging in the gloom of the château drawing-room? Had I, granting I had any intelligence left, locked and firmly secured all the doors? The only thing she didn't ask me was if I had wound up the clock and put out the cat.

I said, "Mother, I see you know nothing of war!"

This ignited a new pile of combustible material. War!

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Speak to her about not knowing anything of war! Hadn't the streets reeked with drunken soldiers for weeks! Hadn't there been parades morning, noon and night! Hadn't the city of Paris been evacuated! Hadn't the provisioning of food been in force for days—and the nights been dark and terrible with rumors and tremors—and the days impossible with German Taubes flying over dropping stories of French defeats!

Finally she ran out of breath and I began slowly to explain what the war really was—hunger—bullets—burned cities—blood—dead men and women—mangled bodies—hunger all over again—miles of walking in wooden shoes—the threat or promise of rape—refugees—homeless peasants—and then looking at my mother closely, I realized that she had quietly passed out. Pauline got on the job and brought her to. This was a fertile gesture on Pauline's part; she was engaged at once.

Then we were fed. The Meurice brought up everything they had. I adore roast leg of lamb and that was the *pièce de résistance*, only there was no resistance on my part. I gave myself up to gorging. Indeed, I gave until it hurt, and no kidding!

But my mother could not be reconciled to the idea that I had not two-timed her, because of the Count's disappearance. It was a great blow to my pride to think that my mother suspected me and the Count of duplicity. The Count, yes! He was the very essence of duplicity, but little Eva? Never! At least, not with the Count.

So, you see my home-coming was not necessarily a

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happy one. My mother didn't punch me nor did I punch her, but I am convinced that the only reason she didn't was because of Pauline. Otherwise, there might have been a battle of the Meurice Hotel. I have often thought of what a tabloid editor could have done with that story. . . .

COUNTESS STAGES BOUT WITH FLAPPER DAUGHTER

WELL-KNOWN MIDTOWN HOTEL IS SCENE OF FAMILY ROW

The Countess de Placervillers (formerly Mrs. Randall Pierce of Richmond Va., U. S. A.) and her charming nineteen-year-old daughter were separated by the police late today after each of the ladies concerned had socked the other and brought friends and hotel officials into what promised to be a very exciting family row, etc. etc.

But France had no tabloids in those days. She had the war, which is almost as bad.

That night Pauline and I stayed at the Meurice. Next morning I was outfitted in respectable clothes and told that if I was willing to change my ways I would be received back into the bosom of the family. Change my ways? Not a chance! I had just got through changing my ways. In the past month something had happened. My entire outlook on life was different. I was as much of a flapper as ever, but I was an independent one. I couldn't be bothered to tell my mother where I was going every

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time I went out, and if I wanted to gallivant with some French cavalry officer or some British aviator, that seemed to me to be my affair. I had been through a war, hadn't I? Well!

A large part of my independence came from 27,000 francs or about 5,000 American dollars my father had left me, in an American bank in Paris. It was invested but I could draw it out at my own discretion.

Without using any dates, I began a new diary at once. It was very fragmentary at first, but as time passed it grew to unbelievable proportions. Here's the first Paris diary entry:

Decided against living with mother. She contemplates Biarritz. I contemplate a local hospital.

Two days later, I joined a hospital unit in Paris and Pauline resigned her job with my mother and went to work for some friends of her original employers in Brussels. That was the beginning of a long grind of war work for me, but I was on my own. And although it embarrassed my mother to have her daughter working for a living, I believe it is exactly what my father would have had me do if he had been living.

Paris, France. Joined hospital. The physical examination was very funny. News of Robert. He is up near Nieuport or Fernes or somewhere in the north.

My mother wept voluminously at this news and immediately sent out for a map of northern France and

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Belgium so that she could do the colored push-pin trick and locate the stamping ground of her errant son.

And speaking of the hospital. I never had such a good laugh since I've been put here. The elderly ladies of the ensemble thought it was disgusting, this thing of having to answer such embarrassing questions. But me, being full of the old animal, I loved it! Only when the man said, "How old are you?" and I said, "Nineteen," and he said, "Open your mouth," I thought he was going to read my teeth as if I was a mare and I told him so. Well, the examiner nearly died laughing and from that moment on we were good friends. There were lots of swell folks, though, joining that hospital unit. Women who had been leaders in society were ready to be pot slingers just like myself. It proved that the Americans were on the side of France from the start.

That very day I went down town to the Equitable Bank and Trust Company to look up the nice man who was supposed to be in charge of my funds. I had a childish idea that he kept my 27,000 francs in his vest pocket and when he couldn't be found, I was in terror lest I should have to go out and pound the sidewalks looking for a job. But they looked me up in their books and presently my nice man's young assistant came forth and assured me that all was well. He was a handsome duck and he had his hair all slicked down with bear grease and perfumed Burgmont oil. I fell for him right off. He hadn't said two words until I recognized his accent. I said, "Mister, are you by any chance from Virginia?" And he blushed all

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over the place and said, "No, miss, I'm from Rome, Georgia." And then I said, "Well, brother, I'm from Virginia and as far as I'm concerned, Jeff Davis is still president of the Confederate States of America." Can you hear me screaming! Well, that was enough to convince my newfound banker that we should be friends. You know, I believe if that banker hadn't had a wife and been so busy adding up figures in that old bank he and I might have been something to one another. But what could I do about it! And his wife was from Boston—a Yankee! Oh well!

Sept. 27th. Paris, France. A Boche airplane (Taube) came over today and dropped real bombs. Killed one man, wounded one child and killed one cow out in the Bois de Boulogne. Mother wants to go to Biarritz, but no bathing for me. Hospital O. K. No wounded yet.

Now isn't that just like a Boche to bump off a cow! I can understand killing a man or even a child, but a poor dumb cow, standing around out in the Bois de Boulogne. I remember well how sore I was at this stupid bit of bombing. I was later told, however, that one of those bombs nearly hit Mr. Herrick, who represented the U. S. in France.

It took me a few days to get the run of my hospital job and learn the names of the folks with whom I worked. To be truthful, there was very little work, because the Paris hospitals were not patronized by the War Department until it was absolutely necessary. On our staff there were

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female persons of every size, shape, color, race, class, distinction and moral inclination. For, after all, simply because a woman is a street-walker is no reason why she shouldn't be patriotic. At that time danger was stylish and to be wounded was hot stuff. Imagine the state of mind of that outfit! All those female back-seat-drivers sitting around in sterile hospitals with their immaculate hands neatly folded.

The fact that I had seen the war up close did me no good in the way of popularity. All the young females envied me for my luck; half the elderly dames hated me for my experience and the other half thought I was an expert, out-and-out, thorough-going liar. The ladies of elastic morals in our hospital were the ones with whom I got on best, except perhaps the two young frails from St. Louis, Missouri. They knew they were from the provinces and were quite humble about it. With that beginning, we became fast friends and accomplices in crime. One of them smoked and one didn't, so I fixed that up. Both of them were lined with bank notes and were supposed to be attending some girl's school over near the Boulevard Montparnasse.

One was named Ada and the other Alice. The three of us took an apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse; it was number 141 *Bis*. We paid 500 francs a month, furnished, and what furnishings! We had a maid named Madame Elise. She cooked and cleaned and doctored and looked after us generally and we paid her sixty francs per month. At that rate, I could have lived in France for-

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ever. But I got to lending money to American aviators, and they got themselves killed, so my cuff contains quite a lot of I. O. U's that the laundry can never wash off.

It was swell, though, this thing of three single girls sashaying around Paris, and although all three of us might have been classified as mental defectives (by some folks) we stayed out of the kind of trouble flappers usually deserve.

We hadn't been in the hospital two weeks until I found out that the doctor in charge was "agin" me. He was an Englishman and very young and also a capon of the most palpable sort. Those "Nance" boys always have hated me with a fine kind of dislike, because I'm a man's woman and they see in me a potential competitor. So Doctor S. and I were enemies and that was that.

Oct. 2, 1914. Paris, France. Russia is winning the war. Germans are losing up in the north where my brother is. Clemenceau's newspaper, *L'Homme Enchainé,* is suppressed again by police. Received first wounded at hospital today. Several older ladies were very much affected.

So at last some wounded boys arrived. They were not very serious cases and it was no novelty to me. One might say that wounded soldiers were "shop" to mama, but to the old girls and some of the younger flappers it was a ghastly business. Two lorgnette-toters went faint and one flapper retired to the safe confines of a bathroom and did not appear again that day. Any man was lucky who happened to get into our hospital. It was equipped and

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financed by two American ladies and they were the most wonderful persons I've ever known. For the first time in my life I had met females of the upper class who seemed to like me.

October 3d, 1914. News of my brother Robert. He is O. K. The letter was mailed apparently from Dunkirk.

Oct. 5, 1914. Paris, France. Ada S. and Alice B. and I are living on the Boulevard Montparnasse and love it. We pay 500 per. Our maid, named Madame Elise, is a peach. She takes sixty extra but is worth it. There are lots of white spots in the newspapers these days. The censor is at work. Important address—Major M. J. Henry, No. 5 Rue de Chaillot, American Embassy. He supplies Americans with money when they are broke.

We looked upon the Major and his cash as legitimate prey any time we needed it. He was (this I discovered later) holding Uncle Sam's bank roll. The roll was sent over on a battleship with guns all over it. The ship was named *The Tennessee* and the roll was worth millions. It was intended to help stranded Americans get back to the States. But Ada and Alice and I thought he was some kindly gent who would pass out a few thousand to any sweet mama who came to him with a sob song and two choruses. We never had reason to appeal to the Major and I would not know him if I met him on the street, but he was famous in Paris during those first few months. He was what would be called, in theatrical parlance, a man with important money.

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Oct. 10. Paris, France. There is a new hospital at the American Art Students' Club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse. I believe it is an American Red Cross affair. They have no wounded yet. Mrs. Edith Wharton is helping unmarried French girls who are not receiving any funds from the French Government—girls who lost good jobs because of the war. She has established a sewing shop. Address, Mrs. Wharton, Rue de l'Université. Also, the Y. W. C. A., address 20 Rue Godlot de Mouroi. It is rumored that many good-looking English soldiers come to the Y. W. C. A. for tea every afternoon. Same address. It is also rumored that when the Kaiser invaded Belgium he "blew" out the gas and went to bed.

(As I look back, it's rather pathetic how I kept the addresses of all the war work enterprises, where an English-speaking girl with no particular talent for commercial employment might get a free meal or a place to stay when the cold weather settled in.)

The first mentioned hospital in the American Art Students' Club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse, later became the Third Red Cross Hospital attached to the U. S. Army. Later in this book I shall tell you-all of many experiences I had in that hospital, playing piano for the boys and stealing in and out of flu wards. We had a lot of famous boys in that place. Then there was the Y. W. C. A. in the rue Mouroi. It was a happy hunting-ground for a man; and a man who was all in one piece in those days was not to be looked down upon. Ada and Alice and I used to say it

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was open season for British Leftenants—and us with an apartment! Well, my dears, how we did whoop it up in that apartment with those British Officers! It was really nobody's business.

Oct. 15th. Paris, France. Pauline has taken a job in our hospital. She found service in a private family too dull. She craves soldiers. I had a difficult time convincing her that she could not live in our apartment. If Madame Elise hadn't come with the apartment, I should have taken Pauline on for life.

Oct. 25th, It is rumored in our hospital that a very rich man in America named Rockefeller is going to feed Belgium. He will have a great task on his hands. Perhaps he has never visited Belgium and doesn't know how big it is. Russia is still winning the war. Turkey doesn't know what side to join. She is possibly waiting to see who will win. Met a Hindu prince yesterday, connected with British headquarters; a most exotic person and awfully charming. Alice said she saw him first. I am learning the very best American slang *(patois)* from Alice. I like her very much. She says that when the war is over I shall go to St. Louis and stay by the year. They call it the land of the open spaces.

Oct. 26th. Paris, France. Paris police are trying to find out what nationality I am. It seems to bother them terribly. Persistent rumors about the man named Rockefeller. He must have the Bank of England behind him.

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CHAPTER SIX

October 27th. Paris, France. The Hindu Prince seems to have a very strong inclination to me. He talks about taking me to the opera, only the opera is closed. He is rather an insistent person with his affection, and petulant when he is not humored. He is undoubtedly rich, as he could never live at his present rate on the salary he must receive from the British headquarters.

November 1, 1914. Paris, France. Visited with the Hindu Prince. Had beautiful dinner—oysters, etc. I love oysters. So did my father. Have learned a new word from one of the British officers who came to tea at the Y. W. C. A.—it is the word "dud."

That Hindu Prince was a big number. He could do his stuff in one, two, or three, with or without props, ornamental curtains or stage furniture. I didn't know the word "Kosher" then, but that's what he was—a Kosher Hindu. His father and his uncles couldn't travel over water, nor have any relation whatever with foreign women, or eat food that had been prepared by unclean (non-Kosher) hands. They carried their own water in little bottles when they went on journeys and made prayers to solid gold bulls.

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This strange procedure of cleanliness and unwillingness to associate with outsiders had apparently not found favor with the Prince. At first, when he spun me this yarn about his ancestors, I thought, "Well, here's a safe bozo—one who won't lay hot hands on a foreign woman." But I soon found out my mistake. He hadn't been with me more than a half hour (alone) when he began to make the wildest hypnotic passes I had ever witnessed.

Up to this time I had only encountered Belgians and English as boy friends. But that Hindu was something new and unique. He had a bank roll to spend that staggered me, and until I said thumbs down on his style of affection, he was more than willing to spend it on little Eva.

What nearly made a Nautch dancer out of me was the gift he passed out. (And, my dears, on such short acquaintance too!) If I had known then what I know now! If I had had ten years of American town and country life to my credit—had, in other words, been up on the gentle art of gold digging—well, sisters, mama could have come out of that Hindu scrape a rich woman. I could have started a hospital of my own.

But let's let the diary tell its story first.

November 3, 1914. Hospital in the rue de Chevreuse will soon receive some patients. We get on very well. Apartment a great source of happiness. War standing still. Startled today by a beautiful gift from Prince N. P. It

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was an opal ring in the most extrordinary gold setting. He says it is for luck. It is one of his familypieces.

That ring might have been a lucky piece to a Hindu, but is was surely not a lucky piece to an American. I had lots of bad breaks while wearing it and I'm only sorry I didn't follow my first impulse and hock it as soon as the Hindu turned out to be a "dud." All the British boys I knew hated me for having him around and hated him for being around, but he had me hacked. I was hypnotized. He had those large luminous eyes and that strange manner. Whenever I pass any of them on the street nowadays, I wonder if their families have the same beliefs and if they give opal rings for luck.

The sun sat on whatever romance we might have trumped up when a few days later, he declared his real intentions.

November 4th. Paris, France. Ada and Alice are teaching me the new steps of the tango. They say I would learn faster if the Prince didn't take up all the time I have away from the hospital. I love the tango.

November 9th. Paris, France. Today the Prince told me that he had decided to forego the teachings of his ancestral faith and give me his love. I refused the gift. Ada and Alice are glad, as they think he will get vicious if I am not careful. They don't know it, but he has already been vicious.

So, at last he decided to do me the great favor of giving me his love! Strange to say, he didn't mention marriage.

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Thereupon he didn't mean to do right by our Nell, and as our Nell had been done wrong by before, she was cagey of this pass. The Prince was extremely irate. He said that in his country a white woman was honored to be the recipient of a Prince's favors. But I said, "No thanks, big boy!"—and how he did rave. Best of all, he wept, and produced a bottle of smelling salts and applied it to his black nose. This was almost too much for baby. I said, "Talk sense and be a man! Suppose the other officers at headquarters saw you chewing up the rugs and applying the sniffrocks to your beezer!"—or words to that effect.

That was the end of my romance with the Hindu Prince. I kept the present though, much to my sorrow.

November 10th. Paris, France. Went over on the Boulevard St. Michel with Ada and Alice and two ambulance drivers from Lycée Pasteur to dance in a little place that seems to run in spite of the war. It is in a back room and one has to look right to get in. I believe the police would suppress it if they knew of it. We did many tangos. The music was a fiddle and an accordion and later a very good piano player.

The above-mentioned dance hall was known to a few of us Americans as the Bal de la Bouffonne (Dance Hall of the Female Clown), because the owner of the place was the fattest, clownishest female we had ever seen outside of the big time circuses. The place was surely not one that might have been recommended by the Y. W. C. A.

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or any other organization given over to guarding the morals of the female young. But the Bal de la Bouffonne was a swell dive and I became one of the habituées. In spite of the brawls we sometimes encountered, it was a very interesting place until the Americans came into the war and got to investigating it with the air of Cook tourists. The piano player was a consumptive who had been an Apache. The accordionist and the violinist were both hop heads and so old that the military records of their birthdays had been destroyed. The consumptive piano player ultimately went to the Front but never returned.

Of all the talent at the Bal de la Bouffonne, I particularly liked Gaston, the *Chansonnier*. He had degenerated to being only a singing waiter—a busker, if you please. In his better days, he had been one of the really important singers at the world-famous Quat-Z'Arts Cabaret. His line was songs of a political and satirical nature.

Gaston had a face like a prune, all withered and quite brown. But old as he was, he was not too old to be stirred by a young girl who admired his cracked voice. He had a tooth here and a tooth there and was half drunk on absinthe most of the time. Even so, on several occasions, I'm very sure he aspired to having me as his sweetheart. Perhaps it was not an aspiration from his point of view, and if he was telling me the truth about who he had been, I can understand that he was honoring me a bit.

The Bal de la Bouffonne will get into this yarn no little bit.

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November 12th. Paris, France. War is still going on. Observers say it will last into the middle of next year. Met a girl from the Lycée Pasteur out at Neuilly. It is also an American hospital and is doing great work. The Baroness Rothchild has established a hospital in the Rue de Monceau. Had a round with Old Lady R. today—she reminds me of Miss Prism.

Old Lady R. had a rattle in her differential like a Pacific type locomotive. She puffed when she went upstairs and had that unfortunate disease recently popularized by the advertisers—namely, halitosis. Every time I went near her she blew a draft of *halitoe* at me and it was almost as effective as mustard gas. That's how she won on all the arguments. No one without a gas mask could understand her—and at that far-away date, there were no gas masks.

November 13th. Letter today from Robert. He is or was in Hazebrouck and has been slightly wounded. He plans a trip, to visit with me in Paris. Ada and Alice have developed lovers. Ada's beau is an American jockey, and Alice's man is an ambulance driver out at the Lycée Pasteur. They have ten of the cutest little motor ambulances with little round canvas tops and red crosses on the sides. They were made in America and Alice's beau (whose name is Christian F., but we call him "Chris") says they are known as Fords. Am wearing the Prince's opal all the time. Hope it's real.

I didn't mind Chris. He was a college man, and if he had never even been through the grades, I would have

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liked him because he was a really fine lad. But the jockey was a fresh tout who hung around the American Bar most all day and looked upon little Ada as a meal ticket. Of course, I had very little to say. My *fiasco* with the Hindu was public property; I couldn't keep it dark. The girls were most awfully nice about it though and didn't razz me as much as I deserved. The ambulance men out at the Lycée Pasteur were a source of joy to us all, and the little Ford ambulances they drove were slick buggies.

November 14th. Paris, France. The police say that in lieu of the fact that I lived more than eight years in Belgium and at this time have a home there, they will not oust me from France. Kind of them! Soon the theaters will open and also the opera. Like my real father, I am not awfully strong for opera unless I can laugh at the serious parts, but I do enjoy some of the music. Rumor has it that one of the Kaiser's relatives is quite ga-ga. His name is Prince Ernst August. Turks are in the war with the Kaiser. No news from Robert. Hope he's not badly hurt.

November 15th. Paris, France. We have two *mutilés* in our hospital. I thought I was rather brave, but when I saw the condition of one of those boys I nearly fainted. One's face stops at his mouth; a new chin is being manufactured out of silver, and a sculptor is working on the model. Parts of his jaw still exist and the doctors say that they will construct teeth and bone and attach them so that

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he will be able to eat real food. At present, he can eat only soup and milk and coffee out of a tube. He was a stage hand in a circus originally and is always in an extraordinarily good humor.

The other *mutilé* has no nose and is in danger of losing the right eye. He is also in a good humor about it. He divorced his wife before the war and lives quite alone up near Rheims and works in a champagne bottling works.

This was my first experience with mutilated soldiers. I have seen many since. Indeed, I have helped feed American basket cases, which I consider is quite a lot worse than face mutilations. But the *mutilés* broke my nervous system finally. I couldn't look at them any longer. I was so ashamed of myself that I wanted to commit suicide. But that was a stupid thing to contemplate when France needed every willing hand. Even today when someone tells about some wound or other where the person has been disfigured, I grow faint. I was a brave woman in 1914, but by 1915 I discovered that most of my bravery was bravado. How I suffered later in the war when the mustard gas burn cases came in! That's why I curse war and say that the whole thing is a flat tire. There's too much suffering for the man who carries the rifle, and too much glory for the man twenty miles behind the lines.

Nov. 16 1914. Paris, France. The Hindu Prince is in some kind of disgrace. One of the English boys over at

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the Y. W. C.A. told me today that they think he is a spy. I don't believe it. He has disappeared from headquarters.

And I spent several anxious days after that, wondering when His Majesty's Government would call me up on the carpet to see what I knew about the Prince—grill mama, as 'twere, for the low-down. But nothing happened. For several months whenever my vamping ability was called into question, I reminded Ada and Alice that I had turned one lad's damper down. And they would snootily suggest that there had been a little damper tampering on both sides, which I disclaimed, and still do. That Hindu was a die-hard. Females had fallen for him so easily that when one long-legged Belgian refugee didn't do a back flip-flop, his pride got the better of him. I never did put any stock in the spy yarn. The English boys who knew of his attentions were ready to blacken the poor Prince blacker than he already was, as a lesson to me.

Nov. 17th. Paris, France. Now that Belgium has moved to Paris, we are planning a little Christmas celebration for some of the refugee children. The condition of some of them is pathetic. My brother Robert is coming to Paris early in December to visit me. Took a ride in an open *fiacre* (hack). The driver had a glazed hat—it had once been white.

Nov. 18th. Paris, France. (1914). I am what is known as an auxiliary helper in our hospital. Ada and Alice are the same. The jockey is very boring. Countess Murat has

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organized a fund for the soldiers—it is the *Pour le Front* fund. We all contributed a little. It is rumored that that nice man, Mr. Herrick, is going to leave the American Embassy.

Nov. 25th. Paris, France. Snow in the north end of the line. It disturbs me a lot to think of the soldiers going through a winter. Popular vote in the United States indicates that the States are neutral—that is, they don't care who licks the Boche.

Nov. 27th. Paris, France. Had a peach of a pair of English boys over to our place last night. They call themselves "mud hogs." They explained trench warfare, and frightened us a lot about the lice. I have encountered a lot of them in the hospital but to have them at home is rather trying. The hospital at No. 4 rue de Chevreuse has received its first wounded. It will be known as *Auxiliaire No. 53*. The Germans are losing to the Russians (this is a hospital rumor). Went to the Bouffonne to dance last night.

Nov. 28th. Paris, France. I'm all broken up. One of our patients died today; he was very young and had been at the Conservatoire for two years studying composition. He played the piano and had won a prize. His people lived in Fontainebleau, and we sent them a wire so they could be with him. He was getting on so well too. We sometimes almost forget that there is a war until a thing like this happens. Among our new batch of patients, there is one

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who will most probably lose his eyesight. He is a giant of strength—worked as a butcher's helper in Place Pigalle.

When that young musician died, a lot of my patriotism disappeared into thin air. In 1916, he was to have competed for a very fine prize of some kind and if he had won it he would have become one of France's best known composers, because a long period of study went with the award. His father and his sister came up from Fontainebleau. But they arrived just as my tour of duty was up and thanking God for not having to help console them, I hurried away. That was my first real let-down of the war in the way of deaths. All the others I had seen out in the big war were over so quickly that I never really had time to grow attached to them. But here was a boy whose hand I had held—a boy to whom I had read; a boy for whom I had written letters—and all of a sudden his eyes grew glassy and he was dead.

I began to be worried about my own brother Robert who was supposed to be slightly wounded up at Hazebrouck.

November 29, 1914. Paris, France. Mother is at Biarritz. Newspapers tell of the annual prom at Princeton. I've never been to a prom, but Ada and Alice have. They described it. I like the word prom. Dirty work is charged in the departure of Mr. Herrick. He had many friends in our hospital. Had an unimportant air raid—so much shooting from the ground one couldn't tell just who was shooting—enemy or friend.

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December 1, 1914. Paris, France. The two English boys came again last night and sang a new song titled *Tipperary.* I worked out a few chords for it at our piano. The theaters open Sunday and we are going to the *Opéra Comique.*

I forgot to tell you that as a child I was supposed to be a musician—that is, play at the pianoforte—but as Miss Prism had to do with my musical education, I naturally took a hate on it. She wanted me to play scales while I wanted to play tunes. So Prism and I checkmated my musical career. But my real father gave me a little book of songs as sung by the Fisk Jubilee Singers and these I played and still play. I also found a book of Belgian and French folk songs—songs from long ago, 1200, 1300, 1400. These two books represented my musical library during my early days. That's how come I played for the English infantrymen. Our piano was an upright, but a very nice one and strange to say it was in tune. I played many a jubilee song at 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse.

December 6, 1914. Sunday, Paris. Went to the *Opéra Comique* this afternoon and heard the *Daughter of the Regiment.* I laughed to myself at quite a few scenes, but not out loud. The jockey took Ada and the two British soldiers took Alice and me. The house was full of uniforms. The audience stood up and sang the national anthems and that was really thrilling.

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There was one song in the first performance at the *Opéra Comique* that I shall never forget. It was *Salut à la France,* and owing to the war going on at that very moment, the audience cheered wildly. It was what might be called a *succès fou.*

I have gone to the *Opéra Comique* many times since, but never have I seen such a thrilling assemblage of people. The opera wasn't much, nor was the singing anything to write home about, but the audience was marvelous. They sang the national anthems like nothing on earth.

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CHAPTER SEVEN

December 7. Paris, France. Imagine my surprise when Robert walked in! He looked exactly like a British sergeant major. He is an ambulance driver attached to a hospital at Dunkirk. His experiences are endless. He has had several smashes and one auto was hit by a large shell, but he lived through it. Both Ada and Alice liked him very much. We had dinner at home tonight. I saw Robert bring in a package very carefully. I asked him what it was and he said Vouvray, the wine from la Touraine. It was of the famous year, 1893. The baby brother has become a connoisseur in such matters. He has grown up in three months. He has a faint moustache and talks with so much French army *patois* that I can scarcely understand him. He called the Vouvray *pinard* and said the ladies should be careful lest they should become *se crutées* (cooked), or better still, *s'allumées* (lit up). He said that no matter how much he took, he never got more than *vaseux* (slightly muddy). He plans to go to visit mother at Biarritz. He was very glad that I found my inheritance so safely in the American bank, as he has the same amount in the same bank.

When my brother turned up at 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse, it was a great moment for me. He had entirely

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recovered from his wound and was looking very cocky in his outfit. He didn't actually belong to the English Army but was attached in some strange civilian capacity to the Ambulance. He explained the necessity of the Red Worker's Travelling Permit, (Carnet Rouge). One could not take a fifty cent train ride those days without it.

He also explained the workings of the canteen and that excited me until I almost had to be tied. The idea of going along with the armies, cooking, nursing, entertaining and feeding the soldiers was my idea of winning the war. I had sung the pathetic little song about the *Fille de Nantes,* who did that thing and finally decided she would never return to her parental bed and board.

Of course, that was a song. But the word "canteen" stuck in my crop and I haven't to this day been able to get it out. The hospital was beginning to get on my nerves anyhow and the *mutilés* were becoming more numerous every day. I was champing at the bit and rearin' to get into the open air.

December 8th. Paris, France. This morning Robert said he had a "g.d.b.", which is *patois* for a bad taste in his mouth. It really comes from the three words "*gueule de bois,*" meaning a "wooden mouth." Robert took too much Vouvray last evening. Tonight we went over to the Bouffonne and danced. I played on the old piano and sang *Steal Away to Jesus.* It was wildly applauded. Gaston, the old *chansonnier,* asked me if it was a song with political significance like his revolutionary songs. My brother said

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yes, that it was a song about the revolt of the negro against the oppression of slavery. It wasn't exactly a fact, but Gaston was almost in tears to think that the Americans had revolutionary songs.

"But," added Robert, "revolt is unpopular there, as it is here." And Gaston said, "Yes, alas, revolt is unpopular everywhere." Then Robert sang *Tipperary,* but had to admit to Gaston that it was only a marching song and one without political value. Robert was surprised and almost worried at my *savoir faire* in the Bal de la Bouffonne, but I assured him that it was just my new self expressing itself.

December 9th. Paris, France. Tonight we had another celebration in honor of Robert's return. This time we had several of the boys from the Lycée Pasteur. Chris came and brought a lad from Mississippi, named Williams. His first name is "Dixie"—Dixie Williams. Bob brought in a very fine champagne; it was Pol Roger. I told Robert he was becoming a regular toper! He said I was quite correct—that toping and soldiering necessarily go together. During the dinner which Madame Elise had prepared, Robert drank a toast. He said, "Well, folks, here's to you while I can still remember your names!" Everyone thought it was very funny. Later we went over to the Bal de la Bouffonne. Madame Bouffonne and an old lady friend of hers taught me a dance they called the "Can-Can." They say that I am admirably built for dancing. Gaston sang as he never sang before in his life, not even in his youth. Then Dixie Williams got up to recite a poem. It started out very well, but

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stopped abruptly. He seemed to have lost his nerve. It was about a girl named "Lil."

It was down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my old pal Lil.
She was————————

and then he stopped, and no matter how much we begged, he would not continue. Gaston proposed it in French, but Dixie said it was nearly all in American *patois,* so a translation was impossible. But later he and Robert got together in one corner of the room and Dixie recited the poem in whispers. Both of them nearly died laughing. They would only tell me the last lines and they went like this:

But Lil died game, boys,
And when she fell,
She had her boots on,
So what the Hell, Bill,
What the Hell.

When we got home Robert told me that he liked the ambulance boys very much and that I couldn't go wrong if I stuck to them as *beaux.* I said, "But Bobbie dear, suppose I've already gone wrong!" And he said, "Hélène, I agree with mother; you are an *enfant terrible.*"

So they taught me the Can-Can—that was a nice polite thing to do. My education was beginning to vary—from Miss Prism to Madame Bouffonne, and my brother getting tight on champagne and becoming fatherly about the ambulance boys.

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Dec. 10th. Paris, France. A very famous French doctor came and looked at our *mutilés* today and said that no facial reconstruction could be done for a long while, as the wounds had not entirely receded. Our chief, Doctor S., has departed and most of us are glad—that is, the young members of our hospital. He was very popular with the old ladies. There is a marvelous hospital out on the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It is an American organization and several of our girls are leaving to join it. I wish I could, but I might as well stay here, as I mean to join the Canteen Service as soon as I can, anyhow. One of our wounded boys talks about youth deserving happiness and getting war. He asked me today if he would understand after he was dead. I assured him that he would—as if I had been dead and really knew! We filled out a questionnaire today. Under the heading of schools attended, I was forced to say none and education, none. I was ashamed, as some of the girls had been to long lists of famous colleges.

Speaking of Doctor S., he was the lad I referred to a while ago as a Capon, and he was that. We got to referring to him as "Oxford Nancy" and finally, as "Mrs. Nancy Ox." There was very little love lost over his departure.

But the questionnaire! It was one of a great many I ultimately filled out. The war was full of questionnaires. The difficulty was to be sure and remember what one had written down on the others so that the last one would agree. I would like to see all my questionnaires; some of

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them were executed in French and some in English and some in American Army slang.

It did bother me because I hadn't been to college. But today I have recovered from such idiocy. In fact, formal education is a complete dud to me now. Formal anything, for that matter; the word "formal" gives me a headache. If it were only possible for a girl to learn about things early in life. Not ABC's or algebra, but life—early—so that she wouldn't go around making the same mistakes year after year and only when her hair is gray and her teeth have all fallen out, get wise to herself and the folks around her.

December 11, 1914. Paris. Have already spent 1,015 francs of my inheritance. But I had to have some clothes. I bought a new gown on the Boulevard Raspail and two pairs of shoes and some stockings and some gloves. The gloves were very cheap though. Mother sent me a beautiful coat, but she told me what it cost and that ruined it all. Mother says that the French Intelligence Department is searching everywhere for the Count Henri de Placervillers. Robert says they will find him in Hell. It sounds terrible to say it, but I believe he's right—Robert, I mean. Bob says that the Second Battalion of the 108th Regiment of Saxon Infantry finished off the city of Dinant and killed most of the citizens. He is waiting for a chance to square matters up with the Second Battalion. He didn't say how he would do it. Foolish boy, my brother, but a dear. He is now in Biarritz with mother for a few days.

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December 12, 1914. Paris. Last night Chris, Alice's lover, came up to me while I was playing the piano at our apartment and put his arms around me. Both Ada and Alice were out. We were quite alone. I don't know how it happened, but he kissed me so beautifully that I couldn't say a single word. After a bit, I am sure I didn't try to say anything. It was all so lovely while it lasted and so terrible after it was all over. He said he'd been in love with me ever since the very first day he saw me. I said, but what about Alice and he said that was rather too bad. He says that if I don't reciprocate his love, he'll take service with the Ambulance right up at the Front with the hope of being killed. Chris is so handsome and such a wonderful lad. He is a Princeton boy. He reminds me of René de L. de M., who is now dead. Chris crushed me in his strong arms and it was unbelievably thrilling—not at all like the Hindu Prince. I went to bed as soon as he left so as not to be awake when Ada and Alice came home.

And that was the first time I ever two-timed a girl friend. It had to be one of my very best girl friends too—Alice. She was crazy about Chris and I later found out that Chris had told her the same story about going up to the Front to get himself bumped off if she didn't give her love to him. He was some Romeo, or rather a Don Juan, because Romeo stuck to one girl at a time, while Chris took on two out of the first three encountered. Can you-all imagine my feelings the next morning when I looked at Alice across the breakfast table! It was as if I had taken

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a fifty franc note out of her pocket and pinned it on the outside of my dress.

I had hardly washed Chris's kisses off my mouth and there was Alice saying the most friendly things to me. God, I could have died! Both Ada and Alice noticed that I was not just myself and wanted me to stay home. But I didn't do that—I should have gone crazy there all alone!

You see, Chris wanted to marry me right off. He talked big about being the father of my babies. I've listened to lots of that bilge since, but I was a young flapper those days and an impressionable one too. I nearly went cuckoo trying to decide what to do—whether or not to tell Alice the whole story and tell Chris to climb a tree and stay there. I hadn't quite discovered at that time that the average man confused love with a passing burst of passion; as a matter of fact, I think I did the same thing.

I remember well how every time a man took me in his arms and really kissed me so that I stayed kissed (as René de L. de M. and Chris certainly did), I couldn't wait until they began to talk about love, and before long, I was doing the same thing—dropping a monkey wrench, as 'twere, into a very enjoyable evening.

But that's another thing we never know about until it's almost too late. I believe that the management of one's love-life is more important (particularly in the case of a woman) than any other thing that can happen. And by observing the lives of the females recorded in history, we find that many of them never went beyond the problem of their love-life—the three R's notwithstanding.

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Dec. 13th. Paris, France. Went to the *Théâtre Albert* with Dixie Williams. It was a vaudeville and Mlle. Irene Bordoni was on the programme. Dixie is a dear boy—he's just like Robert. He says that some of the ambulancers play around with the ladies all the time, but he takes it out with the bottle. I advised moderation. He said I was a minx. I kissed him just for luck; it was like kissing Robert.

December 15th. Paris, France. Met Chris as I came home tonight. He was at the corner where the Boulevard Raspail and Montparnasse run together. He grabbed me into his arms and I couldn't convince him that he mustn't. The gendarme at the corner turned his back. Chris wouldn't go home with me because he said he couldn't stand the thought of being with both Alice and me at the same time. He made me promise that I would meet him tomorrow night and go out to dinner somewhere alone.

The bathroom in our house is a very funny one. At Namur my father had a very fine bathroom. It had been shipped from America especially for us. But at 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse we have only a thin stream of water which runs through a tiny gas burner (in England, they call it a geyser, pronounced "geezer") and even then it isn't very warm. Alice and Ada take cold baths and Madame Elise can't understand it at all. I go next door and take a bath in the public bath house. Ada went with me a few days ago and was terribly worried to discover that only a sheet separated us from the men. There were

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soldiers in the men's side and they sang us songs and said the most terrible, but very amusing, things, which I translated for Ada. She understands good French, but not argot. In the public bathhouse there is endless hot water and that is what I love.

Madame Elise, our woman of all work, thinks cold baths are terrible—quite as bad as Ada's habit of drinking water with her dinner. Madame Elise puts a bottle of water down on the table and says, *"Voilà! Votre vin blanc!"* As time passes, I find it easier to be with Alice, even though her lover says he loves me and I submit to his advances. One's feelings grow dull, I suppose.

December 16th. Had dinner with Chris at Henriette's. I have never been there before. What a ducky place it is! Later we went over to the Luxembourg Gardens and found them locked, so we took an open fiacre until we came to the Champs Elysées. Then we sat on a bench in the sunken garden on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel until late, Chris telling me all about his love. He says he will marry me and take me back to America where I belong. But I don't want to be married to Chris; neither do I want to go back to America, because I belong in Belgium. I do enjoy his telling me that he loves me, though, and he kisses me in the most beautiful manner.

Henriette's was a tiny little restaurant across the way from our apartment and up a little side street. I wish I could remember the name of that street. The walls of the

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place had been decorated by an American woman and a Swedish woman—two friends, who met in Paris every summer to study. For the paintings on the walls they got free board. I loved Henriette's particularly because of the pictures; they represented scenes and characters from *Alice in Wonderland*, and they always reminded me of my happy childhood when my father used to read the immortal story of little Alice and her trip down the rabbit hole. Henriette's was the first restaurant I had been in where they had a contraption on the wall, as you went in, that reminded one of a small town Post Office arrangement for letters. Only this was used for the guests' personal and private, hired-by-the-week napkins. That made a great hit with me—gave me the feeling of intimacy, even though it was a public place—and I never forgot it.

My experience with Chris that night was very disquieting. He finally decided that he would go up to the Front and get himself bumped off. So I said, "All right, big boy, go on!"—or words to that effect. At any rate, it was quite a long while before we had any news of Christian F., and then it was that he had joined the Foreign Legion and had been in actual battles. I didn't want him to be foolish and get himself killed on my account, but I was relieved when I discovered that he had left Paris. It was becoming too boring, after all, this thing of two-timing a friend right under her very nose. It was the last time I ever did it knowingly.

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CHAPTER EIGHT

December 16th. Paris, France. Ada is a dud when it comes to picking lovers, or had I better say gentlemen friends. This new one is terrible. Her jockey evaporated after my brother spoke to him one night. The jockey was bad enough, but this new one is unbelievable. He is some kind of a banker who has recently arrived from the States and is connected with one of the American banks in Paris. He has the face of a roué, but I doubt if he has the nerve to be it. Instead of bringing Ada one bunch of flowers at a time he sends five cheap bunches so as to impress the rest of us who are rather poor. He also tweaks one's nose and pulls one's hair down over the forehead. You take plenty of time to get your hat looking just right and then he pulls it down over your nose. He's one of those small-town-gol-durn-its. When he comes to call he rings the bell about three minutes at a stretch. I am only waiting for Robert to be here sometime when the bell-ringing episode happens. As my father would say, the fur will fly.

His name is McNeil, which is a Scotch name and that should mean something, but I suppose there are duds in Scotland too. Altogether, Alice and I have decided against this Mr. McNeil. Every time he comes I want to do a tantrum.

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A very well-informed French Officer told us at the hospital that the war would be a long one from all indications. We have several *petits blessés* who are quite black; they are from Morocco. We also have a *mutilé* whose entire face will have to be reconstructed. It is at present covered with a gelatinous substance. Thank God, he is not my charge! They say he was transporting ammunition and a shell struck the camion. He was both shocked and burned at the same time.

The reason they are mixing up the nationalities in the hospitals is so that all the nations will see that the others are in the war. And when they recover they will go back to their people and tell about how all the Allies are really helping. It is good propaganda.

I don't know whether to let my diary tell what ultimately happened to Mr. McNeil or to tell it now. No, I'll let the diary tell its own tale. Suffice it to say that he was a cad of the worst kind. He was a big money man and a big business man without either a sense of humor or a grain of human kindness. And Ada really disappointed me, too, for tolerating him. But she liked the high-hat act and McNeil certainly had what it took to be high-hat—he was full of it—boiled shirts for dinner until you'd think that he slept in the bloody things. Ada used to come in and say, "Well, girls, I didn't do so bad last night—fifty franc dinner, all the flowers, and a sure-enough travelling leather hat-box." And then I'd say, "Yes, Ada, you did well, if that's what you like. But per-

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sonally, I'd rather carry my extra hat in my hand and eat a *petit repas* at three francs fifty with seventy-five centimes extra for wine."

Some girls are built that way though—they want to do a little high-class gold-digging and they don't care how much tedium they go through if they bring home the bacon.

December 17th. Paris, France. Tonight Dixie Williams did a tantrum. He came over to dinner and afterwards he lay down on a couch and fell asleep. It's one of his failings. Presently he began to talk to himself. It seems that he thought he was driving a team of horses and they were trying to run away. He yelled and stormed at the horses and we were terribly frightened. Madame Elise came in and applied cold towels to his head and he became normal at once. She said we were a fine lot of nurses. Dixie was very much embarrassed and confessed that he had such nightmares quite often, particularly in strange beds. He was quite weak when it was all over and I suggested that he stay at our place, but Ada said no. She has her own maidenly ideas of what nice girls should do. Ada thinks Dixie drinks too much. I might have said a lot of things involving her Mr. McNeil, but I didn't. Underneath it all, I like Ada very much.

This afternoon a very ordinary little woman came in to visit one of our handsome patients. He is a Dragoon and a wonderful lad. I remarked to our Chaplain that it was strange to see so handsome a man with such an ordinary

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woman and the priest said that looks were very deceptive and that no one on earth could know that ordinary looking woman as her Dragoon husband could. He looked very wise as he said it.

That old *padre* was right. No man ever knows a woman really unless he knows her in the Biblical sense. That's the reason why we stand by and make silly remarks about certain couples. A woman is a mystery to a man and a man is a mystery to a woman until they know one another, and, as they say back-stage in the big shows, then there is a letting-down of hair, if you know what I mean, dearie. (And you needn't ask me how I came into this priceless information either, because it's my secret and I'm not telling.)

Dixie Williams' tantrum was one of a great many I saw him have during his short life in the Army. He was treated rough by his father in his early youth and those experiences used to come back time after time, also the hurting of his pet dog. Dixie was a queer boy and he should never have hit the bottle as he did.

December 17th, 1914. Paris, France. Robert is back in town from Biarritz and tonight we talked over the war for the first time. During his last stay in Paris we avoided it almost entirely, except some of his ambulance-driving episodes. Tonight he made me outline what happened hour by hour after the Count left. Finally, he asked me what became of Yvoir. I said he was dead—killed right before

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me. Robert stood up and paced the room and I am sure there were tears in his eyes. He seemed to be very old tonight and so horribly serious. His story of what has happened in Belgium is too much to record. He is interested in a new movement on the part of some Americans who are going to organize an Ambulance Service for the French Field Armies. He calls it the *Service Sanitaire Americain.* He says the war is not going so well for France—that they are getting it in the neck. He says that Lord Kitchener, or whoever it is, is organizing a gigantic army, but it can't be done rapidly. Meanwhile, the Germans are killing us off. Robert said he left mother in tears and white muslin, just like the heroines in Dickens. But mother added to his inheritance. He was always her favorite. She said I had everything I needed anyhow. Wouldn't matter if I didn't.

I'm a cock-eyed bareback rider, if my brother didn't throw a scare into me that night. He was so optimistic about the war before, and now all of a sudden he was so low about it. I was given to tantrums but not the kind where you tear your hair, beat your breast, chew your nails and such like. But I was worried. One strange thing about Robert's visit this time was that he missed Mr. McNeil every time he called. I was just waiting for Robert to punch McNeil a good straight one, but the banker with five bunches of roses seemed to know when to stay away. It was his first sign of exceptional wisdom—or any kind of wisdom outside of the bank.

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December 18, 1914. Paris. Today a very touching thing happened in our hospital. A young French lad named Pierre died, and at first I thought it was just one more name on the casualty list. But at noontime I found a little package in the office with my name on it. It contained a small portion of sweet chocolate and a few Woodbine cigarettes. They were from Pierre, the dead French soldier boy. This is what I finally discovered. It seems that each soldier in his ward was receiving an allotment of chocolate and tobacco from an American man who has a son in the Foreign Legion. Pierre, being very kindhearted, used to divide up his little gift among some fellows in one of the other wards and yesterday, knowing from the Chaplain that he probably would not live through the night, he divided up the allotment he would have received today and gave me the share he would have taken for himself had he lived.

I explained to our head surgeon what had happened. The head surgeon is an old man with a very beautiful beard. When I came to the end of my story the surgeon took me by the hand and led me outside in the courtyard where we could shed our tears unmolested.

Dec. 20th. Paris, France. Today is "Belgian Day" and they are selling tiny flags on the streets for the benefit of the Belgian refugees. The committee is named *Assistance aux Réfugiés et aux Victimes de la Guerre et les Amis de la Belgique.* It's a long name but they are doing a great

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work. They will feed many refugees at Christmas-time. Robert left tonight for Dunkirk.

Dec. 21st. Paris, France. One of the ambulance men sang me a wonderful song in French and this is a fair translation:—

What if you had a face like a tadpole,
What if you had legs like a frog.
What if you had a shape like a kangaroo,
What if you had hair like a dog.
What if you had skin like an elephant,
What if you had hands like a ham,
What if you had a nose like a crocodile
It wouldn't matter at all if you were a woman and had the army nearby.

Rather terrible, isn't it!

December 25, 1914. Paris. To Saint Sulpice tonight at midnight to the service. I said a long prayer for Robert, a short one for Dixie and a very short one for Chris. All the hospitals were very gay today, particularly the American ones. Some of the attempts were meant well, but there was a lot of sadness behind it all. At the Taitbout Rest House, they fed hundreds of Belgian refugees. It is an American Relief (address 18 Rue Taitbout). I loaned our gramophone to the hospital for the day and forgot to bring it back. It belongs to the apartment and is not a very good one. Have a new word—"dum-dum."

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Among my Christmas gifts was quite a package from my mother containing a handkerchief linen camisole trimmed with Irish crochet with ribbon rosettes; a pair of butterfly drawers, with insertions of Irish crocheted medallions; and a new-fashioned teddy with lace point beading and yards of ribbons. Can you see me spending my precious hours taking out and putting back ribbons in underwear! Well, not while I'm in my right mind! Then there was a combing jacket, which I shall no doubt give to one of the Belgian babies for a sweater. Poor mother, she meant well, I suppose. In her Christmas letter she said she hoped I had gone to divine service and asked forgiveness for my waywardness.

From Dixie Williams I got a beautiful but very unuseful little lace kerchief with the word "Belgium" worked into it. One of the boys at our hospital, one whom I had scarcely ever noticed, gave me a briquet he had fashioned out of a piece of a Boche shell case. Robert, the old darling, left the most beautiful cigarette holder for me and a whole carton of Sweet Caporals. Madame Elise was bored with us giving gifts to grown-ups, but when she got her fifty-franc gift, she beamed and declared that the Americans were the most generous and thereupon the most charming people on earth.

All my gift-giving went into three funds—one for the Belgian Relief, one for the twenty-six Americans in the Foreign Legion—*Deuxième Regiment Bataillon*—and the other, a little fund we got together at the hospital to pay

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the transportation of any relatives who will want to come to see dying men in the near future.

Early in the evening we went to the *Colisée* to see the movies—Dixie Williams and I. We got in free because he was in uniform. The man at the door said something to Dixie about Madame, meaning me. I looked coy and that seemed to be enough, only I'm not Madame to Dixie. He doesn't seem to wish me to be at all. He is so terribly brotherly. In spite of the strain I was under while Chris F. was still in Paris, I must admit that it was thrilling to be loved so beautifully. I think Alice misses it too; she is looking for a beau all the time, but carefully—not as Ada did.

Of course, I simply must say something about the gifts I received from my mother. And remember, I'm not trying to be *risqué* either when I discuss butterfly drawers, the 1914 model teddy and the camisole. There was enough handkerchief linen in those three articles to make a fair-sized circus tent—yards and yards of it. And the ribbons! And the rosettes! We used to think we were pretty hot those days when we did ourselves out in our undertrappings, but if a woman dressed that way today, she wouldn't get to first base. She would be classified as an anemone and be avoided as if she had B. O.

But mamas were dead set on covering up the bodies of their female progeny those days. Females operated according to reputation—not according to character. And reputation involved a lot of voluminous underwear. Strange to

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say, there wasn't as much "protection" in the voluminous butterfly drawers as there is today in the skin-tight bloomers—only mothers couldn't see it that way.

Dec. 27th. Paris, France. Dixie Williams has a new name among his ambulance-driver friends. It is "Whiskey Breeches." I think it's a lovely name. After he left me the other night he attended a Christmas party where they drank a huge bowl of punch. According to Dixie's story, he went stiff and couldn't work yesterday. One of the girls at our hospital is in a very bad state; she is hysterical over the death of her lover, Capt. Irving St. John MacKenzie of the Gloucestershire Regiment, English Army. He was reported killed December 2d, but the news just reached her. She pronounces his middle name as if it were spelled "Sinjin." I am smoking the new cigarettes, Sweet Caps, and like them. Dixie supplied me with some more of them—they came from America.

Dec. 29th. Paris, France. One of my jobs is to translate the cartoons in the New York Herald to the French boys. The one of December 4th, displaying the Kaiser doing a juggling act, is most popular. It is difficult to translate, however.

Dec. 30th. Paris, France. Wednesday. Went over to the Bal de la Bouffonne tonight. We danced a while and then got to talking over a "respectable" (a very large container) of beer. One of our party mentioned General Joffre. We all

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told what we knew about Joffre. Then the old accordionist who had been sitting at one side quietly working out some new tune, put down his accordion and stood up. We understood that he had something to say, and he did!

It was not like being transported, but as the negroes in Virginia say when they get religion, I was "transfloated." *Vieux* Charles, the little old accordionist, had never spoken before while I was in the place, but now it was his moment. It seems that Charles was born in the town of Rivesaltes, not far from Perpignan, and had grown up with one Joseph Jacques César Joffre. The elder Joffre was the father of twelve little Joffres, and a barrel-maker by trade. But Joseph Jacques César, owing to the kindness of a rich uncle, was educated, and because France is a democratic place, the son of a barrel-maker became the man of the hour back in September when Pauline and I were at La Ferté wondering from day to day what would happen next. It was an impassioned speech—one that only a Frenchman could make. Later when it came my turn to perform, I sang:—

Zekiel saw de wheel, way up in de middle of de air,
De big wheel run by faith and de little wheel run
by de grace ob God,
A wheel within a wheel,
Way up in de air.

Dixie Williams (Whiskey Breeches) loves those camp meeting songs and the habitués at the Bal de la Bouffonne think they are revolutionary chants.

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New Year's Eve, past midnight. (It is now 1915.) what a conclusion for this terrible year! Today a very blonde lady came to the hospital looking for me. She carried a man's military raincoat. She said she would have to speak to me alone. At first I thought it was something about Chris—perhaps a wife Chris never mentioned! But I was mistaken. It was one of my brother's entanglements. It seems that my brother visited her and departed either quickly or in an absent-minded state. At least, he left his military raincoat on the hat-rack in the blonde lady's foyer. The blonde lady is a married woman. Her husband discovered the raincoat and demanded to know its origin. The blonde lady, whose name is Blumenthal, was confused and told several stories. Neither of them was accepted by Mr. Blumenthal, who is the French buyer for an American silk-importing establishment. I took the raincoat and listened to the story. There were tears. Robert's name was also in the raincoat, and the number of his ambulance. Robert has a rather uncomfortable fifteen minutes coming to him when he next visits Paris. I shall warn him to stay away until all the silk is safely bought.

I have made application for employment with the French Canteen Service. The hospital becomes too deadly and the mutilated soldiers haunt me when I try to sleep. The one whose face is gone and has only a gelatine mask will possibly not live.

What a way indeed to finish off 1914—my brother being apprehended doing the heavy Don Juan act. As I told

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you earlier in this writing, Robert could not be controlled where blondes were concerned. That's why I'm glad he stayed in foreign parts, because if that lad ever came to America and got tangled up with some of our blonde Broadway show girls, well, we'd have to get out the strait-jacket or just tie him down to his bunk. Blondes surely do inflame his mind. He gets what is known as B. U. (body urge) and that's a disease for which there is only one cure.

But getting back to Mrs. Blumenthal, she said that Robert met her in a café down in the Opéra district. He heard her trying to order something from a very non-understanding *frog* waiter. Robert, being all chivalry and very susceptible anyway, stopped the gap by translating the noble English tongue into something the frog bartender would *compree*. That was the beginning of the romance. She didn't say when she removed her chapeau and displayed her dizzy golden locks and I didn't ask. But sometime during Robert's stay, he left her domicile in rather a hurry. Mrs. Blumenthal declared that the boy was quite absent-minded from his war experiences. This was news to me, but I accepted it without laughing and incorporated it in the records of the case. Mrs. Blumenthal also said that her husband was very irate and was on the verge of paying me a visit to declare himself. I couldn't see where I got into it, and I wasn't ready to encounter a gun-toting husband whose honor had been tampered with and who apparently intended to write his name on any available member of our family with dum-dum bullets.

Mrs. Blumenthal left very tearfully, saying that she

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loved her husband after a fashion, in spite of the fact that he had undoubtedly married her for her money. That night I tried to write Robert a scolding letter, but I couldn't. I had done a little two-timing myself in December. I began to wonder how Robert and I came by this hot-hand and heavy lovin' stuff—because both of us had it.

I also sent off Bob's raincoat. It was very important for a soldier to have the proper uniform and then I was already beginning to collect a lot of such evidence at 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse myself—canes, English swagger sticks, ambulance drivers' gloves, topcoats, etc. etc.

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CHAPTER NINE

1915 started off on the wrong foot, if you know what I mean, and I am not dividing the facts. 1915 was a dud from Hell to breakfast. I wouldn't exchange one month of 1918 for all the 1915's you could invent. Why, the very first morning at breakfast—no, I don't suppose it was breakfast, because we were out late the night before—but at the first ensemble meal we had that day, Ada and I got into it about the "bouquet banker" (that's what we got to calling Mr. McNeil) and before the day was over I had that terrible round with Mr. Blumenthal. Well, that was simply a free-for-all—a slugging match—with "no holts" barred. But let's give the diary first chance.

January 1st. Late at night. What a day! Had a short note from Robert. It seems that he fell off of a wagon containing water and hurt himself quite badly. Among other things he hit a young English Leftenant either before or after he fell—at any rate, there are many things which he will have to explain. He says that I should see the Leftenant. But then he remarked that I would no doubt never have that pleasure because the young Englishman is in the hospital and will probably be sent back to Blighty, wherever that is!

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I read the letter to Dixie and Dixie told me to ask Robert if he was pushed when he had his accident or if he fell of his own weight. Dixie thinks there is something behind the story of Robert's fall. However!

This afternoon, who should come to the hospital but Mrs. Blumenthal again. She was more tearful than before. I told her I could not take time off and she left rather offended. But after dinner this evening, the doorbell rang, and a very large, athletic looking man presented himself. It was Mr. Blumenthal—at 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse—and in a terribly agitated condition of mind.

He explained as calmly as he could that he wanted to see my brother. I told him that my brother was at the Front. He didn't believe it. I asked him how he found my address and he said he didn't think he would tell me. I stood up and he didn't accept the hint. He asked me if I was an American and I told him that I didn't think I would tell him. While we were talking the bell rang again and someone came in, but I didn't see who it was. Well, Mr. Blumenthal and I glared at one another a few minutes without saying much and then I realized that he was smiling at me. I thought that this was a sign that he would capitulate. But he began to explain how long he had been trying to teach his wife the proper conduct of a lady and how she had been picking up men and bringing them home ever since their marriage three years back. I didn't believe what he said, but he went right on saying it. Finally, he came to the point of his story. He told me as gently as possible that as long as my brother and his

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wife had conducted themselves irregularly, he didn't see why he (Mr. Blumenthal, of New York City) and I shouldn't avenge ourselves by—well—he hemmed and hawed, and during that moment, I took a deep breath and started to tell him how I felt about the situation. I possibly didn't make a very careful choice of my words and let my voice go as it would. Almost at once the door behind me opened and there stood Dixie Williams. He had arrived shortly after Mr. Blumenthal put in his first and only appearance.

The two men looked at one another very carefully at first. They seemed to be very curious about each other's appearance. This was the first part of the fight. Then Dixie walked over to where Mr. Blumenthal was and I could see at once that they were about the same height and weight—only Dixie was wearing his uniform.

Mr. Blumenthal took Dixie to be my brother and said so. Dixie denied this, but said he was ready to take the place of my brother or father or sweetheart or anything I wished. This thrilled me so the tears began to seep out of the edges of my eyes. Then Dixie said that where he came from, white trash like Blumenthal were murdered and not even buried. That was the second part of the fight.

A lot of heated words followed. They were said very rapidly and then Mr. Blumenthal made a lunge at Dixie and Dixie stepped away as if he were fencing. A small side table fell over and some china articles crashed to the floor. Then Dixie's right arm came into play and I heard

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the sound of a blow. It was like someone striking wet earth with a butter paddle. Then Mr. Blumenthal began sinking to the floor. His arms were very straight at his sides and his eyes looked exactly like the eyes of motion picture actors in the American films when they get hit with a wagon tongue or a policeman's club.

When Mr. Blumenthal hit the floor, that was the end of the fight. Dixie was standing there rubbing his right hand and I was weeping—silently. Ada, who was in the next room then, screamed. That was all except that Mr. Blumenthal's nice black derby was practically ruined by being stepped on. I think Dixie did it, but he said no and also said he was sorry he had missed the chance.

A few moments later Dixie dragged Mr. Blumenthal down the steps and pushed him through the outside door. When Dixie came upstairs again he said, "Honey, I need a little of that white lightning you've got on your sideboard." I gave Dixie some of Robert's *eau de vie.*

After the excitement was over and we had cleared away the broken china, I massaged Dixie's hand and he laughed. I must admit that it is very thrilling to have men fight over you, though. Dixie says that if he ever sees Blumenthal again, it'll be just one more grave in France.

So Dixie put the K. O. on the New York silk buyer, and ended what I have since thought was the beginning of a badger game. I may be mistaken and I may be giving the Blumenthals credit for more cunning than they deserve, but it looked mighty phoney to me then (only

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I didn't know the word for it) and it looks more phoney to me now. This badger racket was the trump card in certain high class crook circles in France and England before the war. As a matter of fact, it goes on right here in the highly moral United States of America this very minute, but owing to the operation of the game, it seldom gets much publicity.

I have an idea that if Dixie Williams had had an iron on him that night Blumenthal would have been bumped off, but as it was, he shoved the silk buyer's face in with his good solid right, cooled off his ardor and saved us all a trip to the Bastille. That was the end of the Blumenthal episode.

Ada was very high and mighty for a few days and Madame Elise was awfully frightened for fear the gendarmes would pinch the outfit, load us into the hurry-up wagon, and take us away to the hoosgow. She, however, secretly adored Dixie for what he had done. I wrote my charming brother and told him to pull up his socks and let the blondes alone. And if he couldn't keep from getting all hot and bothered every time a blonde brushed by, to be sure that he picked out the single ones. I didn't tell him how this last piece of legerdemain was to be performed on casual acquaintance, though.

January 2, 1915. The French are very naïve. They have organized a *Société des Jambes de Bois* (Wooden Leg Society). At first I thought it was for members who had legs shot off in the war, but now I discover that it is for

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supplying wooden legs to legless soldiers. (In the hospital the men call a wooden leg a Sunday leg.) We have taken two new American girls into our hospital. They are from Chicago and very pretty too. They have been at the Ritz Hotel Hospital. They say the Ritz Hospital stood idle for ages back in September and October; that is, before the *Bureau de Santé* sent them any wounded. An old French hospital interne overheard our conversation and said that the higher-ups were busy saving Paris and didn't have time to save soldiers.

Tonight Dixie Williams came in for a while and brought a friend. He is known officially as Jefferson D. Jackson, representing a mule association in Texas. Dixie said I should call him Jackass Jackson. Mr. Jackson is a very humorous person. He hadn't been in the house five minutes until he asked me how old I was and told me that he would sooner or later become very "fond on me." He also said that if the Germans win the war the Americans will have to pay through the nose. I thought that was a very funny way to pay, after all. Dixie said he was hungry, so the three of us raided Madame Elise's kitchen. I found a very lovely piece of Roquefort cheese. Dixie was tickled, but Mr. Jackass Jackson was nearly nauseated by the Roquefort odor. He declared that he never could eat cheese made from skunk's milk. Dixie had to explain what a skunk was. I know nothing of American animals. I made Mr. Jackass a fried egg sandwich and thereupon gained greater favor from him than ever. He later said that if he was any judge of "hoss" flesh, I would be a riot in any

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big American city and after my war experiences I ought to catch a millionaire. I said, "Suppose I don't want a millionaire!" He said, "Honey, I'll just talk baby talk to you so you can sure understand me. Get yourself a millionaire! And failing that, you might decide on Jeff. D. Jackson, Esquire, of Texarkana, Texas." And he didn't even blush. When he calculates the height of anything or anybody he reduces it to so many "hands high." That's the way they measure the height of mules—14 hands high, 16 hands high. He said a 16 hand mule was the kind to win the war with.

Jefferson Davis (Jackass) Jackson was an institution. He was an American clown, rampant in a field of French *fleurs de lis*. He demanded American food to the very last day of his life in the A. E. F. His craving for ham and eggs was something of a phobia. It was said that he, being unable to speak anything but the most terrible pigeon *French* had clipped a picture of a dish of ham and eggs from an American monthly magazine and carried it around France in his pocket, displaying it to cooks and waiters whenever he could no longer desist from his favorite dish.

He was the travelling representative of the Texas-Arkansas Mule Growers' Association, with headquarters in Texarkana, Texas. He was in France for the purpose of selling mules to the French and British Governments and looking after the details of remounting the Allied Artillery Units. Later in the war he turned out to be a Major in the

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Veterinary Department of the U. S. Army—a horse doctor Major, can you bear it! And was he southern? And did he still believe in the Confederacy?

January 10th. Letter from Robert. He was very much pleased at what Dixie Williams did to Mr. Blumenthal. He also said that the wagon containing water is a figure of speech. It is properly the "water wagon" and is used to represent a descent into alcoholic excess, after one has decided to live a life of sobriety. I was surprised that my brother ever had such a silly idea anyhow. He said that they had an air raid January 1st and that most of the victims were women and children. (This happened in Dunkirk.) He is also coming to Paris very soon to join an American Ambulance unit. We have a very handsome artillery captain in our hospital just now. He is classified as "paraplegia" (both legs paralyzed below the hips). He was shot through the lower spine. He has a wife and a mistress. The wife visits him in the morning and the mistress in the afternoon. He will not live long. He has his new *Légion d'Honneur* decoration pinned to his hospital pajamas and is very charming to us girls who look after him. I am wondering what will happen if the wife and the mistress meet.

January 12th. Went to the Bal de la Bouffonne last night with Dixie Williams and Mr. Jackass Jackson. Mr. Jackson loved the place. Once during the evening Dixie told the mule representative about the Blumenthal episode.

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Mr. Jackson said, "What did you do exactly?" "Well," said Dixie, "I just knocked the taste out of his mouth and that was all there was to it." I have decided to remember that expression—knock the taste out of your mouth. Later I sat down to the piano and sang negro camp meeting shouts and Mr. Jackson wept. He came over to the piano and kissed me and said he craved me. I had never heard the word used just that way. These southern lovers are very ardent at times and awfully adorable about it too. Only, I can't get thrilled about Mr. Jackass Jackson. Now if Dixie Williams would come over and kiss me of his own free will and tell me he craved me, that's all there would be to it. I'd simply say, "All right, Dixie, Whiskey Breeches Williams, whenever you say!" But Dixie is no ladies' man.

René, the Apache piano player, played and played and we had a very whiz-bang time. No, I don't suppose that's correct—not a whiz-bang time, but perhaps a bird of a time. My father used to say bird.

January 15th. I'm getting awfully weary of the hospital—the mutilated faces and septic wounds—the smell of gangrene—the continual rushing of bed pans. Our handsome French artillery captain has a stiff neck today, which is the first symptom of tetanus. He has been given all the anti-tetanus serum he can take, but he has very little chance for recovery now. Another *blessé*, the son of a famous French journalist, will not live more than two days. He was given an injection of Stovaine serum today,

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which acts as an anæsthetic for the legs. The doctors worked feverishly all afternoon to save him, but he was developing a stiff neck when I went off duty. His father sat at his bedside. As I made my last round he stood up and in very carefully formed English, he told me how he appreciated my tenderness towards his son. I told him I understood French from my Belgian years and he at once broke into the most poetic French I have ever heard, repeating what he had said in English.

While we were talking, Old Lady R. came up. She is the one we all dislike so much. She said, "Sir, Mademoiselle is one of our very best and most efficient helpers. The Government should remember her when they decorate volunteer workers." The journalist said the Government would, no doubt. I left in confusion and decided that I didn't hate Old Lady R. quite as much as I thought I did.

Tonight the gendarmes came. At first I was terribly frightened. I thought Dixie had really knocked the taste out of Mr. Blumenthal's mouth for good. But it wasn't about that. They were serving us with orders to appear as character witnesses in behalf of René, the Apache piano player. He has been taken in as a pickpocket. The gendarmes also served notice about closing the blinds after dark as a protection against night air raids. This seems to be the latest German trick.

January 16th. The artillery captain's cot was empty when I got to the hospital this morning. His wife was notified but his mistress was not. This afternoon the mis-

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tress came, as usual, for her visit. The look on her face was too terrible to believe. She kept saying she had been deceived—that he was not dead. Finally, they showed her the empty cot. She had to be attended by one of the doctors. The journalist's son has oral aphasia. He understands when we speak to him but he answers in gibberish. He cannot last much longer. His father, a true nobleman, is buried in grief. Robert is in town. I have made application for a short rest and also a permission to travel to Montdidier, where a new canteen is being organized in connection with the railway dispatch of wounded.

January 18th. Today we went to court in René's behalf. He had robbed an American detective in a Paris bus, but he got off on the promise that he would go to the Front at once.

My leave is O. K., but the *Carnet Rouge,* which is necessary for travelling was withheld. Like a fool, I told them I wanted to visit my sister in Montdidier. The police came back with the information that I had no sister—only a brother—but somehow they softened and I finally got the cherished "red card." I will leave with Robert's ambulance train in a few days. The journalist's son died today. His final struggle against the tetanus was terrible.

René's act was one of the big events of the month. It seems that he was out plying his usual daytime trade of pocket-picking or high-jacking or shop-lifting or what will you, when he spied a very well-dressed sucker who

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spoke practically no French. The sucker, who appeared to be partially tight, was flashing a bank roll that would have choked a horse, and that was René's clue. After some trailing, the sucker got on a bus and René followed. A few moments later René and the sucker were sitting side by side riding along as peacefully as could be. But René was in a hurry, and like an idiot, lifted the sucker's roll before the conductor came around for the fares. There was an awful howl. René got rid of the swag by stowing it under the seat, but when the bus stopped, a pair of French harness-bulls (gendarmes in the Apache *patois)* collared poor little René and hauled him away to the jug.

The surprise of it all was that the sucker was a United States Department of Justice detective. An American Dick, robbed on a Paris bus! At the hearing, Dixie Williams and I (who appeared for René) swore that we knew the accused to be an honest person and a piano player in a cabaret—a man who was physically unable to soldier and a first rate character generally. The American Dick was sore when he realized that English-speaking people were testifying against his case. He and Dixie had some words about it and I was at once afraid there would be another fight. Dixie was very handy, you know, at socking people. The old French magistrate knew René to be an Apache, but was also amused at the idea of a Dick being robbed. René, in his testimony, said he thought the Dick was intoxicated. This also irritated the American no end. When the judge decided in favor of giving René the choice of

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going to the Front (his physical condition notwithstanding) instead of a fine or a long term of imprisonment, there was applause from us Americans. The old French magistrate smiled and remarked that the American Dick was a prophet without honor among his own countrymen. I was in my hospital uniform and Dixie was in his. My brother Robert was also there in uniform. This thing of dressing the part helped our case no little bit. We thanked the old Frog in charge of the court and the boys tipped one of the guards so as to hurry René's release. Altogether, it was a wow of a success. The Department of Justice Dick left in an awful huff, mumbling something about dumb foreigners and their old-time system of criminal procedure. Dixie and Robert ya-ed him a bit and we went to the Continental to have a glass of sherry.

January 19th. Farewell dinner at home for the entire outfit. Ada tried to have Mr. McNeil. McNeil arrived and rang the bell until the batteries got weak. Ada could see we were getting madder and madder. Then Robert went out in the hall and waited until he came up. Finally, the two were face to face. Robert said, "Mister, what's your name?" "Oh, my name; why, it's McNeil, my man. McNeil." I expected to see Mr. McNeil pull Robert's nose. Ada waited too, breathless. But Robert couldn't punch him because he was undersize and too old. McNeil was carrying the usual five bunches of flowers. It was a pathetic picture.

Robert finally told the bouquet banker that we didn't

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think it was a very good joke to have the batteries worn out on one bell-ringing and was about to give the poor man a push towards the door when Ada appeared with her hat and coat all ready for the street. Robert said he was hellishly glad they'd decided to eat out and Mr. McNeil said it had been his idea from the start, which was just a lie. This was my last night at 141 Bis for some time, so I won't have to face the irritated Ada tomorrow.

The dinner was a great success—Robert, Alice, Dixie (Whiskey Breeches) Williams, Mr. Jackass Jackson and myself. The boys have been teaching me to roll dice. Robert says when I learn a little more the other players had better look out for the gold fillings in their teeth. I already know "snake eyes," "little Joe," "box cars," "fever," "talk to mama," "big six," "baby needs a new pair of shoes," and a lot of the good terms.

Later when Jackass Jackson asked us if we were going to visit René before he left for the Front, I said, "Well, I hope to knock your hat in the creek, if we don't," and they nearly died laughing. Robert was very proud of my progress in *patois*. So we went to the Bal de la Bouffonne. Madame was so proud of us because of René's release, she made a great speech and told all her customers that she had always believed that English-speaking persons were tellers (stool pigeons), but at last she had come upon a different tribe of Anglo-Saxons. There was applause and genuine enthusiasm. We drank many toasts. René played and I sang things like *Run to de City of Refuge, You*

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better Run. We told René good-by. He joins his regiment tomorrow.

When we got back to 141, Dixie and Jackass Jackson came in for a little while to say their farewells, as Robert and I leave tomorrow morning going north with the first section of the American Ambulance. I showed Jackson a new bottle of perfume. He smelled it and pronounced it to be "rape drops." He said no woman could be good and smell of such seductive perfume.

Later he said, "Sugar foot, I'm crazy about you and I'm goin' to keep on tellin' you about it too!" Then he asked me if I could fry ham and eggs. This is the end of my diary for a while. I suppose I won't have time to do any writing up at Montdidier. Dixie Williams kissed me tonight; it was a real kiss, too, and later I hated to wash my lips because I wanted to think it was still there—foolish girl that I am—but these times will never come again, so I'm going to make the most of them.

We left next morning. There was a fog and it rained from time to time. It was very raw and cold. Robert was the only member of the first section who had had any experience on the north end of the line. I think they took him because he knew the country. Most of the men in the outfit had been driving for the American Hospital out at Neuilly. The new outfit was known as *Section Sanitaire Americaine No. 1.* Although I am no three-alarm fire for good looks, Robert and I kept to ourselves, as we didn't want to attract too much attention to the fact that a

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woman was riding with the convoy. They stopped the first night at Beauvais. The hotel where we stayed was right beside the famous Cathedral of Beauvais. Next morning I told Robert good-by and he went on north while I waited for a train which took me to Montdidier. I was out of the hospital at last, and there was a degree of exhilaration about it too.

At the Beauvais Railway Station I saw a Packard Ambulance with the name Harjes written on the side of it. While I was making my examination of it, the driver came up and spoke to me in French. It was bad French, so I answered him in English. He almost died of joy to have a chance to talk his own language to a girl. He was a young college professor who had grown weary of Columbia College and gone into the Harjes Hospital just outside of Montdidier. After I had talked to him about two minutes I was crazy about him and I could see he was looking at me with more than the usual amount of energy.

He asked me where I was going and added, "Pretty maid." I answered, "To the Montdidier Railway Station Canteen, sir, she said," and we laughed. And he asked me if I would mind riding on the front of an American Packard and I said not by a jugful would I mind it, and he said, "All right, sister, climb on. I'm going that way." And I said, "Mister Professor, are there any strings, ropes or promises attached to this sleigh-ride?" (And he blushed me a very nice boyish blush and said he was shocked at even the thought of such things. But I said, "Listen, big boy," (or words to that effect) "I haven't been in this

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man's war since last summer for nothing," and by that time we were en route.

As we rolled along, I said, "Mister, your ambulance smells." He said, "Miss, all ambulances smell. We wash the paint off of them trying to keep them clean, but they smell just the same. Carry one badly wounded man in a brand new ambulance and it will smell until the wheels fall off. Carry six men with gangrenous legs or arms and you might as well burn your ambulance—it will smell to high heaven." I later found this to be a fact. My new-found friend was known as Chester Payton.

His ambulance was a Packard thirty and carried six lying-down cases and one beside him on the front seat and one, or perhaps two, on the running-board. He said that the Harjes Ambulance Service did work of untold value. He related many incidents of how the five Packards ran all night from the *Poste de Secours* to the hospital, bringing in thirty *grands blessés* at a trip.

The run from Beauvais to Montdidier was accomplished in very rapid time. All the while Chester Payton and I were telling each other all about ourselves. We stopped once to eat. I tried out all my new slang and he loved it, adding to my store at every opportunity. He told me how his hospital was housed in an old château owned by M. Louis Klotz, the Minister of Finance. M. Klotz used it as a voting château—not as a living château. The plumbing was old and very scarce. There was a cesspool under one end of the building that smelled like a fertilizer factory until it was finally drained by French army engineers.

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Their chef (who cooked excellent food) got drunk and they were so crowded with serious cases that the staff nearly had the hebe-jeebies. Chester—I had graduated to his first name by now—had been engaged in the Harjes Service ever since they had come to Montdidier. The outfit had been broken into the job at a place called Ricquebourg, but Chester missed that period. It seems that Ricquebourg got too hot to be used as a hospital center. The front line trenches were not far away and the Heinies got to bumping off the ambulance drivers and the doctors so they moved back to Klotz's rococo château at Montdidier.

The reader may be interested to know that this same M. Louis Klotz, who was the Minister of Finance all during the war and until 1919, bought all the remaining American Army material when the Yanks went home, for $400,000,000. The American Jingo press sent up a terrible yell and said that there was dirty work at the cross-roads—graft, connivery, etc. Well, perhaps the French did think they were driving a pretty nice bargain, but to date it has been a white elephant. So far they have realized only $270,000,000 on their purchase. That leaves them $130,000,000 out and that in dollars—not francs. So because of this transaction and a lot of other things M. Louis Klotz landed in jail.

When I told my new-found friend good-by, he said, "Sister, I surely would love to see you out of that hospital rig." So I acted very irate and asked him what he meant —see me out of this hospital rig. He blushed another of his very adorable blushes and explained that he meant he

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would like to see me in the get-up of a lady, not that of a nurse, and I said, just to be perverse, "So nurses are not ladies!" But we both laughed and planned to get together the next night if possible.

I reported at once to the *Médecin Chef*. He was an old man and a very charming fellow. He was surely pleased to see me. Fourteen ladies were expected—only one arrived. A year later we discovered accidentally where the other thirteen went. They had planned to come by train, but their orders were confused and they ultimately landed down at Vittel. There was nothing for them to do at Vittel and they were sent back to Paris where they drifted into other lines of war work. This was not unusual, however, in war times. The old *Médecin Chef* never tired of telling about how he asked for fourteen canteeners and got one, but the one he got—what a Canteener she was!

I didn't take my clothes off all that night. There was something of an attack brewing and the platforms of the railway station were crowded from sun-down to sun-up. All night long the Harjes ambulances piled their wounded at our feet. Before morning I had met practically all the Harjes staff and had seen my own boy friend of one day's acquaintance about six different times. The *Médecin Chef* was the most tireless worker I have ever seen. He looked after every case and saw to the loading of the ambulance trains and everything worked like clockwork. I cooked cocoa and coffee and passed it out to walking cases and fed it to stretcher cases until I thought I would drop.

Just at daybreak a French Catholic Sister came and

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took me home with her. It was a little nunnery just a short distance from the railway station. She gave me a cup of tea with rum in it and made me eat a very nourishing breakfast, and then put me to bed. How I loved that woman for her thoughtfulness! Later I transferred part of this love to the old *Médecin Chef*, however, because I discovered that he had instructed the Sisters to look after me right, and make no mistake about it either.

That night was very much like my experiences with Pauline out at La Ferté during the first battle of the Marne, except there were more Heinies at La Ferté and less care taken with the cases in general. However, I was glad to rest my tired hips in that nice warm nunnery and sleep off my trip, my flirtation and my strenuous night on the station platform.

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CHAPTER TEN

WAR hospital work in Paris was a false alarm compared to war hospital work up near the Front—at least, that was what I concluded after four long years of first-hand investigation. My job at Montdidier was supposed to be a sort of sleight-of-hand performance. The plan was to divide my time between the Canteen Service on the station platform and auxiliary nursing back at Criel in the hospital for contagious diseases. But I only made one trip back to Criel. After that experience I decided to ask the *Médecin Chef* to take as much of my time as I could stand at the railway station and at other times farm me out to the evacuation hospital for emergency cases nearby. Criel was too far from Montdidier for me to do the commuting act.

The *Médecin Chef* was a perfect dear; he treated me as if the entire war was being conducted for my own benefit. I didn't tell him that I had a sweet tooth for some of the American boys in the Montdidier neighborhood, but he must have supposed it. He was an old man and wise in the ways of life. One would say he was "up on things." But I began to grow bored with Chester Payton. He didn't wear well. I liked him well enough and he (at least he said so a thousand times) was considerably in love with me—in love as war time love functions. But do you know, I never could get excited over that boy! He was a writer

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of very fair verse. It was much like the boy friends back in Belgium trying to imitate Verlaine and Baudelaire, except that Chester didn't have the "come-on". He was tall and handsome, blonde, beautifully mannered, easily managed—even when alone—well supplied with the coinage of the realm, danced after a fashion, read the best books and talked about them in a scholarly manner. But he just didn't click.

I had some adventures, though, with these University Ambulance drivers. They might make the basis for a fairly good play or a series of magazine articles entitled *Adventures in Khaki or Through Hell on the Front of an Ambulance*. But they will develop in their turn, partly from the diary (which started afresh in Montdidier), partly from letters and partly from my memory.

Before I go any further, though, I must tell you about the personnel of our outfit at Montdidier. I've already mentioned the *Médecin Chef*. He was a very old man who lived in a princely fashion in the south of France. He had been in the Military all of his active career, when he was not in politics. He had travelled the world. He was also a nobleman. I was not surprised to find that he was Count de B., the remaining male of a long line of soldiers and princes of the blood. He had a young (second or third) wife and a little daughter. His wife and daughter came occasionally to visit at Montdidier, but this was a matter of great secrecy, as Montdidier was in the zone of the advance and not a place for casual travelling.

Then there was a British Railway Transportation Offi-

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cial, who was very "horsey". As a matter of fact, he looked like a horse. Many petty English officials look like horses. Only I am sorry of it because I do love horses so much, and the Limey officials are so much less flexible in their conduct and so much less intelligent proportionately than the average horse, that the comparison is really unfair to the animal kingdom. But Lieut. Gibson became known (thanks to me and my perverted sense of humor) as "Gib, the horse-faced boy". Only the Harjes Ambulance called him the "Chamberlain of the Sunday Breeches". It was from Gib that I learned the word "bla," and how he did punish the expression "bilge" and "toff" and "it's a rum go, old thing, a rum go," and "that's fizzing, I'd say, simply fizzing," and "we'll do them in, we will, we'll do the bleeders in". He called me the nipper because I was young. Children are apparently known as "nippers" in some parts of England. I can't swear to this, however.

One of my admirers, a Yale man, (V. C. R.) who tired of watchful waiting and joined up in the Ambulance, thought Gib was unnecessarily familiar with me. Thereupon, it took all my skill as an irate manhandler to prevent my Yale boy friend from "bunging the Limey's eye and reopening the Revolutionary War."

In my own department was a very curious and very attractive little Frenchman named François. He was a man of all work—lighting fires, scouring pots, cooking like the true French chef that he was, acting as plug-ugly and bouncer whenever any drunken, demonstrative

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or otherwise offensive *militaires* came into our little cook house; boiling water for my bath (which he could never understand), and generally being a first-rate ladies' maid. But don't get the idea, my dears, that François was unattractive to the ladies. Because before I finish with Montdidier I shall unfold a tale about François and his sweetheart. One of his most interesting accomplishments was his singing of French Army ditties, and if you won't raise your eyebrows too high I might record a few of them for you, or rather transcribe them, because they're all safely put down in my notes.

And speaking of François, I must tell you children about my cooking experiences at Montdidier. Did I shake a mean skillet in that town? Well, girls, just a moment 'till I whistle the patter. The person who preceded me at the job of *canteener generale* was a washout as a cook. When I walked into the little combination kitchen and lunch counter that first night, the regular customers looked as sad as a gang of stocking manufacturers at a bare-legged Broadway girl show.

I discovered that François had been treated as a grease ball of the lowest sort—a K. P. who never was allowed to even taste the soup. I cured that evil at once by giving François full command. I said, "Frog, get to your cooking." And almost at once the hangers-on began singing. The cocoa that night was a symphony in tan and the soup was a home-run with three men on. And understand, folks, we were not at the Waldorf with endless ranges and copper pots and modern devices; nor did we

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have the American Quartermaster behind us with warehouses a city block square full of the essentials of life. No. We extracted soup from bones that would have been turned down by any self-respecting, well-fed American dog, and made the cocoa and coffee almost out of imagination.

Later in the big scramble when I was in the Y. M. C. A. and had everything I needed to work with and gobs of American lads to help me, it was easy sailing. All we had to do was to send in enough requisitions and be sure that some wandering mess sergeant didn't mistake our supply cart for his own, but we allowed this to happen oftener than our higher-ups ever expected.

Incidentally, I might as well confess that I learned to cook—that is, learned the finer points of cooking—from François. And any of you lads who don't think I can stock up the feed bag are about twenty-five to one mistaken.

One of the funniest persons I ever encountered in all the war was the Irish assistant to Lieut. Gibson, the English Railway Transportation Official. His name was Squint Quigley, the squint part coming from a half-closed left eye. When he was sober he was all for fighting the Germans, but when he got oiled up on cognac or rum, he wanted to fight the British. He would make long speeches damning the English landlords and always wound up by warning all men against drinking beer. It was to him only a weak belly wash—a mixture of vinegar and water with a "drap of yeast to make a head." One of his jobs was to

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keep some form of record of the English soldiers buried in and around Montdidier. It seems that a great many were killed up there in the first days of the war. Squint used to come to me and say, "Miss, it's the heart of me that's sad and when I'm thinkin' o' all these good boys buried without priest or church—without even the blessin' of a drap of holy water. But most of all, Miss, think of the lovely wakes we could've had and the good old Irish whiskey we could have drunk over them, as they lay after they'd died fur that snake in the grass—the British King. Oh, Miss, there would've been work fur all of the keeners in Ireland." I didn't get the "keeners" and he had to explain. It seems that keeners are professional mourners who come and weep over the departed—that is, weep between drinks.

I shan't tell much of my Montdidier lovers in advance of their proper introduction. I'll just be very theater programme about it and give my characters names in order of their first spoken lines. They were not numerous but they were ardent while they lasted. Once we almost had to stop the war while I decided between Jackass Jackson and the lad from Eli Yale's University. However, more of that in its turn.

Life in Montdidier was full of surprises. It was one of those lucky breaks that led me back into the morasses of my diary, and took away a certain amount of good time I might have spent taking a post graduate course at wartime love-making from one of the American University men. It happened this way. I had used up all my clean

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linen—we'll call it linen, although a lot of it was cotton of the most irritating kind. It became necessary for me to find a washwoman, because I couldn't see myself hanging out a washline in my canteen with seventy-five poilus, English Tommies, Senegalese and other males making cracks about the person who wore certain articles of wearing apparel.

François looked up a washwoman and I went to interview her. She carried on a queer combination of enterprises. She was a combination washwoman and stationery storekeeper. Her man had been bumped off early in the war. He had been the stationer to Montdidier. She carried on as well as she could and washed a little on the side. While talking to her I spied a stack of notebooks that somewhat resembled stenographers' notebooks. I bought one, and that was the beginning of my Montdidier diary. Needless to say, the washing came back after it had been so beaten against the stone flagging of the city laundry fountain that the garments were utterly lifeless. A tiny piece of red yarn had been sewed into them; this was to identify my things from those of the drivers.

The first diary entry in Montdidier was on February 9, 1915. Chester Payton had been up to Paris and had brought me a gift; it was a souvenir sold by the Travel Society of France for the benefit of the French Army Relief.

Feb. 9th, 1915. Squint Quigley is on the rampage today. François is looking after him so as to keep the wild harp out of trouble. Chester came back from Paris this morning

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and brought me a souvenir of Cannon Day. It is a little medal showing one of the famous 75's. I said, "Were you a good boy?" He said, "Would it matter to you if I weren't!" I looked at him and said, "Chester!" He caught my hand and kissed it. My hand wasn't washed. He says that one word from me is enough, only I won't say the right word. If Dixie Williams would only have said something like that! Will go to the Evac. Hospital tomorrow. M. C. (*Médecin Chef*) says no woman can stand more than two weeks of continual canteen duty at a time.

Feb. 10th. Evac. Hosp., Montdidier. Squint Quigley has been locked up. He hit poor François and François has a very black eye. Gib, the horse-faced boy, says that the Irish pass out too much bilge about their native country. He says Ireland is really a place of no importance. I think Gib is a dud. Van Cleve Richardson, my Yale beau, is going to take me up to the *poste de secours* some night soon so I can see the ambulance boys really at work. There is an attack developing. Ambulance units are collecting from all the nearby hospital centers.

François presented a pathetic picture that morning. He told me that to be struck by the wild Irishman was like getting in the way of the recoil of a 75 millimeter field piece. I don't doubt the truth of this statement.

Feb. 16th. Evac. Hospital. Well, I've been up to the *poste de secours* with Van Cleve Richardson. It's the place

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where the *brancardiers* or stretcher-bearers collect the lying down cases and turn them over to the ambulances. (The *poste de secours* is ordinarily the farthest point of advance for motor vehicles.) Quoting from Van Cleve, it was not all beer and skittles; as a matter of fact, there was no beer at all—only some very sour wine—and as far as the skittles go, I don't believe I would know a skittle if I saw one.

My tour of duty was over at sundown yesterday. After the evening meal (which was very good) I dressed and waited for Van Cleve. He met me outside the gate of the building where the auxiliaries live and we rolled away to the point where the ambulances were to await orders. They stop about 50 meters apart so that a stray aërial bomb will not get more than one at a time. I was dressed very warmly; so was Van. He put his arm around me and said that hugging me with so many overcoats on was like embracing a clothing model in a store window. I didn't tell him, but he very shortly discovered that my face was not dressed up with overcoats. He said I should be very quiet and act like a British woman ambulance driver if questioned. He didn't say what I should do if they caught him kissing me. Finally, our orders came. Ever since late afternoon we had been hearing the distant rumble of the attack. Now the poor wounded boys would be coming in.

The Packard ambulances are very fast. We passed all kinds of traffic on the way up. The roads were very much like what I had seen in August and September of 1914, except now the thing is organized and there were no ref-

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ugees—only fresh troops going up and wounded ones coming back—with endless camions going both ways with shells and material. Our first two trips were uneventful except that we carried a very badly hurt German who smelled so I could hardly stay on the front seat of the ambulance when we were standing still. The *brancardiers* and the drivers worked together silently and very effectively.

While we were waiting for our second load I engaged a very amusing old Frenchman in a conversation about the trenches. He was a walking case and was hoping to catch a ride on our running board. He said he was sorry he'd been hit because he had just been decorated. He had received the G. P. de R.—the Grand Prix de Rat—that is, he was the best rat killer in his outfit. His record was twelve in one hour from a standing start—three with bayonets, three with pistols and six with grenades. (They say a grenade costs the French Government 15 francs; that makes two francs fifty per rat.) I suggested poison, but the old poilu said the rats wouldn't eat it. I asked him if he had tried putting the poison on a hunk of meat. The old boy nearly started his wound to bleeding again, he got so excited over the idea of wasting a piece of meat on a rat. He said the rats could walk off with the French Army before he would throw away good food in such a silly manner.

The third time out we were sent to a different *poste de secours*—one that was more exposed. The road to it led through a very much-shelled one-street village and over

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the top of an exposed hill. Van Cleve said, "Sweetheart, do you want to go?" I just snuggled up closer to him and we went on through the foggy night. It had rained earlier in the afternoon. The road to this second *poste de secours* was a sea of mud. The war was coming closer. Before there had been only the crack of lighter artillery. Now it was deep-throated explosions and star shells. I thought that it would be a rum go and it very soon was.

As we entered the little village Van said, "Hell is going to split soon, Babe." (I love being called Babe.) And I hope to knock your hat in the creek if he wasn't right. "This main stem is a hot place," said Van. "Main Stem" is new to me. I shall remember it. Later he said, "Why do we do it, anyhow?" Once he pulled out of the road to tinker with his motor. When he cranked up again he kissed me and said he might need something like a real kiss to remember me by.

We got over the hill, but the mud splashed up over our feet several times. It was like driving right across the fields. At the *poste de secours* everything was in a terrible mess. The officer in charge of the post was a dud and very scared too. As the English say, he "had his wind up."

In spite of the excitement and the terrible strain under which everyone was working, a very amusing thing happened. An awfully muddy soldier came in moaning and muttering as if his heart would break. He was a carrier for one of the *cantines au front* sections. His job was to strap a can of hot cocoa or coffee on his back and go right up into the trenches with it under cover of night. He had

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been on this job for weeks and had never had the slightest trouble until last night, when a wandering bullet or piece of shell casing hit the cocoa can and the hot contents spouted out on the ground before the leak could be detected and stopped. He explained to everyone that he had been shot through the can (*bidon*). It was so dark that I could laugh in perfect safety. Van knew I saw the joke just the same.

Finally we got our cargo of suffering together. We took six cases inside and one on the running board. Once I thought we would make it—that is, get over the hill—but a stray shell caught a camion just ahead of us. It was loaded with contact bombs. The whole thing went up and the metal parts melted together like a sardine box. A light rain was falling. The drops sizzled against the hot remains of the chassis frame. While this was happening, we slid very quietly and very gently off the road and turned over on our side. Van saw it coming and yelled, "Jump, Babe, jump," but the walking case was in my way, so I had to stick. Neither of us was hurt. When we stopped falling he grabbed me in great excitement and we laughed like children because we were not killed. But the poor wounded boys inside the ambulance! What a howl they sent up! It was simply terrible. Somehow, we extricated them and got them back on the stretchers again. Their wounds had all been given an emergency dressing, but the ambulance turnover had started several of them to bleeding. One died before I could do anything about it. He was buried right there, by some French grave-diggers.

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Our walking case disappeared. The other five were pacified and transferred to another ambulance. (This last operation was not as easy as it sounds, however, and required about an hour of very precious time.)

The bombardment grew worse and Van and I were about to go back to the village to a cellar for protection when a camion came by. It was loaded with *sapeurs* (men who dig in the ground and plant mines). A tow-line was attached. The *sapeurs* gave a hand and a few moments later the Packard was back on the road again.

The motor, however, was a dud; it would not run. The camion towed us back to Montdidier. I went straight to the railway station. The *Médecin Chef* was almost beside himself with all the cases. He was sending them to Criel for redistribution. In spite of my muddy condition I stayed on most of the night. I also looked for gray hairs when I got back to the hospital. Fortunately they like me and expect a little irregularity in my work. I told them I had spent the night at the railway station, which was partly true.

I have a scratch on my left hand. The surgeon treated it for me, but it throbs when I hang my hand at my side. I also have a beautiful little black-and-blue place on my neck—it is the precious remains of one of Van Cleve's kisses.

Feb. 18th. Montdidier. Have been on duty only a little while in the past two days. The trip up to the Front left me with a very bad scratch on my left hand and a danger-

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ous cough. It was lucky, though, because I had time to write up my trip to the *poste de secours*. Otherwise, I should never have been able to do this *pièce de résistance*.

One of the English girl ambulance drivers from Criel said, "So you keep a diary! Do you write down the truth—about all your lovers and all that?" I said yes, but didn't let her see the proof. Everyone wants to read one's diary—it's a mania and I discourage it whenever possible.

My left hand is more painful than before. The *Médecin Chef* says that one should never go near an ambulance without a stout pair of gloves.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

Feb. 20th. Montdidier. My infected left hand is bothering me so much that I had to stay off duty again. The surgeon is worried about it. I think it's a lot of bilge, but he is going to give me the tetanus serum right away. Had a letter from Alice—she contemplates returning to America. She at last admits that Ada is a bit silly.

Feb. 21st. Montdidier. In bed. My heart is galloping. Have strange dreams. Writing difficult. Left hand in antiseptic bath. Two fingers turning green. Van and Chester visited me.

April 15, 1915. Montdidier. Back at the canteen for the first time today. That terrible tetanus serum did it. I never did have even the slightest trace of the disease but the reaction of the serum nearly finished me. I broke out all over. Van Cleve said I looked like a new saloon. The surgeon at the hospital said the ward where I was resembled the president's home in Paris—the Elysée Palace. There were flowers and visitors and letters and everything. They wanted to ship me back to Paris but the old *Médecin Chef* interceded. He has more influence than Poincaré. François stuck to the job alone most of the time. For one week he was assisted by an English spinster whom he disliked very much and now he has a very charming young

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French person skipping around like a gazelle. Her name is Antoinette. I've only had a very short while to observe her, but she is no doubt from the upper classes, and she is in love with François. It seems he advertised in *La Vie Parisienne* and this is what answered.

He told me he only wanted a *marraine* (godmother) but instead he got a bed-warmer. How she managed to get the job is more than I can tell, and how it will work out is one of the so far unsolved mysteries.

One thing that infected hand did was to give me a chance to rest. The hand proper recovered in two or three days, but the serum—what a sleigh-ride that was! I must have looked like the double measles with the prickly heat thrown in, and they wouldn't let me scratch for fear of more infection. And poor Van Cleve! He said if I checked off it would be his fault, and went around hoping to get bounced off which he didn't do at all. I told him once about the black-and-blue spot on my neck. If I had said, "Van, I'm going to have a baby and it's your fault," he couldn't have become more flustered. And he was such a bruiser with men, too, but so afraid of harming a woman. Van was a darling and the more I saw of him the less I cared to see Chester Payton.

I started in at the canteen and worked hard to make up for my sick time. With the approach of spring there was much more to do because the war picked up at the promise of better weather. My second day back on the job was worth remembering. The old *Médecin Chef* in-

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vited me to his home for dinner. It was an occasion. I didn't have a thing to wear that would fit into such refined surroundings, so I went in my canteen uniform. The story is in the diary.

April 18th. Montdidier. This morning the *Médecin Chef* came to me and invited me to his home for dinner this evening. He said I should bring my fiancé. I nearly said which one. He realized there was something going on in my head and he said, "*Le conducteur Americain.*" (They call an ambulance driver a *conducteur.)* That didn't solve matters a bit, so I asked him if I could come alone and he said I could—that he was just trying to be nice. The dining room was lighted with candles. The old man wore his dress uniform. His rank is that of colonel. He also wore two of the highest French decorations. The dinner was superb. His wife and daughter were not there. After a bit I saw that he wanted to hear the story of my war. It took a long while to tell it all. When it was finished I asked him to tell me of his war. He stood up very straight. There was a pause. Then he told me that his war was the loss of three sons—one was buried near Soissons; the other two went in the early days of September. No record of them had ever been found.

He also said that I would be rewarded for my service to France.

He walked all the way home with me. The air is so soft and so exhilarating, it's just like wine. When the *Médecin Chef* left me at our barracks he kissed my hand

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with a very beautiful flourish. I just got inside when I heard a whistle. It was Van Cleve. I went out again. Van and I sat a long while. I almost believe I love Van. I wonder!

I wish I could put down on paper my happy memories of that dear old man. That dinner with him stands out as one of the highlights of 1915. While on duty at Montdidier, he shared the home of an old *confrère* of his Sorbonne days, and a charming place it was too.

April 19th. Dixie Williams came today. He is going to the Front with the Third American Ambulance Section. I rushed into his arms and when he hugged me everything went black. It was very beautiful. Dixie is much more charming than my local lovers. If he would only *be* a lover really and not a brother. His ambulance will be attached to the 7th French Army. He says it will go to the south end of the line. He has seen Robert. Robert is in excellent spirits and is getting fat. Robert is also becoming an expert in ambulance matters. I am very proud. Dixie and I sat together late tonight; then he took the P. R. Express for Criel where he will get a train for Paris. The P. R. Express is the name of the train carrying wounded to the redistribution center. P. R. means Peanut Roaster. The name comes from the American drivers.

Dixie sang me a new song:

Oh, she works in a jam factorie,
And that may be all right,

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But you never can make me believe,
That she makes jam all night.

Oh, she works in a jam factorie,
But I said now listen here,
You simply can't make me believe
That she won't drink her beer.

Oh, she works in a jam factorie,
And boys I'll say she's frisky.
But no matter how you try, I won't believe
That she don't like Scotch Whiskey.

Dixie says there are other verses but he wouldn't sing them to me, no matter how much I begged. Sweet old Dixie!

April 23rd. Montdidier. The most fantastic and unbelievable thing has happened. It seems, if we can believe the confidential reports, that the Boche have used some kind of fumes with a poisonous effect and have killed off hundreds of French and British at one time. They turned the fumes loose in a cloud and there seems to be no protection for this kind of warfare. It happened near Ypres; in fact, the exact location, according to the *Médecin Chef*, was at Bixschoote. It's away up north. We did not get any of the asphyxiated soldiers. Two doctors from our hospital have gone north to a clinic to examine the methods of treatment.

April 26th. Montdidier. Two days ago I went over to Cantigny. I made the trip on one of our hospital ambu-

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lances with an English girl driver. We stopped at a little inn for a bit of food. Out in the back yard where ordinarily they would be planting their spring garden, they were burying two horses. They had been killed nearby some days before in a night bombing raid. They were artillery horses. I inquired about the burial of the good old dobbins right in the middle of the vegetable garden. The old lady said, "Come back in August and see what a crop we have with all that good fertilizer." The French are a frugal race. I don't believe the Heinies can ever lick them. Not even when they have such a whiz-bang of an army.

May 1st. 1915. Montdidier. This morning a young man in the costume of the *Légion Étrangère* came into the canteen and said, "I am a murderer!" His French was bad and there was a wild look in his eye. I answered him in English. Then he broke down and in the accent of the United States raved like a madman. It seems that two nights ago he, with a comrade, was on what is called *petit poste* (an advanced position, located so as to listen to the enemy and give the signal in case of a sudden attack). Well, an attack developed. My *légionnaire* had a machine gun beside his other equipment. He swept the advancing German platoon so accurately that fifteen of them lay dead on the ground before his post. The remains of the attacking force were either finished off by other *légionnaires* or captured. None ever returned to the German side of the lines.

His commanding officer has recommended him for the

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highest decoration a private can have (a decoration given only to privates and generals). But the poor American has gone quite mad. He says in peace time a man is hung for killing one person, while in war time one is decorated for committing fifteen murders at once. He says all night he can hear the voices of the dying men in front of his post. He threw himself on my counter and buried his head in his arms and wept.

I sent François quickly for the *Médecin Chef*. The *Chef* was very gentle with the poor lad. I later discovered that he was from Chicago; a member of a very fine family; has been wounded three times slightly, and has distinguished himself many times for his bravery. The *Médecin Chef* sent him to a hospital for observation, but it looks as if he is what we call trench mad, or what the English call shell-shocked. He was a handsome lad, and he gave his age as twenty-one and a half.

May 8th. Gib, the dog-faced boy, is terribly excited. So is the *Médecin Chef*. A great ocean liner, the Lusitania, has been sunk by a U boat. Squint Quigley got drunk and declared that it was only the wrath of the Lord coming down on the British for the time they starved the Irish. Van Cleve brought in the *Paris Herald* and read the names of those they think are lost. I know none of the names but they sound very important. Van says this will bring America into the war, where she should have been since the 1st of August, 1914. I said, "Young man, have you ever seen the war from the inside; I mean, the real inside,

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the combat side of this war or the refugee side?" He said no. I said, "Well, perhaps someone back in America is just a whiz-bang for brains to keep the States out this long. I know the war and I hope to knock your hat in the creek if it's a carnival." He said he supposed it wasn't much of a holiday, and he wanted to kiss me right there in the canteen, but there were some Senegalese having coffee. The real war doesn't seem to get under the skin of Van Cleve much. I suppose it's just as well.

May 9th. Long list of Lusitania dead has been published. Many are important people.

They have given me a gas mask. It is a canvas affair with two pairs of strings on it. It is loaded with some kind of powdered chemicals which must be moistened so as to absorb the poison gases. The Allied Governments are working on an improved mask. Every man must have one sooner or later. At present, they are home-made affairs and very curious. When I put mine on, it seems that I am going to a children's mask ball. The effects of the gas are terrible. It has made the hatred of the Boche a little more severe.

There were three big theatrical days at Montdidier. François was the cause of two and Jackass Jackson was the cause of the third. Murder might have accompanied any of them and nearly did get into the mule-buyer's skit. Jackass was a hot-tempered Confederate and, as I have told you before, he craved me. But that was no nov-

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elty to Hélène. I had been craved by experts, only Jackass thought he was an artist. If he had limited the use of the word "crave" to me, it might have had some effect, but he once said, "Sugar foot, I crave liquor—red eye, chicken whiskey—drink it in one block and lay in the next." So the edge was worn off the word "crave" from that moment on.

But let's get to these big Montdidier moments. The first was May the 18th. My diary for some weeks recorded weather, number of soldiers served, how I played Van Cleve off against Chester Payton, and other unimportant events, until at last the demure little Antoinette (whom I had grown to love a great deal because of her fine breeding, her helpful attitude towards the work of the canteen, and her really attractive manner) stepped into the *spot* and Belasco in all his glory couldn't have trumped up a better situation. All the while François and Antoinette had been "keeping company". When the little girl came to Montdidier she was a little thin and not awfully cheerful, but on François' good cooking and his tenderly applied affectionate treatment, she blossomed like a rose. Indeed, I had a rival and if it had not been tacitly understood that she was part and parcel of François's kit and bag, my ardent American University boys would no doubt have side-tracked me for what they called "the pretty little frog." Beginning May the 10th, we had lots to do because there was a lot of war going on up around Arras, but on the 18th the war was almost forgotten for family troubles.

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May 18th. A French soldier with a mutilation on the side of his face, who told me he was a member of a *cantine au front* group operating near Arras, presented himself at the canteen this morning. He had the strangest haggard eyes, one of which seemed to be set deeper than the other (this was because of his wound). He also limped. (Men who were unfit for line duty were usually given a chance on the *cantines au front.)* He inquired for Antoinette. Fortunately she was off duty—off somewhere, perhaps with François. The inquirer gave his name as Pierre de Mirvaux —not willingly, however—and asked me to address him as M. Mirvaux. I could see at once that he was no ordinary person. I asked him to wait a moment while I went to ask the *Médecin Chef* what to do. Imagine my surprise when the *Médecin Chef* greeted M. de Mirvaux by kissing both of his cheeks and calling him Pierre. Then they called me into their midst, and said I was never, never to tell anyone in France what had happened. (Both are dead now so it doesn't matter.)

Finally the *Médecin Chef* took me aside and told me all of the story. Pierre de Mirvaux was well known in the best society of France as a spendthrift and the high-living offshoot of a very old family. He and his wife Antoinette had never been anything to each other. Monsieur de Mirvaux went into his regiment at the beginning of the war and was four times wounded and finally discharged unfit for duty. He was a captain in a cavalry outfit. He had purposely kept his wife from knowing his whereabouts because of his mutilated face and perhaps his conscience

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bothered him a bit too. At last Antoinette de Mirvaux in her great loneliness answered François' advertisement in *La Vie Parisienne* and for the first time in her life found happiness—her lover being an unknown French chef in a railway canteen.

It was difficult for M. de Mirvaux to understand how Antoinette had been able to exchange a nobleman for a *plongeur* (dish-washer). But he gave up that part of the matter and went at once to the object of his visit. He wanted *Monsieur le Médecin Chef* and me to help him convince Antoinette that she owed her husband something. The elder de Mirvaux (Pierre's father) wanted a boy child to carry on the family name, and thereupon Antoinette came into the circle.

The doctors had told Capt. de Mirvaux that he would not live beyond a year. Begetting a child was a matter of months, even in war time. They must hurry or the old father would never be a grandfather.

The war had made a man of Pierre de Mirvaux. He had nothing to say about his wife's conduct beyond the remark about exchanging a nobleman for a *plongeur*. Their meeting was a pathetic scene. Antoinette sobbed. So did I. And I was a dud all the rest of the day. M. de Mirvaux was terribly worried over Antoinette's first impression of his mutilated face. He said he knew he was a monster. But little Antoinette was brave about it. *Monsieur le Médecin Chef* had told her about her husband's condition and the first thing Antoinette did was to kiss the ghastly place that marked the remains of his wound. It was like a scene

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out of a great French tragedy I had witnessed at the *Comédie Française*. Neither Capt. de Mirvaux nor Antoinette could say anything. The meeting, strangely enough, happened in the canteen. There were several Senegalese and a collection of wounded walking cases standing by. They seemed to sense the situation. They played up to the French idea of drama by removing their hats and standing very quietly, heads bowed. I went behind my little counter and wanted to die.

Monsieur and Mme. de Mirvaux left on the Peanut Roaster Express for Criel and thence to Paris.

François was away all day and I had to keep up the fires and do all the dish-washing. The *Médecin Chef* came in late and talked to me. He said that when he looked into Pierre de Mirvaux's eyes he saw the wreckage of years, the wastage of ages, the built-up tragedies of generations of wanton living. But he said it took the war to lead Pierre to his Nirvana. Nirvana is a new word. I must look it up. The *Médecin Chef* is so wise. Every time he says anything to me I learn something. It will be lonesome without Antoinette and I will have to work much harder. My hands were very fair once—now they are hard and red. I am a *plongeur* like François.

May 19th. Montdidier. Today Chester Payton came into the canteen. I asked him what Nirvana was. He was quiet a little while and then he looked at me very tenderly and told me that I was Nirvana for him—that Nirvana means different things to different people, but that the original

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meaning was a heaven of heavens promised by the Hindu philosophers to those who really practice the true religion. I must say that I was impressed. Chester tells me that he is going to apply for training in the French aviation section. Aviation is becoming the principal topic of conversation among the American ambulance drivers. My brother Robert has the flying bug too.

May 20th. Going to Paris tomorrow to visit my mother. It's about time that I went *en repos.*

May 25th. Been to Paris—stood it as long as I could. One day with mother was enough. She had developed a Swami. He wears a yellow turban and talks the strangest stuff I have ever encountered. If he is a fake I am glad, because it means that someone is getting something out of my mother. Surely Robert and I are not. Mother talks about the fourth dimension. It's a lot of bilge as far as I can tell. Of course, I'm a dud at such big talk because I'm uneducated.

Went out to 141 Bis Montparnasse. Alice was a perfect dear, as usual, but Ada never let up about Mr. McNeil all the while I was there. She was so embarrassed, it seems, because my brother all but threw the bouquet banker down the steps. I finally told her that I was sorry he didn't really throw him, bouquets and all, down two flights of steps.

Except for Alice my trip to Paris was a washout. I'm glad to be back. The canteen is in a terrible mess. François

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has been rounding up a herd of buffaloes instead of taking care of his job. Van Cleve came in late. He asked me if I had been a real good girl, and I told him that a female with the kind of wash-woman's hands I have can't be anything else. He said, "Honey babe, looks only count in the daylight; in the dark there are only two sexes—male and female—and I think you're about the sweetest, swellest little female in the French empire." I said, "Yes, only I'm not so little." He kissed me beautifully. I was thinking of Dixie Williams all the while.

May 26th. Montdidier. The Italians are in the war. Van Cleve said he didn't see how the Guineas stayed out as long as they have. I have never heard the word "Guinea" applied to the Italians. It has always been a small fowl in a bird book. Van says there are more Italians in New York City than there are in Italy. I suggested that Italy's move would no doubt involve New York City in the war, but he said no—the push-cart peddlers would no doubt stay out.

June 1st. Montdidier. A group of ladies from England operating what they call the *Foyer des Alliés* are considering a canteen here in Montdidier. The *Médecin Chef* is not impressed. He says that all English women are spinsters —that they are born that way, and that he preferred even in war time to accommodate the eye with attractive females whenever possible. This was of course meant to flatter me, which it did.

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June 15th. François is an incurable romancer. I thought the de Mirvaux episode would dampen his spirits a bit, but it seems that he sent another advertisement to *La Vie Parisienne* and is corresponding wildly again with what seems (from the photograph) to be a very charming person named Odette. I must admit that the soup has improved, thanks to Odette, and that there is a spring in François's step I have missed since the departure of Antoinette.

June 19th. A strange thing has happened at the hospital. Several wounded Germans came in three days ago; one had been wounded through the abdomen. There was a point of entrance and a point of exit (both of which had been daubed with something at the dressing station) showing that the bullet had not lodged in the man's intestines. A very marvelous operation was performed. The man's entire intestinal cavity, however, had become infected by the discharges from both the small intestine and the colon. The *chef* said he had about one chance in fifty, but that the Boche were just naturally lucky. When he recovered from the operation enough to be conscious, he began talking, and believe me or not he began to speak English, without the slightest trace of an accent. Chester Payton says it's not unusual to suppose that there are some English-speaking people in the German Army—perhaps not as many as there are in the French Army. But just the same we called in the Intelligence Officers. They sat by and listened and I translated the English into French. At first

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he kept saying, "I shall return. Beware of my return. I shall be seen again and beware of that day." And then he began talking about a stark white figure nailed to a cross, nails in the hands, nails through the feet—a stark white figure nailed to a cross—a crown of thorns. It was terribly dramatic. Of course, we all knew he was talking about Christ. Finally with a scream and a paroxysm of pain he died, still muttering about coming again.

The French are so superstitious it bothered them a great deal. We could hardly get anyone to handle the body. Van Cleve says it's possibly a prophecy about the return of the German Army at some future time, fully armed and ready to wipe up the world because they have failed to do it this time. It affected Chester Payton differently. He wrote a poem about it. I call it a poem because it's my idea of poetry. I read it to the *Médecin Chef* and he said, "Your American fiancé is a man of letters and although he is undoubtedly a socialist, he understands the situation perhaps better than he thinks."

Here is the poem:

As evening came on, a man stood on a hilltop. He wore a strange kind of head piece—made of barbed wire—ingeniously entwined so as to form a crown. He was counting the armies as they passed by. Russians. French. Serbians. Germans. Belgians. Poles. Italians. Bulgarians. Turks. English. Austrians. Roumanians. Hungarians. Arabians. Senegalese. Moroccans. Chinese. Japanese. All through the day and then into

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the night, he counted. And as the last soldier passed, he began reckoning the total. In all, there were only nine souls. Their names were pig iron, cotton, wheat, potash, wool, nitrates, coal, chlorine and gold.

A man stood on a hilltop. The sharp edges of his crown cut deep into his forehead. He wept. A little boy dressed in a tattered horizon-blue tunic, a faded képi, and a pair of over-sized sabots, offered the man a drink. As the man drank, he explained to the little boy that God had not invented the word religion—nor creed—nor civilization—nor progress—nor world domination—nor any of the things that make men go to war. They were the products of man—the things that make men do battle.

But the little boy understood nothing beyond cold and hunger and loneliness and the fact that where he had lived, a jagged monolith marked the grave of a departed village.

June 20th. Have learned a new expression—to "pull a Steve Brodie." For example, Van Cleve said tonight that K. B. (Kaiser Bill) pulled two Brodies this year; one was the gas warfare and the other was the Lusitania. I said perhaps the Kaiser thought he was doing something awfully smart just then, and he said yes, he did think he was smart, but he wasn't wise. He said there is a great difference.

Mother sent me some rather poor quality underwear as a gift. She said I should form some affiliation with the

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local clergy. I told her in my letter that I seldom had time to mend my stockings, let alone look up clergy. It develops that François's new godmother is a gown model in a Parisian shop. Her pictures are ravishing. François has asked leave to visit his aged parents in Etamples. He will of course, spend all his time with the gown model—Mlle. Odette.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

July 1, 1915. Montdidier. Beautiful letter from Dixie Williams. How I wish I could be near him! But the Military keeps him in the south end of the line and me in the north.

July 4th. The Americans nearby celebrated today. They sang songs and drank toasts. My father always had a party on the Fourth of July. In later years, however, my mother thought it was a vulgar idea. But now that I am a free agent, I think I shall go in for national holidays. Van Cleve has engaged the baker to make me a fancy little cake and it has a tiny American flag on it. He said he did it to show me that he thought of me even on the Fourth of July. I said, "Do American men love the national holidays so much that they forget their sweethearts?" He was over-encouraged because I classified him as a sweetheart and I had difficulty in preventing him from becoming publicly demonstrative.

July 13th. François has left for Etamples. He had his tongue in his cheek though. He will come back with a wild story about Odette and be an excellent cook for about a fortnight.

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July 17th. François is back. I nearly died while he was away; it was so hot and I had so much to do. Odette was not at home when he called. She had found it necessary to go to the south of France to be with an aged parent. The cooking is terrible.

July 20th. Montdidier. Our Irish skin-scratch trench-jumper, Squint Quigley, is in the hospital. The story runs like this. He was walking along the road beside a column of resting French Africans. He got into an argument and punched one of them. When the column marched away they found Squint wounded with fifteen knife cuts. He may not live. Van Cleve says Squint had no business monkeying with a buzz-saw.

July 25th. Poor Squint Quigley is dead. He is buried in the little English graveyard beside the graves he recorded so carefully. A military investigation was rumored in Quigley's death, but the idea was abandoned because no one knew which outfit of French Colonials did the cutting nor why. But we are all very sorry for the poor Irishman. A Cockney Englishman has been given Squint's post.

The newcomer's name is Carston. I talked to him this afternoon a long while. He told me endless things about his life and although he was speaking English all the while, I could not understand a thing he said. I did finally get a little of his talk. He said he was a guard on the cars and lived with an old maiden aunt. These English are a strange lot. The upper classes are swell folks though.

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August 1st. Montdidier. The Boche are shooting at us with gas, and they have a flame gun too. It's just like a squirt gun full of hot, burning grease being turned on one. I don't wonder that the soldiers desert. We have had a few cases of burning from the flame guns. It's too terrible to believe. The technical name for this new invention is *flammenwerfer.* Had a note from Jackass Jackson; he is coming to visit me. How these Americans do so much polite travelling in the zone of the advance is a mystery to me.

August 5th. Montdidier. It happened—I mean the fight between Van Cleve and Jackass Jackson. The *Médecin Chef* said it was a shame that so much good anger should be put into a private fight when we had so many enemies on the sacred soil of *la belle France.* It was like this, or at least, this is the version I am going to relate if there is a military investigation.

It was night—perhaps as late as ten P. M. Van was not up for a tour of duty, so he was down at the canteen. The P. R. Express was nearly ready to pull out with an unusually large shipment of wounded, when in walks Jackass. François and I were washing tin cups. Van was helping us dry them. Jackass simply walks around behind the counter and takes me in his arms and begins to declare his love for his little sugar-foot. Even François, the flagrant lover of tradition, was surprised. Van did what any man would do. He caught Jackass by the collar and pulled him very smartly. There was an awful lot of noise almost at once.

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There was also a lot of arm swinging and nose punching. The French soldiers stopped the combat, but decided to take the Americans outside and let them duel the thing out in the grand manner. I sent François at once for the *Médecin Chef* and he came—dear old man. That was the end of the fight. Van went home, but I squeezed his hand as he left and he gave me a knowing look. The *Médecin Chef* warned Jackass to get back to Paris at once. Then the *Chef* and I came into the canteen and François fixed some coffee. The old man talked to me a long while. He is secretly pleased that men fight over me. I am too. It is also wearing on the nervous system.

My heart galloped as he told me about some of his love affairs—some of his youthful amours. He said love is a malady—a fever. It sometimes burns the heart out of a man or a woman, but it is very beautiful to be loved. I said yes and thought longingly of Dixie Williams. I told the *Médecin Chef* what Chester Payton had said when I asked him the meaning of Nirvana. The *Chef* said, "Monsieur Payton is a philosopher." I thought—perhaps, but not a lover, unfortunately.

August 6th. Jackass Jackson remained in town over night. He came into the canteen this A. M. and was all apology. He said he wanted to fall on his face to prove his sorrow. I said no thanks, only not to start the war all over again. I had told François who Jackass was and what brought him to France, so François—smart thing that he is—called him *Monsieur le Chevalier d'Âne* (the Knight

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of the Jackass). Later Mr. Jackson and I went out to walk on the road between Montdidier and Cantigny. There was a cow. It mooed. Jackson said the cow had hollow horn. I said what was that disease. He said it was a malady that made cows noisy and also producers of very little milk and that the cure was to bore out the under part of the horn and pound it full of salt and pepper. It sounded like superstition to me. He admitted that there was some voodoo to it. I thought that there were lots of people with hollow horn and that if their heads were pounded full of salt and pepper it might be better for them than the brains they were carrying around. But I didn't suggest it to Jackson.

He left on the evening train and there was no affection lost over his departure.

August 10th. Montdidier. Today I talked to a cannoneer. He was sitting on his 75 waiting for orders. I asked him about his war. He gave me a button from a German tunic for a souvenir. I had given him some very good cocoa, which was really intended for the wounded. He said, "Mlle. la Cantinière, I eat when there is food. I sleep less often than my horses. I plow knee deep in the mud. I hunt lice (totos) and wait for the moment when they tell me it's all over." He raised his cup of cocoa and drank a mock toast to me.

August 15th. Van Cleve says I am egocentric—otherwise, I could not keep a diary. It is a good word, ego-

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centric. I shall use it sometime, probably to someone's disadvantage.

August 16th. Montdidier. Today I was riding on an ambulance and a French Colonial said he didn't mind walking up, but he wanted us to book his return voyage in *la belle petite voiture*—meaning the pretty little ambulance. I asked him what his job was in this man's war. He said he was a *nettoyeur des tranchées* (a cleaner of trenches). I said, do you use a broom or a brush? He said no, I use a needle, and he produced a knife that made me shudder.

The British are incurable song-makers. They also love manufacturing humorous parodied versions. They are very anxious to leave the war and go home. One of their songs is about just that:

I want to go home,
I want to go home,
The Jack Johnsons are awful,
The gas is a bore,
I don't want to go over the top any more.
So send me over the sea,
Where the Allemagnes can't get at me,
Oh my, I'm too handsome to die,
I want to go home.

A long while later. (Sometime in September) Montdidier. The Boche are using gas artillery shells down in the Argonne forests. It is against the international rules, but all

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rules seem to be off this season. Van Cleve had a birthday; at least, he said it was his birthday, and he wanted to celebrate. So four of the ambulance men and myself had a little banquet in a smashed-in guard post on the road up to the Front. The boys cooked all the food in improvised cans and skillets and it was wonderful. We had chicken out of tins (English), baked potatoes, bread, butter, pâté de fois gras, peas out of tins (French) and champagne. It was swell. "Swell" is a word used very freely by Yale men.

September. Montdidier. Lots of war down in the Champagne country. The Heinies are getting the worst of it.

Sept. 28th. Montdidier. François has returned from another attempt to visit Odette. This time he saw her. She didn't know he was coming. Her pictures are all faked. She had bought them from a photographer. Her letters were written by a professional letter-writer. She was just a very ordinary little person working in a munitions factory. François is in a terrible state. He says love is all wrong. The food has been awful for days.

Oct. 1915. Montdidier. Have had letters from the following: Alice, telling about the hospital and also about Ada and her dud sweetheart; mother, enclosing some money and a lot of impractical advice; Robert about aviation; Jackass Jackson, about how much he loves me; and Dixie Williams, about his ambulance experiences. He wants

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all of us to plan to come to Paris for Christmas if possible, and have a grand party at 141 Bis Montparnasse. Also a letter from the noted French journalist whose son died at our hospital in January just before I came to Montdidier. The journalist and his wife invite me to visit them. They live just outside of Paris on the Fontainebleau highroad.

Also a letter from Chester Payton. He is at an aviation school named Avord where he will soon be flying. I told Van Cleve and he said he had also applied for flying training. Van is disgusted with me as a sweetheart. I asked him what he expected. He said he thought it would be nice of me to throw myself on his neck and say, "Here I am, take me. Tear my clothes off, man! I am yours to have and to hold." He said it was the Oriental manner. I wasn't impressed; I have known something of the Oriental love-makers.

It sounded like the melodramatic dime novel thrillers my brother Robert and I used to read back in Belgium. I said, "No, Van, not this year," and he was awfully encouraged because it will soon be 1916. Men are all right up to a certain point but then they do get awfully boring, most repetitious, and very dull.

Later. Montdidier. Gib, the dog-faced boy, has been replaced by a very young English lad who is terribly handsome. Has a struggling mustache and a limp. He speaks very refined English and is mighty nice to me. He said I should have a chaperon, and I, like an impudent tart, said,

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"Yes, the moon ought to have a tin ring around it too." But he was highly amused. He thinks I am an American.

Later. Montdidier. The war in the Champagne country has not been as successful as it appeared at first. The losses were terrible. François is a very temperamental cook. He has inserted another advertisement in *La Vie Parisienne.* Van tells me that Henry Ford is about to send a steamship load of peacemakers to Europe, so as to stop the war. This man Ford is the person who makes the ambulances. Van says it looks like a hare-brained act. He says that the Ford act will only bring more embarrassment onto the United States. As it is, every first rate power in the world is giving the States the laugh over the neutrality talk about the Lusitania and the other German outrages.

In October the Boche up in Belgium shot a lady named Edith Cavell. Miss Cavell owned and operated a hospital in Brussels and her execution was a great tragedy. Van says that the Heinies will ultimately regret it.

We are planning a grand party at 141 Bis Montparnasse. I will have ten days permission (leave of absence); Robert will also come, and Dixie Williams and Jackass Jackson and Alice and Ada, and perhaps Pauline if I can find her.

Dec. 15th. Montdidier. I can't wait for the 24th. I am fixing up my clothes at night and getting everything in readiness. Van Cleve is terribly jealous of my interest in Dixie Williams. Van will go to Avord about the first of January, 1916. There he will learn to fly. Today at the

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hospital, one of the half-witted male helpers put his hand into his pocket and found a human finger. It had been amputated from a soldier earlier in the day. The hospital helper almost lost the few brains he had left. They had to put him to bed. I would be bothered, too, if I found a loose human finger in my pocket. The orderlies draw lots to find out who shall bury the amputations, legs and arms and hands. It's a ghastly business.

Later. Dec. 20th. Montdidier. Long letter from Dixie Williams. He addressed me as "sweetest kid." It will be wonderful to be with him again. I believe I shall ask for a job in the south end of the line so I can see him all the time.

Dec. 23d. Montdidier. The *Médecin Chef* is sorry I will be away at Christmas time. I told him what we had planned and he was glad then. Tomorrow I leave on the P. R. Express. François has a new godmother. This one told him she was a little past middle age, so he is at once disillusioned. The food has not improved with the advent of this motherly godmother.

Dec. 26th. 141 Bis Blvd. Montparnasse. Dixie is dead. What there was of the party is over. The boys are all gone. When I arrived on the night of the 24th, there was a telegram from one of his associates. It told of Dixie's death in a few words. His ambulance was hit by a shell on the night of the 22nd. They found him the next morn-

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ing in the remains of the destroyed machine. Why couldn't I have been with him! Dixie, my dear! How they got the telegram through is more than I can understand. Perhaps because it was in English and the French censors couldn't understand it.

Everyone has been most kind to me, because they knew I was very much in love with Dixie. I wonder sometimes if he ever really existed. Perhaps he was just a phantom wandering around in a foggy dream—a fantastic somebody, invented like a character in a stage play. Everyone expected me to weep and fall on my face, but I didn't. Tears somehow don't seem to be in order. I shall possibly weep as time passes, though, and I realize that Dixie is really gone. Once the *Médecin Chef* up at Montdidier reminded me that things could only really happen once. This applies, of course, to time. I'm glad time only happens once, particularly the past two days.

I have boxes of gifts—all unopened. One of the largest is from Dixie. He had it sent from the *Galeries Lafayette*. I wonder if I shall ever open it. I don't believe so.

The war is as close to me today as it was the first of September, 1914.

Thank God 1915 is over!

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CHRISTMAS was not referred to as a particularly merry time. I walked out into the Luxembourg Gardens occasionally and sat and wondered. Madame Elise humored me by preparing her best dessert—a chocolate cream pudding which was a delicious and mysterious concoction.

I took out my dress-up clothes and looked at them and then put them back unworn. Occasionally someone would call. I answered questions without knowing what I was saying. All food except the *crême chocolat* affected me the same way. It was a time that had to be endured—soulless days—days when my heart and my eyes were dry. No woman could console me. I belonged to men. Females could not penetrate my outer shell. If I had been near the *Médecin Chef* up at Montdidier, he would have philosophized me into a better state of mind, as he did two weeks later. But I was alone.

Ultimately my mother sent me a very urgent note. She was at the Meurice Hotel. Would I call? It was a different daughter who entered her frilly apartment. I was years older. A man whom I had tried to love had been killed while on an errand of mercy. I had seen death, but it's different when death approaches one you have loved.

The elevator man at the Meurice had an empty sleeve.

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He also wore the decoration. I touched the sleeve and he said, "Spring of 1915, in the Champagne." He said he had to have the arm cut off because of the chalky soil in the vicinity of Rheims. I didn't get the connection between the chalky soil of Rheims and an amputated arm, but the man was trying to be good-humored about it, so I laughed with him at his joke. Think of a man being able to make a pun about having his arm shot off.

My mother had made a great resolution. She was going to enter war work—actively! I had been in war work actively since the first days of August, 1914, and I entered it without a fanfare of brass trumpets. But Madame la Comtesse de Placervillers had made a resolve. She would be an angel of mercy. She was about to enter a hospital. She wanted me to accompany her. Nothing could have been more distressing to me. I refused at once. Understand, it was not that I declined the offer, or had some reason to continue at my present post. I simply refused.

I also told my mother of Dixie Williams and his death. She had never met the young man. It seemed very unfortunate, but rather far away—down in the hill country, far south. Unfortunate. Ambulance driver. Not in the combat services! I wanted to fight, but I thought better of it.

My mother had purchased the equipment she supposed she would need in her new employment. It was like the new-rich who go out for the first time to play at golf. They buy everything the salesman can think of and then add a few things no one could be expected to use—just

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as if a professional handicapper had been at the job. The one single advantage about my poor doddering mother's adventure was that some tradesman got the benefit of a very handsome sale. I was and still am overly tickled whenever anyone can extract some of the well known lucre from my mother, the Countess. When I left her, she was neither in tears nor in a rage, although she would have loved either outlet for her pent-up emotions and disappointments.

On the afternoon of the same day I had a letter from the ambulance unit to which Dixie had belonged. His comrade enclosed photographs of Dixie's funeral and also of the grave. It seems that this comrade and Dixie had entered into a pact. If during their tour of duty together, either was killed, the remaining one was to forward letters and photographs to certain designated individuals.

The letter from Dixie's comrade that came to me said that of all the women Dixie had known, I was the one he had held most dear, and that because he had no way with the ladies he could never seem to tell me about it. He hoped I would forgive him for being so backward, because he said he knew me to be an affectionate person and one deserving of an active alert sweetheart.

The letter was long and well written, in spite of the emotions that must have been in the writer's breast. It was, however, an unnecessary bit of information. I knew of Dixie's bashfulness and also of his affectionate feelings for me. To go through all this merely made me more sad. The only relief for me was to cut my leave of absence

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short and get back to the canteen in Montdidier, which I promptly did.

If some wandering stable sergeant had mistaken my little kitchen for his picket line and quartered three teams of army nags behind the counter, it couldn't have been in a more desperate condition. When I saw it I wept. It was the first time I had been able to shed tears since the awful accident at Christmas time. It seems that François had gone completely haywire, had refused to carry on, had been reported to the officials and the hurry-up wagon had taken him away.

The canteen had degenerated into a self-service cafeteria. It took me two days to pull it together. I worked slavishly. All the American ambulance men were either ordered away to flying school or away on leave. The *Médecin Chef* was my only comfort. He also indicated a German prisoner to assist in the cleaning-up process. His name was Schweiber. I have never known a better workman or a more willing one.

January 14th. Montdidier. London newspaper not impressed by Henry Ford's Peace Ship. It tells of a marriage aboard among the peace delegates. It also speaks of Mr. Ford as the "Perambulator King." Mr. Ford says all he wants is to stop the soldiers from shooting. How childish, after all! He also said it was apparent that the war could not be decided by any other means; therefore, the Ford Peace Ship—the Oscar II of the Swedish line. One paper reports a disagreement aboard. All the delegates do not

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agree as to just how peace should be parceled out, or when. The party has no passports for any of the belligerent nations. Van Cleve was right when he said it was a bit hare-brained.

Flock of Fanys in town. They look very smart in their costumes. Two of them came into the canteen and talked with me. They have seen unbelievable service. They called our new English Railway Transportation official, the F. D., meaning "flapper's delight". I love the idea of "flapper's delight".

"Fanys" were members of the English First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, and were very chic-looking young ladies.

January 15th. There never was such a jumbled mess as this canteen since my return. This morning three English women came to take charge of it. They had been sent. They didn't say from where or why. The *Médecin Chef* discouraged them—not too kindly. Then he stayed a while and talked to me. I had told him of my great sorrow at Christmas time. He said that love, after all, was worth while, even in spite of the suffering that sometimes follows in its wake. He said that life is a total illusion with the single exception of love and that love, too, is an illusion except during its unfortunately short life. He meant during the time when it was really actively and fervently alive.

He said that when I become old and come to the time of my death, I will not count up my money, nor my prop-

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erty, nor my position, nor my honors; that I will only remember the amount of love I have extracted from life, and that if I am wise, it will comfort me to the very end.

It's all very lovely. I worked ever so much harder to make up for the kindness of the *Chef*. I have also asked for a transfer to some canteen employment in the south end of the line—Bar-le-Duc perhaps.

January 16th. London papers tell of the Ford Peace Ship being held up by the British. Paper also says Mr. Ford has a skunk aboard as a pet. Mr. Ford is being lampooned on all sides. Even the Boche are amused. Everyone is amused except the "Perambulator King".

Today a chaplain from the British Army was in town. Sergeant Carston, the Cockney assistant to the Flapper's Delight, said the chaplain was a "bun-strangling sky pilot" because he was in favor of the temperate use of alcohol. A "bun" then, is a form of being drunk. I think it's a beautiful word—bun—and I shall have so much use for it if the war lasts, because the war seems to be just one long intoxication to many soldiers. The chaplain had mutton chop whiskers. Sergeant Carston said they were barnacles.

January 17th. There was a man in my canteen this A. M. who was recounting his experiences. Some other soldiers told me he was the remaining soldier out of an advance of sixty. I asked him how he did it. He said, "You pray! Boche pray! Means nothing! Depends upon whom God is

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listening to that day. Me, I fought and prayed on a French day. But maybe next time, pouf!" And he made the gesture that means finished off.

Sergeant Carston came in today and said I was the hardest working female he had ever seen and he had been observing the fine qualities in females ever since Adam was an oakum boy. That's supposed to be an awfully long time in the British Army. He also told me that he was by rights a "fly slicer"—a cavalryman. But he liked his present post very much. He was proposing to me in his own way, but he made no headway at all. I was glad to see the end of his overtures.

All men look alike to me these days. Since Dixie is gone, I have no longer a sweet tooth for the male. Sometimes when I look at a lad with black eyes I see Dixie looking at me, though. It's maddening but I'd do it all over again if I could. Letter from my mother; she is in the south of France about to enter a convalescent hospital. And with all that good equipment for front line nursing!

January 18th. François is out of jail. At first he was sullen and would not talk; then he broke down and wept like a broken-hearted child. He swore by the Blessed Virgin that he had reason to let the *cafard* take hold of his senses and drive him to a state where he was unfit for any kind of duty. I waited. I knew he would tell me all about it. At first I thought it was the new godmother, but I was mistaken. It was Antoinette de Mirvaux. She is dead. She went out

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while bearing a premature baby December 29th. François had a letter from Pierre de Mirvaux. I somehow couldn't be moved by it. I had already been moved. François came back for only a short while so as to pick up his few belongings before joining an outfit bound for duty at the Front. He lied to them about his condition and they assigned him to front line duty. He says that he will never come out alive. The *Médecin Chef* was very much impressed with François' resolve.

A very funny thing happened today. It was nearly (according to Van Cleve) a knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out. Two very large-framed Englishmen came in and looked around for a moment and then one of them said, "All right, Bert. Bellies against the trough!" That part was funny. Then he said that he would take some of the doings. The doings—I didn't understand. Only waited. He said, "Ain't there nothing doing? The doings! The doings!" I was just about to reach for one of my long-handled pots when he said, "Some of the coffee, the tea, the cocoa—anything that's doing."

I served them. Later they told me about their war. But I didn't laugh until they left. After all, one's sense of humor is most valuable in this war. Already I am able to laugh. The *Médecin Chef* said he has counted five smiles from me. He says that's a sign that I shall carry on.

January 19th. François is gone. I told him good-by just after sundown. He also gave me a gift. He had seen me carry my clothing to the laundress and back in a paper

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wrapping, so he had a local seamstress make me a laundry bag. I made him take a gift of 25 francs to buy a supply of tobacco. When he shouldered his equipment and walked away he said, "My cross is heavy tonight, but I'll erect it in the earth out yonder—*là-bas, là-bas!*" And then he was gone very quickly—lost in the fog and the darkness.

Jan. 23rd. We went up to a French evacuation hospital today with two French medical officers. They are planning a canteen for the refreshment of walking cases and also for the medical staffs who are forced to work all night long without hot food. It is an experimental idea. They would also have to have someone on hand to look after the resuscitation of cases where the wounds have reduced the vitality so that an immediate operation is not advisable. It was the first time I had ever observed the technique of the advanced hospitals. The wounded men are brought in on ambulances or by hand or on little two-wheeled gigs from either the *postes de secours* or the advanced dressing stations.

First a *brancardier* cuts off all their remaining clothing, and then washes the bodies with warm water and soap. From there they are either taken directly to the operating theater or redressed and allowed to recover before the next move to the hospital trains.

The scenes are really too terrible to describe in detail. I nearly went off the deep end before I got out of that place. I was very glad to climb back into the auto and start for Montdidier. The soldiers are suffering very se-

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verely from the cold. Fortunately the fighting is not very serious. The Boche keep up enough hate to remind the poilus that there is a war going on.

When I got home I was very cold and felt terrible. An Englishman asked me if he could do anything about it and I said no, no one could do anything about it. Then he suggested that he lend me his Dado. It's a kind of body belt to prevent cholera—at least, that was his story. He said he had only used it a short while and that it had been completely deloused. He said by binding up one's middle with a Dado many cures could be effected. I declined the offer with profuse thanks. I explained that it would be unpatriotic to deprive a soldier of such a panacea.

Carston, the English assistant, came in later and said he was uncomfortably hungry. I said I had a few eggs which I'd be glad to fry or scramble or whatever. He said, are they canteen eggs or eating eggs? They were, in fact, canteen eggs, but he ate them just the same, and liked them, what's more!

Jan. 25th. Fight on the railway platform today! Carston came in and said, "Come quick, Miss. The Frenchies are a-caulflowerin' up one another's ears!" And they were doing just that. It seems that an infantryman on leave who had imbibed a bit too freely had called a hospital man a "castor oil artist", and the hospital man had retorted with references about belly-flopping during an advance. The belligerents were duly separated and the fight, according to Carston, was declared a draw. Later Carston

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gave me a short lecture on prize fighting. He said he would go into the ring himself only he was punch shy. It all sounded a bit like eyewash to me.

My German assistant is the most efficient person on earth. He speaks such perfect German that I believe he must be somebody back in Heinieland, but he will not tell anything about his pre-war life. My German assistant also needs a hair-cut. His blonde hair hangs down over his coat collar in a most grotesque manner, and most unlike the Heinie army too.

January 26th. I sometimes wonder if I ever lived in Belgium—if I ever did really have a police dog and a personal servant and fifteen pairs of shoes and a horse to ride and a very disagreeable stepfather. It's all very vague. I am also bored with Montdidier.

Jan. 27th. What a perfect surprise! My brother Robert came into my canteen today. His outfit is at a little place named Jaulzy, not far from Compiègne and today he was driving what is known as the "chow run"; that is, he drove into Compiègne for food supplies, but didn't stop at Compiègne. It's a long pull—that drive from Compiègne to Montdidier, but I was surely glad Robert went to the trouble. He is still talking about entering the French Aviation service.

I told him of my desire to go to the south end of the line—that I was weary of the Montdidier canteen. When he saw how much work I have to do, he thought it was

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time I had a change. We laughed over the Blumenthal episode and I chaffed him about his failing for blondes. My brother is a dear. When he left he said he was going to go back and tell his buddies that he had found Moscow. That seems to be a smart remark among ambulance men. Every new place they find they at once ask, is this Moscow, and if it is an unsatisfactory looking location, they at once agree that it is not Moscow.

Feb. 1st. Two young ladies have come to take my place. They are very charming. One is a Belgian and the other is English. They will have two convalescent soldiers to help them. I will go at once to Bar-le-Duc. I told everyone at the hospital good-by. It's like leaving Belgium when the war broke out. I am very depressed and so is the *Médicin Chef*. We talked a long while tonight. He gave me a long list of books I should read. He also said that I shall be recognized by the Government for the excellence of my service. I think that he means a decoration of some kind, but I can hardly believe it.

As soon as I am established at Bar-le-Duc I shall try to find Dixie's grave. I think if I could just see it once, I would be satisfied.

Feb. 3rd. En route to Paris. My going away was a very sad affair. I compared it with my coming, that morning just a year ago, when Chester Payton brought me over from Beauvais on his Morgan Harjes ambulance. I shall always remember the legend on the side of that Packard —*Ambulance Mobile de Premiers Secours.*

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The *Médecin Chef* told me good-by very tenderly. He also closed the door of my compartment and stood by until the train left. He is a grand old person and I shall miss him.

Feb. 6th. 141 Bis Blvd. Montparnasse. Paris. Someone pulled a Brodie over at the headquarters of the military and lost the records of my *carnet rouge* (red travelling card). They said this morning that according to their records, I was in Belgium. I told them that there was some slight mistake. They talked it over and decided that there was an error somewhere; that I was undoubtedly in Paris, but on paper I was in Belgium. There will no doubt be a meeting of the high war council before I am permitted to proceed. Madame Elise was most tickled to see me. She has a soldier boy friend who is now on leave in Paris. And at the age of heaven knows what! Elise must be at least fifty, or perhaps sixty. No one really knows. She reminds me of Madame Slipslop, the maid of all work in Henry Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." (It was one of the books I read surreptitiously back in Belgium). Like Slipslop, Madame Elise carried on unblushingly. It was really a very bad environment for such foolish virgins as Alice and Ada. For me, of course, it meant nothing. I knew what the war was.

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Feb. 8th. Paris. Jackass Jackson is a mind-reader. He walked into the apartment tonight saying that something told him I'd be here. He is full of ideas. First, he wants to find someone who can cook Chili con Carne. He says that a Chili house in Paris would make a fortune, and it would also supply him with the kind of food he craves. He also wants me to write a letter to the French Military (he can't even speak the French language, let alone write it) and offer them the idea of using the carcasses of all the dead horses—that is, horses killed on the roads leading up to the Front. He says that these carcasses could be hauled back on dead animal wagons such as those they use in Texas. Then they could be converted into fats, soaps and fertilizers.

In other words, he wants me to be a party to a Horse Ghoul Business. I have refused him once and for all. He was slightly irate, but not very. Later he and I went over to visit the Bal de la Bouffone. Madame told us that the little Apache pianist who picked the American detective's pocket went away to the Front and has never been heard of since. Madame has engaged a girl in his place. She is a very flossy female and Jackass made sweet eyes at her when he thought I wasn't looking. As if I care whom he makes eyes at! I was thinking of Dixie most of the time.

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Letter from my mother. She has decided not to join the hospital in southern France. She is returning to Paris, kit and bag.

Military headquarters have decided that I am in Paris and not in Belgium. It was an error. They told me this without smiling. I smiled, however, and they were slightly *fâché*.

February 13th. Paris. My inheritance from my father is dwindling. I shall have to be more careful. Tomorrow I leave for Bar-le-Duc. Jackass Jackson says I can wallow in jelly, which is not far from the truth. Alice and Ada have been very nice to me this time. Ada is not a bad person, after all, only she is a poor judge of sweethearts. Even Jackass says so. He offered his services once and she refused—high and mighty and all that.

Letters from Van Cleve and Chester Payton. Both flying at Avord. Many Americans there. Aviation seems to be very important. My brother better hurry.

Jackass Jackson says that the war is a godsend to the Texas mule growers. He says mule ships land at Marseilles every week. Jackass is making much money. I told him I was growing poor. He said, "Sugarfoot, as long as Jackass Jackson has two dimes to rub together you shall have one of them or even both, but you'll have to learn how to cook Chili con Carne." Jackass showed me a dime. It is not as beautiful as our 50 centimes, but Jackass said that with the screaming eagle of the U. S. A. on a coin, its beauty doesn't matter a damn.

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Jackass called our French paper money cigar coupons. I don't understand cigar coupons. He tried to explain it but I suppose I'm just a dum-dum.

February 14th. En route. Flirtations on the railway coaches have long been traditional in France. I have been on this train only two hours and I have had a French Major, a French Lieutenant and a French Private make soft eyes at me. The Private's eyes were softest, and he is going to Bar-le-Duc, as I am. The Lieutenant was an Artillery-man. The Private also has two wound indications on his sleeve. He and I made a joke about not having room on the uniforms for all the insignia and indications for wounds and services and decorations if the war went on much longer. The Private has no place to sit. He stood for a long while in the passageway with many others. Then he sat on his equipment and I went out in the passageway to talk to him. His home is in Lyons, Rhone, and he is a student at the University. One finds out a lot about a soldier in a short while.

The Lieutenant is sitting across from me as I write. He is interested in looking at my legs. He has a sly method of reading a little book of army regulations and watching me around the side of the book. I wonder what would happen if I would make him a true exhibition. I shall try later.

Travelling alone is dull. My little Private has walked by the compartment twice and looked in. I shall go out and talk to him again. It will also irritate the Lieutenant.

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February 16th. Bar-le-Duc. In reading over my last diary entry I see that I am becoming an absolute strumpet. The idea of crossing my legs to excite that inoffensive French Lieutenant! But the Private from Lyons was a very interesting chap. He is attached to chemical research and is working in and about Verdun, St. Mihiel and Pont à Mousson. They have a mobile laboratory and go in a hurry from one place to another picking up unexploded shells and trying to analyze new gases. His name is Mirmet.

It would be impossible for me to record the details of Bar-le-Duc at one time, because we have so little time for ourselves that I must use it to get outside and breathe a little fresh air.

My post is at the canteen near the railway station—that is, in the lower town. I live, however, for the present in the upper town, in the Rue de Rossignol—Nightingale Avenue. My room is a washout but I shall soon move down town. I have seen the old clock tower. It is a lovely antique. There is a Café des Oiseaux in Bar-le-Duc—a very birdy town, I would say.

The city is better than the canteen staff. I am, as Jack-ass Jackson would say, only a very small toad in a very large mud puddle. There are several English women, several Belgians, and several French. I am not classified yet. All of them have told me terrible tales about the others. The overlord is a middle-aged English woman—she is known to the other English girls as "Languishing Lena." I have one friend—she is Irene Scott. Her home is in Norwich, England.

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February 17th. Bar-le-Duc. Letter from Chester Payton. He is flying his head off at Avord and expects to go to the Front in April.

The English girls have a little booklet of rules and information which tells them what to do, when and how to cook and also how to act in emergencies. It is a truly amusing volume. Our directress, Languishing Lena, carries one all the time. She also spends a lot of time reading from a cook book entitled *Mrs. Marshall's Cookery Book.* She also reads a book about a new religion called Christian Science.

I think I could like Languishing Lena if she were a little more dominant, really, and not so domineering in a naïve manner—behind one's back. She has what the other English girls call "a gush for the newcomers," meaning me.

The most interesting person in the canteen is a French woman who was a lion tamer in a circus before the war. She is a volunteer worker and a wonderful cook. She keeps a copy of *La Cuisine de Famille* handy, but never uses it. Her name is Madame Tourbout. She is a Lyonnaise by birth.

My friend Irene Scott told me of her sister Ruth Scott, who is in the cinema department of the British Expeditionary Force Canteens. She said her sister loved the work and besides got a wonderful screw. I said screw, screw! Then she explained. It means income or salary. I must admit that the English language as spoken by the English is as difficult for me as the French language was as spoken by the Flemish Belgians.

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The Bar-le-Duc canteen is going to be hard work for me. It is run by the clock and also by females, which makes my part less to my liking. The town is full of newspaper correspondents. Irene and I talked to two of them at the Hotel de Commerce. They are from America.

February 18th. Bar-le-Duc. Dud weather. The air is full of rumors about a big battle. Big preparations are on foot. They say that all the jam and jelly is shipped away from Bar-le-Duc; at least, we seem to have none on our menu.

Our fireman is named Pierre. He lives in a little barracks in the Rue Sebastopol. He calls it the monkey house, because of the odor. Languishing Lena has a perpetual smile. Irene Scott says someone will knock that smile off her face some day. Lena is very unpopular. Irene is a youngster and very lively. We are off duty tomorrow night and will visit with the American newspaper men, perhaps. They have called several times at the canteen.

February 20th. Bar-le-Duc. Had dinner with the American newspaper correspondents. Irene's friend is from Philadelphia and the other is from Boston. I say the other, because he is surely no friend of mine. During the first part of the dinner they talked about how this terrible war was going to purify civilization—cure France of her degenerate ways, raise the standard of things everywhere. Later after they had had a bottle of champagne they proposed that Irene and I spend the night with them, because one of them was a widower and the other had a wife who

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didn't understand him. Irene asked the widower if he was grass or sod. It took a lot of explaining to make me understand this grass or sod detail, but finally I caught it. It sounds like a gag to me.

We left them very shortly after that. They were half intoxicated and very much offended. Irene says she will show me something about life in the big cities—that up-to-date I have been a rural queen.

Irene and I are living together now—it saves us both money. We are moving down into the lower town, as it takes too much time getting to and from our canteen in the cold and rain of the winter. I have finally degenerated to being a little old woman and wear bed socks all the time. They are very warm ones. A French soldier gave them to me as a gift. Irene saw me in them yesterday and called me "Puss-in-Boots."

That terrible Scott girl says it's too bad that a good-looking baggage like me should have to resort to bed socks in war time when every street corner is crowded with nice young soldiers. I said, "Yes, but how can you be sure of the nice ones?"

I have told Irene all about Dixie. She says that I shall have to carry on just the same. She says that Dixie would want me to. Perhaps she's right. But men all look alike to me.

February 22nd. Bar-le-Duc. Great excitement! An American ambulance unit is in town. They think they are going up near Verdun. Rumors of a great battle are every-

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where. Some say it has already happened. The two ambulance men I talked to knew Dixie and told me approximately where he is buried. They gave me the address of the bureau in Paris where I'll surely find the location.

February 23rd. Bar-le-Duc. The American ambulance men are gone. The offensive has happened. It is up at Verdun. The Germans have already made some gains. Some camion drivers who came back from the Front at noontime today say that it is the worst battle of the war. The Meuse is also out of its banks. This makes it much harder for the poor poilus. Our directress, Languishing Lena, was not in the canteen today; she was confined to her bed. When I told Irene she said, "And Lena was such a dignified old thing, too." Irene has absolutely no bump of reverence.

The two American newspaper men came again. They brought two more. Irene says that the General in charge of Bar-le-Duc should put all the American newspaper men into a battalion and send them up to Verdun to show them just what the word war meant. It might purify them a bit. The ones who came back after the Boche finished with them would be understood by their wives all right.

February 24th. Never have I worked so hard. Languishing Lena came back today. She cures herself by Christian Science reading. Madame Tourbout, the lion-tamer, is not impressed. She recommended certain medicines to Lena. Lena flew into a kind of mild rage and told Mme. Tour-

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bout to attend to the cooking. I thought Mme. Tourbout would knock the taste out of Lena's mouth. There were many words. Languishing Lena looked very sick. She dropped into a chair and said aloud that she knew where her strength came from—from above. "Yes," said Mme. Tourbout, who is something of a philosopher and also a low comedienne, "your strength, like mine and all strength, comes from God; but your disposition, where does it come from! From the devil!"

Mme. Tourbout stood with her hands on her hips and her eyes glared like the eyes of the lions she used to tame. But poor Lena! We had to take her home to bed. She was a complete washout. I stayed with her and wrote some letters to her family in London. She also gave me the healing book and I read some of it. The book had some swell stuff in it. But I must say that Lena is a very sick person. I do not know what we will do.

The battle of Verdun has disorganized everything. We have a hundred men to take care of, where before we had only ten. My wind is up and I don't mind admitting it. They say General Pétain is in charge of the defense at Verdun. Bar-le-Duc is jammed with camions and soldiers and artillery and ambulances.

Letter from 141 Bis Montparnasse. Alice is ill and is going to Monte Carlo for a rest.

February 25th. City is full of refugees from Verdun. Everything is in chaos. Am running back and forth between the canteen and Languishing Lena's quarters. She

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is still very sick. Will not receive treatment in regular way. I read to her from the book every day. She reads always. Capt. Henri Bordeaux was in the canteen today. I have read his books—*La Robe de Laine* and *La Peur de Vivre*. It was very thrilling to see the actual man drinking coffee. Verdun battle worse than ever.

February 28th. Languishing Lena may die. She cannot talk today. Irene and I are with her, taking turns all day and all night. Germans made a new advance. I said to a poilu today, "Will the Germans take Verdun?" He said, "No! They have destroyed it ten times since 450 A.D. but this time we will destroy it, if necessary, before they get to it." He proved to be a history professor and told me a wonderful tale about the history of the unfortunate city. See American ambulance men occasionally. Irene is impressed by them. So am I. I have always been.

March 1st. Bar-le-Duc. How a person like Lena can hang on so long is a mystery to me. Today I brought in a French doctor attached to a mobile hospital and he examined her. I told him Lena was a Christian Scientist. He gave me two formulas to be prepared by the chemist. When we left Lena's room the doctor said that people who were treated by Christian Science either lived or died and that the same was true of people treated by the more orthodox methods—that all the doctors and healers could do was to prolong the agony a little longer. He said that the war had taught him to live a short life but a full one. And

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then he took a kiss from his lips and with that beautiful French gesture, he threw it into the air. He said that one of the formulas was for *aqua pura* (plain water) and the other was for white wine. He did that in respect to Lena's ideas about taking drugs.

March 3rd. Bar-le-Duc. Languishing Lena is better. We have a new girl—also English. Her name is Greta. We have named her green-eyed Greta. I have a chance to go up to a place named Chaumont-sur-Aire where a roadside canteen is to be established. The Aire River runs through the city of Chaumont. It's not a city, but a very small village. Irene Scott and Mme. Tourbout, the lion-tamer, will go with me. I shall love it there because we will be nearer the real war. General Pétain's headquarters are at Souilly not far from Chaumont.

Today a French soldier explained why the Germans are attacking Verdun. It is because there are no railway connections between Verdun and the outside world. Originally one line ran from Verdun to St. Mihiel. That is now controlled by the Germans. The same is true of the line running west. Only a narrow gauge line connects Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. But there is a wonderful highroad and on it the camions run. There will soon be more than 7,000 of them, running twenty-four hours a day supplying Verdun with food supplies, shells, soldiers and munitions. The Boche think they can wash Verdun all out before the camions can get to operating.

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March 4th. Bar-le-Duc. Today in front of the Hotel de Commerce Irene and I encountered General Pétain. He is a tall man with smiling blue eyes. He looked at Irene and me and said, "God bless you, children. I see you everywhere. There must be thousands of canteeners." I was spellbound. It nearly knocked my eye out. Everyone was saluting. I finally managed to say, "*Oui, mon Général,*" and he smiled and told us to be brave and help him hold at Verdun. It was very thrilling.

Languishing Lena is much better. She can sit up and read the book again. After all, there is something in that book. Lena has promised to get me a copy of it from London. Irene and I are planning to go to Chaumont-sur-Aire very soon.

March 6th. Yesterday we had a lecture. An English woman doctor whose French was perfect came to speak to the nurses and female war workers in Bar-le-Duc, on prostitution. We all went because we were supposed to, not because we wanted to. We wondered if she thought we were all prostitutes. It was a very interesting talk, however. She said that the problem of war babies in England was a very serious one. She gave us all a very solemn warning about too general a practice of love-making. She also said that prostitutes as a rule were mental deficients. At this statement, Irene nudged me and said, "That let's us out, baby, 'cause we can at least read and write, and have some intelligence." I am not really sure about this intelligence argument, though. Sex starvation is one thing and

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education is another and they seldom affect one another, either in suppression or gratification.

Our low comedienne, the lion-tamer, is a wonderful person. She has given me a short course of study in animal tending; also in how to carry on the business of a tent show. It will not be valuable to me perhaps, but I'm grateful for any kind of information. The lion-tamer is also an excellent cook, but she dislikes Languishing Lena unbelievably. Lena is back on the job and Irene and I are about to leave for Chaumont.

March 10th. Chaumont-sur-Aire. We are at the side of the main highway. It leads to Verdun. The double column of camions never ceases. The soldiers pass and repass like soldiers in a dream. This morning there was a little band concert. A group of stretcher-bearers (who are musicians, really) put away their stretchers a while and got out their horns and we had some very fair military music. The fire tender from Bar-le-Duc, Pierre, is here with us. Irene and I asked for him, because he makes such nice fires. He calls the military band the *Prima Donna Brancardiers.*

The battle is not far away. Today three *pompiers* (firemen) from Paris stopped a while with us. They were going up to Verdun to help put out the fires caused by the German bombardment. The *pompiers* were not young men, but they seemed to be very brave fellows. I darned a sock for one of them.

March 15th. There is a bridge over the Aire River not awfully far from our canteen. The Germans come over

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and bomb it every chance they get. They miss it nearly always. Their hits are ineffective. We sleep mostly in our clothes. Life at Chaumont is hard, but it is thrilling.

March 16th. General Pétain is directing the battle of Verdun from the city of Souilly. His headquarters are in the city hall, a plain little building. A camion driver has promised to let us ride up and see the city of Souilly.

Last night there was a little impromptu show given by some French soldiers. They have a little group of players and they call themselves the Society of the Enraged Cow (*La Vache Enragée*). The Prima Donna Brancardiers played the music on their great horns. Horns were too loud. The soldiers sang many songs. They thought I couldn't understand them, but I could. They were terrible but marvelous at the same time. I love such broad songs. They are so true to the thing they want to be. The one about the housekeeper's daughter is a classic. I cannot write it down, the words are too terrible. One poilu said it would be better if most of the great horns had had glue poured into them; there would be less noise.

March 20th. An American ambulance boy named Matty came in today. He sang a very catchy song. It was something like this: "Around her leg she wore a yellow ribbon and she wore it for her lover who was far, far away." Irene said she would be glad to wear any kind of ribbon on her leg if only she could find the lover. She would even allow the lover to attach and detach the ribbon as often

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as he saw fit. The ambulance boy was charmed with Irene and said he was going to Bar-le-Duc and buy out a ribbon factory. Whereupon, Irene is worried. She is afraid perhaps this ambulance boy, whose wife doesn't understand him, (like the newspaper correspondent) will at once demand what Jackass Jackson calls "swell attention." Matty gave me a new word—"conk" or "konk". It means to kill or to stop. To get conked off is to get killed suddenly, but the engine in an ambulance may conk out, which means to stop and refuse to run.

March 21st. Matty, the ambulance boy, came back today without the ribbon. He says the war interferred with the best romance of his life—meaning Irene. Matty had a friend with him. The friend is from Arizona. His name is Dick. He is called Dobe Dick. Dobe is something they make houses of in Arizona. It is like bricks. At least, that is what Dick said. He attached himself to Irene at once and Matty seemed to be my share of the two boys. Matty is very good for me because he teaches me new words all the time. Irene thinks Dobe Dick will introduce the idea of swell attention very rapidly. He is that kind of soldier. He is very nonchalant. His arms wave and his feet move and he knocks things over very easily. He would be terrible in a drawing-room with lots of bric-a-brac.

The French say that they will absolutely hold at Verdun. There is a slogan—it is: "They shall not pass." It is heard everywhere. A camion driver told me yesterday that there are nearly 9,000 camions now running between Bar-le-

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Duc and Verdun. General Herr is in charge of the Motor Transport Corps.

March 22nd. I am very tired. I am tired of my diary. I am also wishing for my home in Belgium. I am wondering if the war will really ever quit, or if we will all just conk off fighting. My hands are so chapped from dish water that they bleed sometimes. And my beau lovers in Belgium used to think that I had very pretty hands. Irene takes a bath in a small bucket. I am going to wait until I go into Bar-le-Duc next time.

March 25th. The greatest embarrassment has come upon me. I have "totos"—lice. Last night I found four of them quite alive. I asked Pierre what to do. He said, nothing—that totos were really not bad after one got used to them. He said he shakes them out of his shirt every night. I told him of my four and he laughed very hard. I shall go to Bar-le-Duc at once and be de-loused.

March 27th. Bar-le-Duc. I have had a sulphur bath and been de-loused. The silver chain on my wrist is black from the sulphur in the hot water. Languishing Lena was wonderful to me today. I am very sorry for having been horrid to her. I am also glad not to be around her always. Letter from Alice. She has been to Monte Carlo. She played in the Casino and won 570 francs, about 100 dollars American. She wanted to buy herself some very fine gift, so she bought a Belgian lace wedding veil for 500 francs. She

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described it as the most beautiful thing on earth. It must be, to cost all that money.

March 29th. Chaumont-sur-Aire. Today Dobe Dick and Matty were in our canteen. They were talking about Irene. I was behind a partition working and they didn't know it. Dobe said that he thought he might talk Irene into something if she weren't so flighty. He said she was as nervous as a virgin with a louse in her pants. I had to bite my lips to keep from screaming. Later when they were gone I told it to Irene. We nearly died of laughing. I now call Irene "the lousy virgin."

The Enraged Cow Society gave a little show tonight. It was better than before. The stretcher-bearer orchestra was on front line duty and the only music was a battered upright player piano—one with brass lamp-holders on each side. A letter from mother. She is planning to go to England and work in a hospital just outside of London. She says the English are more scientific about their hospitalization. Perhaps. But I prefer to stay near the big show.

April 1st. Dobe Dick told me a very funny tale this afternoon. He said there was once an American ambulance driver (I believe it was Dobe himself) who was driving an ambulance carrying a Frenchman to a *couché* hospital. That is a hospital for lying-down cases. During the trip the Frenchman recovered a bit and when he got to the lying-down hospital the Frenchman was sitting up, so the stretcher-bearers would not admit the patient. The Ameri-

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can driver then went back to an *assis*, or sitting-up hospital. During the second part of the trip the patient got sick again and when the driver arrived at the sitting-up hospital, the patient was flat on his back and the stretcher-bearers would not admit him.

Then the American driver stopped and thought out the situation. After a bit he started back to the lying-down hospital. To his great surprise the patient was again sitting up, having recovered during the third part of the trip. But the American driver calmly hit the poor Frenchman over the head with a monkey wrench and the startled stretcher-bearers carried the unconscious form into the lying-down hospital and that was the end of the story.

After all, I don't believe it, but Dobe said he would take an oath with his hand on a picture of the Alamo that it was the truth. The Alamo is some place in Texas where a battle was fought. But I don't understand Texas history.

April 3rd. Chaumont-sur-Aire. Bombed us last night. Missed the bridge, but it hit the river. It was very thrilling. It makes one have one's wind up, however. Today I asked a French infantryman how the war was going. He said it was standing still now, thank God! Then he pointed out toward Verdun and said, "There lies a corpse, awaiting burial."

April 4th. I am reading Baudelaire. The war goes on. I cook coffee. Letter from Chester Payton. He is at a place called Vaucouleurs. It is about 75 kilometers from here.

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He is with a bombing squadron. He is very anxious to graduate to the *Avions de Chasse*—that is, the combat planes. But for the present he must bomb. He didn't say if he had been over the Front yet. I am wild to hear what he has to tell of the aviation.

April 5th. Mended two socks for an infantryman. Took a speck out of another's eye. The Society of the Enraged Cows are going to give an original play. One of their members wrote it. Its title is "*Minniewerfer.*" The principal character is a German girl named Minnie Weber. She is a spy and is given the pet name of *Minniewerfer.*

April 7th. I have a birthday on the 15 of April. Last year I was so busy I forgot all about it. This year I am so much more busy that I am going to remember it. Irene Scott is planning against the day and we will have a little party. Four of the Prima Donna, Brancardiers played a little serenade beside our quarters tonight. We took them out a little food. How these fellows can carry on in spite of the war is more than I can understand. I am ashamed of myself to be worn out with my work when I look at the poilus trudging along the roads with 65 pounds of equipment on their backs.

April 8th. Bar-le-Duc and a hot sulphur bath and a black silver wristlet and an awfully good dinner. The town is alive with newspaper correspondents. It seems that Verdun is the principal topic of conversation in the civilized

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world. It's a great satisfaction to have a job and do it as well as you can. When I walk along the streets I am as proud as if I were a soldier with the Legion of Honor.

April 10th. Sometimes it feels as if it's going to be spring and then it decides not to be. Work. Wrote letters. Nothing.

April 15th. Birthday party. Irene cooked extra food. The Prima Donna Brancardiers played some music outside our quarters. Later there was a bombing raid. It was a very good one too. I feel like an old lady tonight. Dobe and Matty came in late. Dobe has had a slight accident. He turned over a perambulator ambulance and finished it off but only got a black eye and several small cuts. Their outfit is doing unbelievable work. The record of it reads like a fairy tale. Dobe also craves Chili con Carne. He is like Jackass Jackson in many ways, only more so, and very loud-mouthed into the bargain.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

April 20th. Chaumont. What strenuous days we have! Camion drivers tell us there are 10,000 camions now on the Bar-le-Duc-Verdun road. Road-menders work all day and all night in four-hour shifts. Have seen Chester Payton. He is as unattractive as ever as a lover, but very thrilling as a student and he knows more about the war than anyone I have ever met. Of course, I didn't have a chance to ask General Pétain any questions. Chester has been over on many bombing raids. He says the Anti-aircraft batteries shot down a zeppelin just south of Bar-le-Duc not long ago.

French at Verdun will absolutely hold. Dobe Dick says American ambulances are winning the war for the French.

May 1st. Chaumont. This thing of middle-aged women coming out to Bar-le-Duc to make the war is something of an international situation. Whenever I see a white-headed woman with a sixteen-year-old-God-is-love smile on her face sail into one of our canteens and start to tell us how it's done, I want to "go into action," as Dobe Dick says. That is what has just happened at Bar-le-Duc. The new-comer has been named "Hot Flash." Irene Scott named her the other day when she and I were taking a

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day off to have another sulphur bath. Hot Flash thinks that the business of canteening can be carried on like a ladies' guild cake social. Hot Flash is mistaken. She should go home, because she thinks that the French soldiers are a dirty lot because they do not bathe. No soldier can bathe and fight a battle of Verdun every other week.

If Hot Flash knew how little I bathed, she'd possibly be down on me too. Now, the lion-tamer is different. She has associated with wandering men in all parts of the continent and thereupon makes a perfect canteener. Understand, it's not a thing that every woman can do with success.

May 2nd. Dobe Dick and Matty come visiting quite often at nights. They bring their confrères. They have given up shaving. They call themselves *les Hirsutes* (the hairy-faced ones).

I asked one of the Yale boys what, if any, would be the profit of the war, and they all agreed that the Allies would gain national unity. I don't understand it but it must be worth while, considering the price it is costing. The Yale boys are smart young lads, but the trouble is, they know it. There is one Jewish fellow among them. They call him "Mockie," but he doesn't mind. I think this Jewish lad is the kindest one of the lot. He is also fat and wants extra sugar for his coffee.

May 22nd. Chaumont-sur-Aire. What long times pass when I do not write. I am losing interest in everything,

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mostly writing in my diary. There is a new aviation outfit in the neighborhood. It is named after Lafayette, who fought with the Revolutionists in the United States. The Lafayetters are very dashing young men, but very much stuck on themselves. Irene Scott and I talked to one of them yesterday. They have only been here two or three days.

May 23rd. Dobe Dick calls the lion-tamer "Old Voice in the Rain Barrel," because she sounds like a contralto when she talks. New word—*dégommé*—means a French officer who has been set back in rank.

May 28th. Chaumont. All day and all night the camions pass. The sides of the camions are decorated with all kinds of allegorical animals and birds. Every camion section has its own insignia. French will hold at Verdun—no doubt of it now. Am getting to know the Lafayetters.

June 3rd. Chaumont. What an air raid in Bar-le-Duc! No one knows exactly how many were killed, but it will go into the hundreds. Many were school children. Irene and I were in the bath tub all the while. We thought we might as well die comfortably as to be bombed in a smelly old *abri.* Later I talked with one of the Lafayette men. The entire Escadrille was engaged in combating the bombers. The Lafayette men said that the raid was caused by the newspapermen writing too much about Bar-le-Duc and the Battle of Verdun. He said the correspondents get

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their bellies full of hard cider and sit around in the Commerce Hotel and trump up yarns about battles that could never happen, not even in Hell.

One member of the Lafayette Escadrille is named "Haywire." He is an expert at the game of polo.

June 5th. All the American ambulance men want to join the Lafayette Escadrille, but they do not want to go to the training schools. They want to fly right away.

July 1st. I am beginning to believe in the words happiness, joy, peace. I say them over to myself all the time, but nothing happens. I have told Irene Scott all about Dixie Williams. She and I will go some time to visit his grave. She agrees that I must carry on—that Dixie perhaps loved his bottle more than he did me—otherwise, he would have told me of his love. He did hit the white lightnin', as Jackass Jackson calls it.

August 2nd. When the wind blows from the east we smell the battlefields around Verdun. It cannot be described—not that I should like to try. Lafayette men are having a terrible bit of bad luck. They have lost some of their best men. I saw their captain and his dog yesterday. It is a police dog and is named Fram. I was reminded of my police dog Yvoir. Poor Yvoir! The Boche killed him in 1914. Somehow, I can't write in my diary these days. It's too hot and I am too tired.

September 16th. Bar-le-Duc. The Lafayette Escadrille is gone. It must be that the battle of Verdun is an assured

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success for the French. Van Cleve Richardson has apparently disappeared. All my letters come back unopened.

September 25th. Chester Payton is in the hospital. It seems that he will lose his eyesight. He was hit in the air and landed inside our lines, but was terribly hurt.

September 28th. It was a mistake about Chester's eyesight. He will be able to see all right, but he may not be able to walk for a long, long while. He has written a very lovely piece about the battle of Verdun. It will be reproduced in the French magazines in Paris. He gave me a copy of it. Chester is surely a poet.

September 29th. Irene Scott and I will go to visit Dixie Williams' grave the first of October. It is near the village of St. Amarin. We have ten days to wander around and instead of going to Paris we are going south to look up Dixie's grave.

October 15th. Chaumont-sur-Aire. I am leaving for Paris tonight. Irene and I got to St. Amarin and back, but not without a great deal of effort. Dixie's grave was well tended. It is in a military graveyard and is well marked. I am ill and am going back to rest. The battle of Verdun is over, and I think I've had about enough of canteening for a while. The thought of going through another winter of it is too terrible to contemplate.

Christmas-time 1916. 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse. I am a total dud. I lie in bed and stare at the ceiling. Every-

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one is very kind to me. My mother wants me to go to southern France with her, but I prefer to lie in bed and not have to wash skillets and cook cocoa. I cannot write. Even a short letter irritates me. I am a washout. I should have been conked off in one of those bombing raids down at Bar-le-Duc. I have had many visitors. They say kind things to me. I say nothing. I think nothing. I do nothing. I am a dud. Paris is a sad place. My inheritance is going rapidly. Robert is driving his camion. Chester Payton visited me. He limped heavily on two crutches. He has been decorated with the War Cross and with palms. I have been decorated with nothing but the sadness of my memory.

April 10, 1917. America is in the war. I am already feeling better. Have just recovered from a visit by my mother. It was of two weeks' duration. It was worse than the battle of Verdun. She thinks I am terrible. I don't think about her at all. I know she's terrible. And as I have done my bit and she hasn't, she is unbelievably jealous. She still blames me for the disappearance of the Count Henri de Placervillers—as if that wasn't a favor to all parties concerned. Some people can't recognize a favor when they see it.

The German press is amused at the entrance of America into the war. They might yet have a chance to laugh on the other side of their square faces. But my diary bores me. I am not as egocentric as I was a year ago. Van Cleve Richardson said it took genuine egocentricity to write a per-

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petual diary. I said no, it merely took me. Poor Van has disappeared.

My mother still uses smelling salts every time I mention my exploits with the armies. I feel like saying, Woman, take that bottle away from your nose and try to be a human being. I suppose I will be cursed in some future life for my inconsiderate attitude toward my mother. But I'm her very own child. She can't deny that, although she has lived to regret it.

June 15, 1917. Saw American soldiers on the streets of Paris today. Also met ambulance men who say they are on a strike. They came over here to drive ambulances and now the headquarters up at Rue Rayounard wants to make them drive camions. Some interesting things are happening.

October 26th, 1917. 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse. I have been all summer engaged at the Red Cross Headquarters. Today was my last day. Tomorrow I go to the newly organized aviation camp at Issoudun in the county of Indre. I will once more be a canteener. It is my job. I have never liked being in the Red Cross Headquarters. In more than a year I have only written seventeen pages in my diary. What a pity! I shall have more to record at Issoudun. Paris is getting to be full of Americans. Many are Red Cross and YMCA people.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

October 28, 1917. En route. As I ride along from Paris to Issoudun I seem to be picking up energy. This is the beginning of a new epoch in my life—after such a long rest in Paris when I could really do nothing good. We are passing through the Chasse country. There are many lovely *châteaux* down here and the most interesting hunting lodges.

October 28, 1917. Issoudun. Hotel de France. At last I am a backslider, as Jackass Jackson says. I am in the back areas far from the real war. Issoudun is a quaint little village. It boasts of a tower built by Richard Coeur de Lion, heaven knows how many years ago. There are many Americans around, but they look very strange and out of place. They give me the so-called glad eye thinking I am a French "dame." I have been to the office of the Military Police. He is a very charming person. His name is Lieut. Blair. He speaks French like a native. He telephoned to the aviation camp where I am to have my post. They will send in for me and my baggage.

There is a French Officers' school nearby. They passed through town early this morning on a practice march, singing *Madelon.* The little maid who brought up my

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breakfast, said, "They are very handsome, those aspirants. Is it not so, Madame?" The servants always Madame me these days; I must be looking old, or very much in love—which I am not.

Later in the same day. Alas! I have seen the famous Issoudun flying camp. It is a swell camp perhaps, but there is no flying—only dull drab looking barracks, and a few Besaneaux hangars (I suppose that is the way they spell it). The American officers are terrible, but the soldiers are wonderful. We have a little canteen about six meters wide and twenty meters long, in which we cook, eat, feed soldiers, congregate, show the cinema, house the piano, etc. etc. The air is so thick I could chop it with a hatchet any time. We live in a little wooden building exactly the same size—sometimes one to a room and sometimes two to a room. The walls are one thickness of very thin wood and there is no form of heat except a stove that will not draw. It is also supplied with briquets, which are no longer coal, but only black earth. Our directress is a mighty nice person, however.

I am faintly reminded of the first days at Bar-le-Duc, except I miss Irene and the lion-tamer a great deal. But the American soldiers are going to be a great comfort to me because they have such a delicious sense of humor. If the officers will only let me alone and the directress is as nice as she seems. Today I washed about a million tin cups.

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October 29th. Issoudun. The American private is an unbelievable person. As soon as he puts on his khaki, he forgets all his education and his culture and becomes a buck private in every sense of the word. Today I asked one of them how long he had been here. He said, "Sister, take it from papa, I've been here since Heck was a pup and she's a big grown-up growler now, and I'll no doubt be here until Hell freezes over. And guess what papa's been doin'!" I made several bum guesses. He said, "Diggin' latrines and followin' a bunch of Heinie prisoners around on the garbage details. How's that for a mining engineer from Denver, Col.?" I asked him why he didn't join the engineers. He said he wanted to fly and joined a squadron, thinking it was hot stuff, but it worked out to be a dud. They call him Bozo.

I went to the quartermaster's storehouse today and bought a pair of shoes. They call them hobnail shoes. They weigh like lead but are said to be mud proof. Several girls wear rubber boots.

There is a big rambling YMCA here, but nothing much happens in it. After sundown today I walked up to a little village named Vaux with one of our girls (she is Bessie to me) and had some real food. There were several soldiers there too. Two of them had been in the camion service and remembered me from Bar-le-Duc. One is extremely handsome. They recounted the days at Rue Rayounard in Paris when the Americans called them Croix de Guerre hunters because they didn't join up in the U. S. army as soon as the States got into it.

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November 2nd. We have named Issoudun the muddiest hole in France. The work here is very hard. I dress up to go to bed. One must keep warm somehow. The officers are a dud bunch, but the privates are gorgeous. My friend Bozo has graduated to calling me "sweet mama." He has also shaved. None of his buddies know him. Yesterday he brought me a gift. It was a round bar of Roger and Gallet's perfumed soap. How I do love it! He had one of the camion drivers buy it for him in Issoudun.

October 4th. A great gang of Aviation Cadets (*soi-disant*) arrived today. The sun shone a little while this morning and I went out to look at the phenomenon. There stood a long line of American camions full of newcomers. They were yelling: "Where do we go from here? When in the Hell do we eat? Where is the war? Bring on the dizzy blondes, we'll show 'em!" One camion was full of small trunks and rolls of blankets. That means they are more than plain privates. They started singing a song about a place called Indiana, but on seeing me they only hummed the last line. I'd love to know all that song. I'll have to ask Bozo about it.

One of the cadets spoke to me and I acted as if I couldn't understand English. The others said, "Batten down, soldier, pull in your flippers, she's a frog." Just then an officer came along and directed them to their barracks at the very end of the company street. It's nearly a kilometer from our canteen. As they left, one of them said, "Good-

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by, little frog legs—we'll see you in our next." They are a very handsome lot. None of them were shaved, however.

Some time later. Some of the newly-arrived cadets came in after their evening mess. We had motion pictures for them. They ate us out of sandwiches and drank up all the tea, coffee and cocoa. They are the hungriest people I ever saw. I asked a group of them if they expected to fly soon. They shouted out a laugh and said, "No, lady, not soon, if at all. You see, we were honor students at ground school," (whatever that is) "and they sent us over quick so we could dig the latrines and build the barracks for the German prisoners." These new cadets have no respect for their officers at all, but they are simply wonderful fellows. All the girls in the canteen are crazy about them, and the officers at headquarters are very jealous about it. The cinema was that funny man Charlot. His American name is Charles Chaplin. Later a group of Senegalese came in and a cadet they call Hunky Joe played the national airs on the piano. The Senegalese sang the Marseillaise as I have never heard it. Then the Americans sang their national anthem, and later a song about "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." Many of the cadets had tears in their eyes.

Backsliding at Issoudun is simply marvelous. I love it. If we were only near the war.

November 5th. Issoudun. More rain and more mud. Also more cadets. They are into everything. They also shovel cinders for the making of roads.

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November 6th. Issoudun. An impromptu musical show at the YMCA tonight. All the RC girls were invited. The Toothbrush Quartette from the 57th Squadron sang some very touching little songs, mostly off pitch. Then a cadet named Bill Irving played the piano beautifully. Then the cadet named Hunky Joe and another named Richman sang some duets and later Hunky Joe sang some of the music of La Bohême. I was transported back to the *Opéra Comique.*

After the performance was over I went back to the canteen to clean up for the night. There was a cadet named Charley Morrison. He helped me wash cups. He has black eyes just like Dixie Williams. He stopped occasionally during the washing of the cups and looked at me. I was most awfully uncomfortable. There is something strangely attractive about him. He is also from Kentucky.

All during our conversation he called me honey. He walked with me to the door of our barracks. It was moonlight. The camp was very still.

November 7th. Issoudun. They are building an electric lighting plant. It will be right beside our canteen. They have also installed a bugler. He will blow all day and part of the night.

The cadets are building barracks and roads. Some of them have taken up cooking. Charley Morrison came in to talk to me tonight. He has a wonderfully persuasive quality in his voice.

I am going to teach a group of cadets and officers the

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French language. Each one will pay one franc fifty per lesson.

November 10th. The cadets have received their first mail from the States. It caused much excitement. Cinema tonight. During the picture Charley sat beside me on the floor. By some accident our hands touched and then our fingers got tangled. I almost grew faint. It was very lovely. He did not say good night. He only bowed and went away. I don't believe he could talk.

November 12th. Issoudun. Saw Charley a short while today. He was very much embarrassed. I cannot understand myself. Christmas time 1915 when I lost Dixie Williams I thought I could never feel close to another man. Now I am so tremendously moved by Charley that I make all kinds of mistakes in my work. I burn myself while cooking, and cut my fingers instead of the bread. Charley has been helping in the construction of a *chef* pilot's house out on the main flying field.

November 14th. Tonight I walked up to Vaux with Bessie. Charley was there as we had arranged. We had dinner together. It was very lovely. He said that being with me made him feel as if he was reborn. I can't resist that boy. Bessie likes him too.

I see Bozo almost every day. He is a little disappointed that I will not be his sweet mama. The singing cook came in late this afternoon and sang *On The Road to Mandalay.*

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It seems to be his only song, but he does it well and with much energy—perhaps too much.

November 15th. The boys have decided that they came to France to fight and not to study, so the French lessons are over—French lesson, I should say, because there was only one. And even then, there were so many jokes made the cadets didn't learn any French. I had a good time though. Charley went to town today for a bath. It is the first one the poor lad has had since October 12th, when he left New York. He told me that the keeper of the bath-house (a middle-aged woman) tried to date him up with her daughter. I shall murder that bath-house keeper if she isn't careful.

November 18th. There was a boxing tonight. All the girls attended. It was in the YMCA. The licks were very hard. Charley and I walked home in the darkness. He held my hand inside his great coat pocket. The bugler plays from morning to night. Some of his calls are very musical. Some are rather dull. The electric light plant is in operation.

November 19th. Issoudun. The cadets are going to do what is called guard duty. It means to walk up and down in the mud for two hours watching for the enemy and for fires, and then sleep four hours and then go out and march up and down for two hours again. It is very unsatisfactory to the cadets. I said so to one of the officers and he said, "Miss, this war is no holiday for any of us.

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Those cadets might as well get it into their heads that they are nothing but privates, and get to like being privates too."

Charley calls the cadet guard the "Million Dollar Guard" because the cadets get 570 francs a month from the government for flying but are not flying at all. It is as much as a French General gets. I don't understand the American Army at all. Neither do the cadets.

November 20th. A soldier on guard is not supposed to shoot his rifle, but the cadets shoot anyhow. They shoot at everything that moves. Anyone who stays out late is in a very dangerous position. He may be bumped off by a cadet guard for doing nothing. Charley said that he slept in a hangar last night. It was full of airplanes with their wings all folded up like sleeping birds.

November 21st. Bozo said to me this morning that the war interfered with his meals and he was against it. If he had known it was going to last this long he would have joined the ship builders and ultimately graduated to the filthy rich. Last night the cadets did a lot of unnecessary shooting. One cadet had a bun on and was shooting at what he thought was an apparition or a ghost, but it proved to be a wandering cow. They say that this proved the cadets to be unfit for infantry duty. They are poor marksmen. The cow is still alive.

November 22nd. Charley writes me a little note every day. It sounds childish but it isn't. Hunky Joe got hit on

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the head last night while crawling around in an ammunition hangar. They think it was a hungry private looking for a can of beef or some jam. Nevertheless, as soon as the news got around the cadets went out after revenge. There was an awful lot of shooting after that. The German prisoners have their wind up.

November 23rd. Hunky Joe is back from the hospital. He said it was terrible. They fed him salmon and sliced raw onions and black coffee. It must have been bad. He said that gold fish has never been food from his point of view and the army version of gold fish is simply terrible. Hunky has a bump on his head and a hazy story of what happened. There are several bullet holes in the top of the hangar to prove that there was a battle.

November 29th. Issoudun. Today is what the Americans call Thanksgiving Day. There were very beautiful dinners everywhere. The feed bag contained turkeys and other standard American foods. Many of the cadets had a bun on. One of them dropped his dinner on the ground and scraped it back into his mess kit and ate it all the same. Another lay in his bunk (he was the mail censor). He had a terrible bun on. Someone painted I AM DRUNK on his forehead with black paint. It caused an awful fight.

I can't resist Charley. Something tells me that I love him.

December 2nd. If I could only talk to Charley an hour without someone looking on. Rain. Mud. More mud than at the Verdun front.

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December 3rd. The cadets will not fall out for their first call in the morning. A few get up and put on rubber boots and an overcoat, without dressing otherwise. They answer the roll for the others; then they go back to bed. It is a farce, but the cadets are getting even for standing guard over empty hangars.

There is a spy scare in camp. Everyone is suspected. I am, most of all, because I am not an American.

December 4th. Captain K. is going to have a newspaper. The cadets are all excited over it because it will be run by three cadets. There was a little show in the YMCA tonight. There was also a boxing. The Measles Trio performed and the singing cook sang *On The Road to Mandalay.* Cadets Irving, Richman and Hunky Joe performed. The fighters came out and the crowd yelled, "Sock 'im in the eye! Put the KO on that hayshaker! Don't swing like a barn door. Look out, he'll sock you below the belt! Poke 'im on the button." I sat beside Charley and we said nothing much. We sat very close. Later we danced a few dances. The American boys have a very interesting manner of dancing. In hobnail shoes dancing is not much of a joy, however, except that Charley could take me in his arms. My knees were very weak when he did it. I must be in love with him. He is so much like Dixie. He lets me do all the worrying while he looks on with his wonderful black eyes full of love. He is more of a lover, however, than Dixie ever could have been.

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December 6th. Thursday. Issoudun. There is a camp barber, a cadet called "Fieldmouse." They call him this because he will not get out of bed—like a field mouse, staying under cover all winter. The camp newspaper will come out on Saturday the 8th. Cadet Tucker, Cadet Hunky Joe and Cadet Bones Miller will be the editors and printers. Cadet Tucker is a wild-eyed lad from the Virginias. He has a very villainous moustache, but his manner is that of a southerner—very polite, etc. He also makes the best hot rum in camp. This is, of course, rumor. I have never tasted any of it.

December 7th. Issoudun. RC Canteen. All men have looked alike to me for two years. But Charley is different. I am afraid that I am terribly in love with him. He says that he will get a post in Issoudun proper on the Military Police, because it is better than standing guard in the mud around empty hangars. He and I will also be able to meet in Issoudun perhaps, when no one is looking on. That will be heaven.

December 8th. Saturday. Issoudun. RC Canteen. The newspaper appeared today. It has no name. It is titled the *What Shall We Call It.* We are selling the paper for the cadets at 50 centimes a copy. The first printing of 500 is entirely exhausted and a second edition will have to be run off. Bones Miller, the printer, is in the hospital with the pneumonia from working so hard on the new newspaper. But Cadet Tucker said Hunky Joe is all right. He is not very sober, but will recover by Monday perhaps.

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There is a very funny poem in the newspaper about castor oil and iodine. Also about the cadets belonging to the RFC. I don't get that one.

December 9th. Sunday. Two gifts in the mail today from Chester Payton. A pair of the most lovely satin boudoir slippers with blue pompoms on the toes and a volume of verse by Walt Whitman. I tried to buy some of these poems when I was in Paris last but was unsuccessful. Chester found them at Brentano's.

Press Mission of France visited the newspaper offices and also came into the canteen. M. le Comte Guy Louis de Mirepoix headed the Mission. It was very thrilling to serve them coffee. I talked to them because I spoke the best French. Lieut. Blair was also on hand. He is the Provost Marshal, the one who locks the privates up when they are naughty.

Big football game later. I have never seen anything like it. It resembles the war without the firing of guns.

Went up to Vaux with Charley after sundown. It was still and cold. He held me in his arms, and kissed me. He then unbuttoned his coat and made me unbutton mine so he could hug me closer. I cannot describe it. My appetite was gone. We haven't mentioned love so far. I'm so glad. Talk about love is so silly when action and expression of love are possible. He held my hand under the table during dinner.

December 10th. The chief cadet is named Sandy Hamilton. He is a giant of both body and strength. He was tell-

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ing me today about the troubles he has in making the boys get up. He goes through the barracks and shouts, "Both feet on the deck! Rise and shine! Break out, break out!" But nothing happens. He says he doesn't blame the boys. But the C. O. has appointed him sergeant over the outfit and he has to do his duty. Sandy and Charley are very good buddies. Charley will go to the Issoudun M. P. job under Lieut. Blair very soon.

Letter from my brother Robert. He will leave the service of the ambulance on the 1st of January and enter the American Aviation. He has been driving some kind of a camion or an ambulance now since August 1914. He says that the gang at the Rue Rayounard headquarters in Paris are very sore at the U. S. authorities. The ambulance men are called Croix de Guerre hunters and do not like it at all.

The newspaper has taken on a man in Bones Miller's place. Bones is in the hospital. The new man is named Cadet Nash. He is also a southerner. There is a rumor going around that the Red Cross up at Paris will give the camp a real printing press. Capt. Kearney and Lieut. George are working out the details. Corporal Pete runs the power house. The motor bangs all night long. I go to sleep to the rhythm of Pete's gasoline engine.

Hunky Joe has graduated to being the camp bandmaster. He has a group of players who managed to smuggle their instruments into France. They are really terrible, and the noises they make are certainly not music. But Hunky Joe has faith. A boy died in the camp hospital

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today. He will be buried tomorrow. The band will play at the funeral. It will be their first appearance. We are all wondering what will happen.

December 11th. Big show at the YMCA last night. Capt. Ransome of the Quartermaster's outfit was the hero. Next came the cadets—Cadet Gude with his one-stringed fiddle, Hunky Joe, Cadet Irving, the Measles Trio, the Toothbrush Four, etc. An announcement was made about the big show Christmas; it will be a minstrel show.

Heavy fall of snow. Post band is playing all morning these days. At the funeral today when the order to play was given they blew into their horns but they were frozen up so only squeaks came out. And all the while the body was being lowered into the grave. Someone suggested a non-freezing attachment. The horn-blowers are in disgrace but they are still practising.

December 16th. There is a little flying nowadays. There is a student pilot here named Lieut. Eddie Rickenbacker. He is very popular with the Red Cross girls. He is awfully handsome and very gracious to us—more than the others, except perhaps the one named Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt.

December 19th. Whenever the professional talent comes from Paris to perform very few boys go to listen, but whenever the local boys act, the house is crowded. The YMCA secretary says he cannot let the boys use the YMCA piano for the Christmas performance because

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they got drunk last time and damaged the instrument. As if anything could damage those terrible French uprights! They were born damaged. Hunky Joe, who is rehearsing the music of the minstrel show, says that when the time comes they will take the piano and the entire YMCA building by force, if necessary. He said, "Who are we fighting this war for, the YMCA?" It is a fair question.

The name of the camp newspaper is the *Plane News*. Sergeant Demming of the 56th Aero Squadron thought of it. There will be a real printing press. It will come down from Paris. Cadet Tucker and Cadet Shook are going to Paris to select it.

Expect to see Charley tomorrow. He will be off duty a while. The cadets are still on guard duty. They shoot more than ever. They go up to the ammunition hangar and steal ammunition when they run out. Our nights are very trying. The cadets spend part of their time shooting at lights. They think someone is signalling information. It is just to terrorize the officers.

December 20th. Charley and I will try to spend a holiday in the little town of Vierzon, where he is going with a comrade to arrest two deserters. I have asked for leave. It will be for two days. I cannot suppose what will really happen. Vierzon is a very small town on the railway about 25 kilometers from here. I tried to be logical about Charley but I could not be. It will be so marvelous to be with someone I really care for—not as I care for my brother—but as one cares for a lover.

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I will leave here the morning of the 22nd. Charley will meet me in Vierzon about noon time. It is the first really thrilling adventure I have experienced since the early days of September 1914, when Pauline and I were in the middle of the war. I wonder where Pauline is.

December 21st. Tomorrow may be an important day in my life. I can only think about my adorable boy Charley. I worked with incredible speed today. I only hope that nothing happens to him before he can get to Vierzon. I ate my slum tonight and liked it for the first time since I have been in Issoudun. Love is extraordinary stuff. Tomorrow—tomorrow—what will it bring!

December 23rd. Issoudun. Red Cross. I could write nothing while I was away, and now that I am back I can only think of how I love my boy, my soldier. I got to Vierzon without accident and so did Charley. He and his buddy found the deserters and sent them back to camp so they could surrender themselves and get a light sentence. If they had been arrested they might have been shot for deserting in war time. Then Charley came to the little hotel where I was. It was just time for noon mess. We ate in my room. There was a fireplace in the room. Charley and I sat in front of it.

I thought of the *Médecin Chef* at Montdidier—how he told me that love was a sickness—a fever that sometimes burned the very heart out of a man or a woman. But that, after all, love was worth while, particularly during the time of its unfortunately short life. I sat on a little low

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settee and Charley sat on the floor with his head in my lap.

He was wooing me in the exquisite manner I had always hoped for. The sunset slipped away ever so silently. Outside it was moonlight and snow. Inside it was warmth and the most exquisite atmosphere of love. After dinner, which we also had in my room, we extinguished the lights. The darkness was very deep. It was soft. It caressed us into sleep. There was a message in Charley's blood. I answered it. I had never known happiness until that moment. He is my precious soldier. I adore him, and he loves me.

If my happiness would stop this minute I would not regret what I have done. And as soon as the war is over Charley and I will be married. Perhaps before. We might go to some out-of-the-way city and be married before the authorities knew what they were really doing. Things like that happen in out-of-the-way places.

I somehow can't remember much else about Vierzon, except that the next morning when I awoke I found each of my boudoir slippers snuggled into one of Charley's military shoes. They looked very cunning and they fitted very easily. Charley said he did it late in the night when I was asleep so as to surprise me when I awoke. He also said it was a symbol—a symbol of how his love will swallow me up, will envelop me. The rest of the trip is very hazy, very much like a dream. I can only remember Charley's lips against mine and the delicious sinking feeling in my throat and the twisting in my arms and my insane desire to crush him to my body.

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I can close my eyes and see it all over again. I know the *Médecin Chef* was right. Love is worth while.

December 24th. All day long I could think of nothing but my soldier boy. He said I might call him Chick. It's a name they called him at school in Kentucky. People said things to me today, but I didn't hear them. I must stop and go over to the YMCA and see the rehearsal of the minstrel show.

Much later. The show will be a very unusual affair. It *will* happen. Hunky Joe spoke to the C. O. and to Capt. Kearney about the unwillingness of the YMCA man to allow the boys to use the piano. The C. O. and the Captain said to use the piano by any unofficial force they found necessary. It seems that the YMCA man thought better of his high resolve. Cadet Nash is the middle man in the minstrel show. I don't understand the jokes. Bones Miller is very sick in the hospital. I am awfully weary. The ground is frozen. We have no mud for once. I am terribly lonely without Charley.

Christmas Night. 1917. The minstrel show was stunning, but I can think of nothing but Charley. He is my own flesh and blood. I feel sometimes as if he were my own son, but then that cannot be because I am his wife. When I try to think of other things I can only remember the beautiful night I spent in his strong arms. Vierzon will always be a way station to heaven. It may even be

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heaven, who knows! How greedy we are in life to repeat our beautiful moments!

The YMCA man was right in supposing that the cadets would not be very sober. Two of them had such a bun on that they fell down during the performance. This was thought by the audience to be a rehearsed part of the play and was applauded endlessly. The players had some milk punch. It was mostly cognac and *eau de vie*—very little milk. I know how much because they stole it from our kitchen in the afternoon. It was two small tins of evaporated. This was used to make a very large bucket of punch. No wonder there was so much falling down!

The piano was also damaged. When it came time for Cadet Irving to play, he could not and he was cold sober too! Someone had dropped a bottle down inside the mechanism. There was a YMCA lady from Paris. She also sang to a uke.

Best of all, Charley sat beside me. The girls in the canteen are beginning to whisper about us. Also Bozo. He is very down-hearted because I will not be his sweet mama.

The most excitement of the day was when there was a distribution of gifts. I don't know whether the gifts came from the Red Cross or from the YMCA, but I do know that the men were photographed by the motion picture men with gifts in their hands. Then the gifts were taken back and given to other soldiers and photographed all over again. I don't know which group kept the gifts. They were tiny imitation stockings full of trinkets. It was rather childish I thought.

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Then in the afternoon someone went into the YMCA and bought some cigarettes. They were Lucky Strike cigarettes—a kind I have only recently encountered. I do not like to smoke them. However, after the boys had *purchased* the cigarettes they discovered inside a little legend which read as follows: Compliments of the Elsie Janis Tobacco Fund. Merry Christmas, etc. Elsie Janis seems to be a very rich woman in America. The soldiers were so mad they wanted to murder the YMCA man, but I don't believe they did. However, this will be an excellent chance for some cadet with a little extra ammunition. The cadets seem to be like crusaders, avenging all the wrongs in camp. There is a very bitter feeling about the Elsie Janis cigarettes, however.

I am going to Issoudun tomorrow a little while to see Charley.

December 27th. Issoudun. It was more wonderful than ever. Charley and I seemed to know one another so much better. If we could only be married. When the war is over Charley and I can go back to Belgium and he can be the master of the Namur Farm. I stayed at the Hotel des Messageries. In Issoudun there is a place called the "Teddy Room." It is a very vulgar place, but very funny. They drink and sing and make rather unsuccessful love at one another. I feel sorry for the Americans. All of them want so much to have a sweetheart and the only girls they can meet are street girls and waitresses in cafés. America will have a strange opinion of France, probably.

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On the night of the 26th I told Charley I wanted to see the American Army shoot a real crap game, so he had several of his M. P. buddies come to the Messageries for dinner. I was like the hostess and it was a very charming event. Later the boys did the crap game. I thought I knew something about the game, but the American Army plays it so rapidly that I couldn't possibly keep up with the betting. The ambulance men were amateurs at crap shooting compared to the cadets. After all, there is no army on earth like the cadets. Of that I am quite sure.

A new issue of the *Plane News* is out. It is manufactured in the new style on the new press. It looks for all the world like a newspaper. There is a cartoon in it about me. It was drawn by Cadet Shook. He is fat and very cheerful. The cartoon is titled "Miss A. R. C.", but they told me it was for me—all by myself. I am very stuck up, as the Americans say.

The cadets have a new commanding officer every few days. No one can make them mind. The last one said he would break them and they said, "Louder, more—atta-boy!" What could he do! The cadets are the greatest body of undisciplined troops on earth. But down in his heart the boss up at headquarters thinks they are fine—however, a bit trying at times.

The ground is frozen so hard that the graves in the graveyard must be dug by blasting. The German prisoners do this blasting. When the cadets hear it they shout, "Bravo!" and drink toasts to the next one to go west. The cadets are irresponsible.

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January 1st, 1918. It is very late. I had dinner up at Vaux with Charley. It is bright moonlight. We walked back together. The guards and the cadets seem to think it is all right for Charley and me to be together. No one says anything. I will possibly be dismissed sometime, but I will always have Vierzon to remember. Just at midnight as Charley was going back to Issoudun the firing began. The cadet barracks seemed to be the center of the excitement.

Every man was shooting, celebrating the New Year. Some shot through the roof, others stood outside the barracks on the little steps. There was also shooting at the German prisoners' camp. Charley kissed me good-by and hurried over so he could get into it too. I was terribly worried. An officer, who I believe was Major Spatz, came from Headquarters. He shouted, "Who is shooting?" And they said there was no shooting. Then it would break out again in the other end of the barracks and the Major would run down there and say, "Who is shooting?" And they answered, "No one is shooting."

He ran back and forth this way until he got tired and went away. He said the cadets are totally impossible as soldiers; but since the aviators didn't really belong to the army, it wouldn't matter.

How fortunate I am to start the year with a wonderful lover. To know that someone really loves me for myself, and not for what I may inherit some day. For after all, I may not inherit anything. I love him so. My adorable Chicky!

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

AND thereupon 1918 began with a bang. Almost at once there was an influx of belated Christmas gifts. I was among the recipients, and I doubt if mine were selected with any more judgment than a thousand other misfits I saw or heard tell of in the next two weeks. It seems that the parents back in the States were given as much conflicting advice about what soldier boys needed in making the big war as one would encounter in the dress rehearsal of a musical show with two active producers.

I received the usual ill-fitting underwear from my mother. But I found use for it. At Issoudun there was little chance for style. The pathetic part of the 1917 Christmas was the great number of smashed packages that arrived from the States, full of the most extraordinary hand-knitted sweaters and socks—socks with points on the toes and heels—socks that never saw a soldier's foot.

Some packages contained broken cameras. Others contained dried-out fruit cakes. One lad received a baked chicken dipped in paraffin to preserve it from deterioration. The paraffin did preserve the chicken from deterioration, but not from decomposition. When the package was opened someone suggested a gas mask.

It was also a period when a lot of flapdoodle was being

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fed out to the public back in the States. Every new contingent brought better yarns about the war. They had read them in the New York Dailies before they sailed. That made them true—drivel or no drivel. These wild-eyed crusaders soon got wise to themselves, however, and battened down before the merciless raspberrying they received from the more initiate.

The war was, of course, costing the Allies important money, but it never seemed to matter to the Americans. They carried on with such a lavish hand. The street corners in America echoed with Liberty Bond sales. No one thought of how those bonds would be paid off or when. The next generation would take up that problem.

The word "big" got into everything the Americans did. If a thing wasn't "big" it wasn't right. Issoudun started "big." The French were appalled at the conception of the place. They were not surprised, however, at the small amount of results it produced—at the time it took to get it under way.

In our canteen we tried to cheer up as much of the army as came near us. We tried to supplement the Quartermaster's storehouse with a few things that we thought the boys would like. We knew they were well tired of monkey meat and canned bill. Slumgullion is not a delicacy even when one is ravenously hungry. Our bread at that time came in camions from the French bakeries. It was not the usual French war bread, but field bakery army bread and the boys didn't thrive on it. The Americans were accustomed to eating white bread—a deadly custom

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too. But white things mean pure things to the Western World.

The army and the Red Cross got together about that time and constructed a bath-house and delousing plant. It was known as Lieut. George's Renovating Parlor. Cadet Bill did a cartoon of it once. It was a godsend (the Renovating Parlor—not the cartoon) and saved the boys the trouble and risk of going into the town of Issoudun to the public bathing places.

The local hospital continued to be a scandal. We also developed a unique group of camp characters, the most interesting being the liars. Stud Samuels, who said he shot a man once because he had a skillet in his hand. And Nertz Nelson, whose tale of his experience with Cook or Perry or some other far northern explorer was as good as Traprock's Northern Exposure. Dumb John (who came by his name because he had such a dumb look on his face the boys could see it in the dark) went the rounds with a winning smile and a "line" that was worth a dollar a word. Sloppy Sam was another who told of testing airplanes before he ever got off the ground.

The Post Band began to flourish. Some new instruments came from the never-never land of all good things, namely the Red Cross at Paris, and the boys began to play on the pitch. The *Plane News* began to get out special editions with pages of cartoons, and the Red Cross was about to begin the construction of a marvelous group of buildings —buildings for mending shops, officers' mess, rest rooms library, laundry, diet kitchens, etc.

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But the cadets were low. They were so low that they might have crawled under a rug and never made a bump. They wanted to fly. They were still standing guard. Some of them were even in the guard house. They wandered hither and yon—A. W. O. L., "on the loose", as they said. The champagne episode is the first entry in my 1918 diary. It involved an entire barracks full of prospective American aviators.

January 5th. Issoudun. Saw my adorable boy Charley today and I hope to kick your hat in the creek if he hasn't a new outfit. He ran into a uniform-maker in Issoudun and had the old frog make up a new outfit. The breeches are of whipcord. Charley looks like a British Colonel, all except the shoulder pips and the gold braid. The cadets are all under arrest. Some officer found half a bottle of champagne under one of the bunks and no one would claim it. The entire barracks was arrested.

January 6th. Issoudun. Charley sent me a gift—a pair of pink, woolly bed socks with feathery fur around the tops of them. He found them in Chateauroux and said he couldn't help buying them, they looked so like me. I adore them. Chateauroux is a popular place for the cadets just now; the A. W. O. L.'s go there all the time. Charley and I are planning a little trip either to Limoges or to Chateauroux. The cadets are still under arrest. No one will tell about the champagne. They go to mess under a guard of enlisted men. There is much booing and raspberrying. The camp stands still without the cadets.

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Many of them are employed at Headquarters; others are cooks; some are doing odd jobs at the flying field. The remainder stand guard. There has been no guard duty since the cadets went under arrest. The camp is still here and is also unmolested, proving that the guard was a washout and unnecessary from the beginning.

January 7th. Issoudun. Cadets are out from under arrest. It was futile. New expression for side car driver, "baby killer". Also Ford Automobile, "oil can". Stud Samuels came in today and said he could swear longer and louder than any man in the U. S. Army of America. He said that the only thing that could stop him when he got started was when his tongue got tired. Stud is perhaps the most delicious liar in the outfit.

Tonight something happened that frightened me. Charley and I were standing outside a moment, just before he went back to duty. He took me in his arms and held me very tight, and when I recovered enough to see, there stood the one girl in the canteen whom I dislike. Charley is terribly worried. I am not. I belong to Charley and Charley belongs to me. What else can matter! Letters from Chester Payton. He is still flying with his Chasse Escadrille.

Charley and I are planning a little trip to Limoges.

January 10th. Stud Samuels says his mother wrote him a letter and told him to fly low and slow. What advice to give an aviator—the worst thing he could do! (Stud actu-

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ally thinks he will fly some day.) Stud also said he had no idea of sitting on a cloud strumming a "do re mi" on a ten cent store harp this summer. (Ten cent store was explained to me but I didn't get it.) Charley is perhaps the most adorable person on earth. His love for me has made me an entirely different person. I am so glad these days—even Bozo and the other boys notice it. Bozo calls me his little wren. The American wren is called "Jenny". There is also an American airplane called a Jenny. It is unpopular, however—a washout, according to Charley.

January 11th. Issoudun. The tall cadet cook named Doc brought me a beautiful beefsteak from the best cut. It was a gift, he said. It seems that the Quartermaster has just distributed many quarters of beef, all wrapped up in sackcloth, and out of one of these Doc cut me a steak. We prepared it with *frits* and it was wonderful. It is the first really tender beef I have encountered in a long while. We have had so much horse meat recently.

January 14th, Issoudun. I have been to Limoges. I went to Issoudun and met Charley. Everyone in Limoges thought Charley was a very important American person. They have seen very few Americans down that way. I was treated with great consideration. We visited the china factory.

I love Charley unbelievably. He says we must be married—somehow. We were gone from Issoudun just eleven hours.

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January 15th. Fieldmouse, the barber, has been on a trip. He travelled free on the French railroads. He did it this way. Inside the stoves the cadets have in their barracks there was a very large diploma telling about the stove and the metal and the excellence of the workmanship. It was a very official-looking diploma and had many stamps on it and a big red seal in the lower right-hand corner. Fieldmouse showed one of these diplomas to the French railway conductors and they thought it was an *ordre de transport* written in English. All of them except one thought this; the last one could read English. He read the diploma through and pronounced it very interesting and then demanded Fieldmouse's ticket. That ended the barber's travels. He is in the guard house. Four cadets have gone to Paris. They will go from there to Italy to fly with the so-called Wops. The camp is full of rumors.

January 16th. Fire last night in the cadet cook house. Very funny.

January 17th. I am dismissed from Issoudun. I thought my present state of happiness was too good to last. Perhaps the one enemy I had told on me, or maybe it is that they have a post for me in Paris. I am leaving tomorrow morning early. I will go into Issoudun this afternoon, where I hope to see my dear boy to tell him good-by. It's all too terrible, but I have Vierzon and Limoges to remember.

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January 19th. 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse. Paris. Charley and I stayed up all night and talked. He is ready to die, he is so unhappy because he says it is his fault that I had to leave Issoudun. He put me on the train at the Issoudun station. Today I had a letter from him. I went to the Red Cross Hdqtrs. and it seems that I am dismissed for good—my services seem no longer to be necessary. I suppose they think I am a bad girl. I am going to make Charley a little Annette and Rin-tin-tin for his flying cap when he flies.

January 20th. Paris, France. Last night after Alice and I went to bed we talked a long while in the darkness. We talked about Charley. Later I got to thinking about him and I got up and found his letters and took them to bed with me. It is all I have to remember him by just now. Tomorrow I shall go over to the YMCA Hdqtrs. and ask to join their canteens. They pay their canteeners something every month, I am told, and this will be very fortunate for me as my inheritance is getting lower and lower all the while. Mother is in the south of France—is organizing a home for disabled soldiers. Has finally given up nursing.

January 21st. YMCA will take me. I will have something to do with liaison for a while because I know the French language and also some German. The boys at Issoudun used to call the YMCA folks flat-feeters. They should see the flat-feeters or flat-foots in Paris. Ada is also in the

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YMCA. She is being pursued by the flat-foots. I am not. If I never associated with another man in my life I should be just as well pleased. Charley has filled my life. I can think of nothing else. The YMCA men call the YMCA girls "dumb bunnies." There is a conference very often. The word "conference" is a new one. It means to get together and say the same thing over until everyone is very bored and then say what a good conference it was and hope inside your heart that there will never be another.

Went out to the Hotel Mediterrane today to investigate some mail for the Y. There was enough undirected mail there to fill a steamship. Many Christmas packages, mostly broken open.

Also to the Aviation Headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne. It is at 45. Very swank building. Many officers running around—mostly ground hogs or "Kiwis," the kind the cadets detest most—small Kiwis. A big Kiwi is not so unpopular. But a small one—terrible!

January 22nd. Letter from my brother Robert. He is at a place called St. Maixent. This war is surely educational. One learns all about the small villages. Robert says that he is a flying cadet. I know exactly what that means. He is also standing guard and doing M. P. duty in the burg of St. Maixent. He says that the cadets bother the C. O. as much as possible and that the life in the U. S. Army is very dull compared to the life in the ambulance. He ought to be at Issoudun, poor dear. At least, he is not in a mudhole. He said his comrades used all the contents of

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the Pyrene fire extinguisher to clean the spots off their uniforms. Then the C. O. was very much offended. So the cadets filled the Pyrenes with gasoline. The C. O. had a big fire of boxes and empty crates built. He wanted to demonstrate the use of a fire extinguisher. But the extinguishers were full of gasoline and they only made the fire burn more beautifully. The C. O. threw the extinguishers into the bonfire and declared that the cadets were incorrigible, which I knew long ago.

February 2nd. Charley has been visiting me for two days. We went to the opera, also to the Bal de la Bouffonne. It is changed. We walked in the Luxembourg Gardens. We did all the lovely things. On the night of the 31st there was a terrible air raid. He and I were outside all during the time the Boche were overhead. We had been to the opera. It was the most beautiful moonlight night I have ever seen. There were many bombs. One of the French defense planes fell in the Place de la Concorde. But I occasionally nestled into Charley's arms and that was all there was to it. The firemen and *gendarmes* wanted us to go inside, but we stayed out. I thought it would be wonderful to be hit by the same bomb.

Charley stayed at the Hotel des Etats-Unis, just nearby our home. Ada and Alice love Charley very much, Alice particularly. Ada suspects that Charley is more than just a hand-holding beau to me. Charley has told his parents about me. I have not told my parent about Charley. She has enough to dislike me about already.

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Charley left today on his way to Tours where he will fly at the French camp. I shall visit him there as soon as possible. Perhaps I shall go to the city of Vouvray. It is very near the aviation camp. My lover looked very handsome in his new costume of military clothes. I adore that boy and am terribly worried about what will happen to him once he begins to fly. It is more hazardous than being in the Verdun trenches.

February 6th. Ada brings all the flat-footed YMCA men home with her and they bring jam and canned butter and coffee and tea and cigarettes and cigars and all such things with them as gifts. Madame Elise is pleased but I am bored terribly. There was a conference today about the terrible condition of the streets in Paris. It seems that the YMCA is going to do something about the girls who ply their trade on the boulevard. One of the secretaries was very eloquent about it, but very impractical in his suggestions. I translated the proceedings to a French officer who is also doing liaison work. He said, "Are these people insane? Do they realize that there is a war going on?" He nearly tore his hair. The conference also took up the idea of supplying more chocolate and less tobacco. That would be a dud idea too. One would think that the Y men had never associated with soldiers at all.

February 8th. The apartment is full of YMCA men and American jam and American coffee. It is very boring. Today we had to fill out a questionnaire. There was a ques-

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tion about what church I belonged to. I was about to say, none, when one of the girls said it would be fatal—I must say Baptist or Methodist or some American denomination. I put down Baptist. I would hate to lose my post with the YMCA, as I am nearly without any money. The bank shows a very small balance in my favor.

February 10th. Letter from Charley. He is installed at Tours and expects to fly soon. I shall visit him the first opportunity I have. I sleep with his letters every night. It was a mistake to put down Baptist; they are going to organize all the Baptist girls for some purpose or other and I am terribly afraid they will ask me some questions about Mr. Baptist that I will never be able to answer. I am awfully worried. I love Charley though. That matters most, after all. There will be canteens outside with the troops to which I shall try to become attached. The flat-feet bother me too much.

February 11th. I knew it would happen. One flat-foot has made advances of love to me. He said it would be to my advantage to know someone like him very well when I came to America, etc. etc., and for this and other reasons I should be kind to a lonesome American so far from Tennessee. My kindness amounted to telling him all about Charley—how brave and how handsome he was. The flat-foot was very unhappy with me. For a change he brought sugar as a gift. I kept the gift. Being away from Charley is terrible. I have never known love until now.

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February 15th. Charley says he will fly a Caudron airplane and that it rattles like a pair of skeletons dancing on a tin roof. Sounds unsafe. I have written him and forbidden him to fly a Caudron unless it is repaired and will not rattle. The Americans have no sense of safety.

February 18th. Paris. Letter from my brother Robert. He is in a great deal of trouble. He had an argument with a grease-ball (a cook of the greasy type). Robert says he hung a mess kit on the grease-ball's front teeth. Sounds like a very difficult feat. Robert is in the guard house. I have written Robert and told him all about Charley. I know they will like one another. I also sent Robert a one hundred franc note.

February 21st. Paris. At last I have seen a celebration given by members of the United States Army. Some of them were aviators from Issoudun. I knew the Issoudunites. Others were from the Lafayette Escadrille. I also knew them slightly. Some were *soldats à pied* (infantrymen). There was a major and a colonel. It was celebrating someone's birthday, but before the party was over it seemed to me that there were about twelve birthdays.

At first I came in for what the cadets call heavy manhandling. But then one of the Issoudun lieutenants told them I was engaged or married and they respected me after that. The major took a bath without taking off his breeches or boots. Before that someone suggested dipping one of the girls into a bath of wine—champagne, I suppose. But they decided to drink the champagne.

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I was the only sober and sane French speaking person present, so I did all the talking to the waiters and thereby saved the men many francs as the Maître d'Hotel would have overcharged them terribly. Once during the evening they wanted to have a fire in the fireplace. The wood would not burn. So one of the Y girls went to her apartment with the major and brought back a tin of American butter. The wood was greased with butter and it burned beautifully.

One of the Y girls wanted to dance without her clothing. There was a very tense moment, as she threw off her garments. The major made very definite advances to her. It was after that that the other officers decided that the major needed a cold bath. I must say that they treated me like some sort of a princess and now that I am home I can think of nothing but my glorious lover. How I wish I held him in my arms this moment!

The YMCA has served notice on me. I must wear the uniform. It will be the last straw. If I go out on canteen duty somewhere in the provinces I will have to wear the canteen apron. That will be simply too terrible.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

March 1st. I am going to the Le Mans YMCA canteen. It is said to be the biggest in France. This word "biggest" gets very boring but it is used continually by the Americans. I shall go to Tours to visit Charley on the way to Le Mans. It will take a little longer but no one will notice a day one way or the other.

When I am alone I pretend that Charley is with me. I have long conversations with him. He holds me in his arms. Fortunately I have such a vivid imagination and a good memory. I explained to Madame Elise that I imagined my lover with me always. She said it is not that way with the French. They must see the flesh-and-blood lover. Madame Elise is becoming very conversant about affairs of the heart.

Love is a thing that may not be turned aside. I'm glad I didn't try to turn Charley's love aside. He and I loved one another at once, adventurously. That, after all, is the way people should love one another.

March 2nd. The young lady (Gertrude F.) who did the semi-Salome dance at the officers' celebration has been ill ever since. I have been doing her work and mine too. It is very trying. Gertrude is a very beautiful thing and will

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try to go on the rolling canteens with me when they are organized. She says that when she drinks champagne she is simply wild to dance in the altogether. Many girls are like that nowadays. Mata Hari was—Mata Hari, the famous spy and courtesan. But Gertrude is not like Mata Hari. She is an adorable person and wishes very much that she had a really truly grand lover—"a swell man," as the Yale ambulance men would say—a man like my Charley.

March 3rd. I leave tomorrow. Yesterday I went with Gertrude to visit with some American pilots who are going up to the Front. They are the very first ones. I knew many of them at Issoudun. What a grand lot of boys. Gertrude has her eye on one of them. He is named Lieut. J. R. His camp will be near the village of Villeneuve. Gertrude and the Lieut. sat apart a long while. He was holding her hands in both of his. When men go out to the Front they are usually quiet. It is the returning soldier who makes merry.

March 4th. En route. Gertrude and Alice came down to see me off. Gertrude says the Lieut. took her home; that he was as bashful as a schoolboy. Gertrude allowed him to tell her good-by by shaking her hand and after he had turned to go she stopped him and asked him to really kiss her. The Lieut. was covered with confusion. Gertrude was also covered with confusion when she told me.

Gertrude wants to go at once to Villeneuve. After the Lieutenant had kissed her she refused to let him go. They sat up and talked most of the night. The Lieutenant left

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early this morning. Gertrude's eyes were very tired today. But it was a glorious kind of weariness, because behind them I could see that she was suffering the indescribable happiness that only a woman can know when she is almost in love.

My heart is fluttering with every movement of the train. The beautiful countryside passes by and I know that I am coming nearer my darling Charley. I sent him the following message two days ago:

"One piece of baggage arriving afternoon March 5th, Tours." He will understand what "baggage" means. We planned this code when he was with me last time.

March 14th. Le Mans, France. I can never write anything in my diary when I am with Charley. He electrifies me so that I can't stand to waste the time. Charley is not flying. He is at the point of deserting because everything goes so slowly. I think always that no experience could ever be more thrilling than the twenty-four hours I spent at Vierzon. But Tours will always be a beautiful memory, just like that very first snowy day when Charley sat on the floor with his head in my lap.

My heart is very heavy. At Le Mans the Americans have erected a Y hut. It is known as "Hurrah Hut No. 1". When I heard this name I wept. Will the Americans never learn to leave ballyhoo out of the war! And the American soldiers here are such wonderful lads. I can only think of Verdun and imagine these beautiful boys all shot to pieces, not knowing really why they are fighting.

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I live with a lovely old French couple. They treat me as if I were their daughter. Monsieur thinks I will die of heartbreak for some dead lover. I explained to him that I was sad because of my love for my very much alive lover. He said, "Alas, enjoy your delicious sadness. A king would trade his crown to be so much in love." But Le Mans is a dud.

March 15th. I will not like Le Mans. I am in tears all the while. G. I. Can has come into my life. It is a huge garbage can in which we make chocolate and coffee. I wash them by the dozen. It took me all morning to scour six, and do it properly after the dregs had dried and frozen in them from last week's chocolate.

Letter from Gertrude. The Lieutenant has been to visit her. She and he drove out to a little town on the Fontainebleau road and were married. It took all day. She says she could never have dreamed anything like her happiness. She says that people talk to her and she cannot hear them. I know that feeling. I was that way in Issoudun and again in Tours. Gertrude is so terribly worried about her lover, though. Her marriage is a dead secret, however—no one must know it.

I sleep with Charley's letters. Today a medical lieutenant, seeing me weeping over the dirty G. I. cans, said, "Honey, can I do anything for you!" It was too much! His voice was exactly like Dixie Williams' voice. I had to sit down. The lieutenant fixed me up something to drink

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and I was better after that. He is a red-haired boy from Alabama. I have named him Caduceus.

The 91st and 92nd Divisions are about to go away to the Front, or to some other training area.

March 16th. Mr. Ford, who ballyhooed so loudly for peace back in 1915, must be making millions on the war. Yesterday I saw a train load of his perambulators pass the station. They call me "Weeping Mary" at the canteen. I am also learning about doughnuts. They are a great American delicacy. I do not care for them.

The black American soldiers are very humorous. They sing divinely. If Jackass Jackson could only have been here last night to hear them!

Brother Robert's letter says he is out of the guard house. He wants to give up the U. S. Army.

March 17th. Le Mans. We have a very funny American soldier helping in our kitchen. One of the sergeants told me today that our helper's nose was chewed by a dog once and that's what gives him such a funny look. I don't believe the dog-chewing story, but it is a very fair explanation. Our helper also lisps. He has studied the French in a self-taught book and his lisping, hand-made French is the delight of the entire canteen. I forget my heavy heart when he talks to me.

Today a very tall fellow came in and looked at me very wildly. He began talking to the right of where I was standing. Then he came closer and said, "Say, sister, how many

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are there of you?" He had the glassy-eyed look of a man who had partaken too freely of cognac. I said, "Listen, soldier, you've been hittin' the bottle." He said, "Guess again, little one. I take my red-eye out of a wooden ladle over at Cognac Cora's." Cognac Cora is a French person of several reputations who runs a low dive for the amusement of the Yanks. But the M. P.'s will close her shortly, it is already rumored.

We also have a flat-foot secretary here whose pet name is "Minnie". He shaves his eyebrows. I have only known three or four females who did that trick and they were actresses. But this "Minnie" person surely does. He is very polite, though, and mends socks marvelously. He showed me some he mended last night.

March 18th. I have invented a god of my own and I pray to him all the while for Charley's life; also for Gertrude's lieutenant. She calls him Jim. My brother is too lucky to need anyone to pray for him.

Letter from Gertrude says she hasn't heard from her lieutenant for several days.

March 21st. The war has broken out in the north end of the line terribly. The Boche are out to finish off the British. Everyone was excited about the news tonight.

March 23rd. Boche are winning the war. More Americans come every day. If the Boche break the line I wonder what will become of these American Armies. The Ameri-

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cans will no doubt start trenches at Le Mans and wait for the Heinies.

March 24th. Something has happened to Gertrude's lieutenant. She told me in her letter today that her letters to him came back unopened. Gertrude said I should come back to Paris at once. She has no other friend but me.

I cannot work. I cannot think. Perhaps I am insane. My friend, the medical lieutenant, Caduceus, visited me today. He says I should go back to Paris at once. He is taking the matter up with headquarters.

April 1st. 141 Bis Montparnasse. Everything has been plunged into the greatest gloom. Gertrude's husband has been shot down. She is here with me. When I came back from Le Mans Alice and Ada were gone. They decided to go to southern France to work in a reconstruction hospital. I have Gertrude and two other Y girls here with me. One is Betty Marcum from North Carolina and the other is Louise Potter from New York City.

Gertrude had been married less than two weeks when her tragic news came. I have to stay with her nearly all the time. The war goes against us up in the north. It looks as if we may have to leave Paris this time for good.

Gertrude cries all day long, "Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmie! Come back to me!" I haven't even time enough to think of my own lover Charley, who is now flying those noisy old Caudrons down at Tours. He says that no one can get him.

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April 3rd. Betty Marcum, our newcomer from North Carolina, is simply wonderful. She has a beautiful southern accent. If we are riding in the Metro and she hears an American soldier talking and he has a southern accent, Betty at once demands to know if he is from North Carolina. If he is Betty adopts him on the spot. I have tried to explain that there are bums in North Carolina just the same as in any other state, but she says no, that North Carolinians are hot stuff and that's all there is to it.

Poor dear Gertrude lives from day to day hoping that she will receive news from the Graves Registration Bureau at the Red Cross Headquarters about her husband. It may be that he is a prisoner in Germany and not lying dead out in No Man's Land. Gertrude will not go home. She has decided to stay and live out the war if possible and then if her husband is dead, find his grave sometime.

I have to carry on, somehow. And my Charley is through flying at Tours and will soon go to Issoudun to learn the Nieuport trick, as he calls it. He will of course come through Paris on his way to Issoudun. He is now an officer, a first lieutenant.

April 4th. Paris. The fourth girl in our apartment is Louise Potter of New York City. She is perhaps the wildest person in France. She has more flat-footed YMCA men on her string than any woman attached to the armies. She makes dates with six of them at once and then goes off to an enlisted men's dance and all six of the Y men sit around in the apartment waiting for Louise to come back.

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About the time she arrives, it's time for them to catch their train back to Tours or wherever they come from. She is something like Ada only she has a wider range of possibilities. We have an unlimited amount of American jam again, just as we did when Ada was here.

April 5th. Gertrude is ill in bed. We had an American medical lieutenant come in to look at her. He says she has what is known as Spanish influenza.

April 15th. Paris. Gertrude is better. Today was my birthday. I didn't tell Gertrude because she would have wanted me to celebrate it somehow and I just couldn't. Had a letter from my boy—that was all the celebration I wanted. He wanted to send me a gift but couldn't get away from camp. But he sent me his love and I wouldn't ask for a greater gift than that. Gertrude and I will soon go into the rolling canteens or the canteens with the combat troops. It will be Bar-le-Duc all over again.

April 27th. Gertrude and I go to the Breteuil area with some troops of the First Division. It is just behind Montdidier. Montdidier is now in the hands of the Boche. I wonder what my little canteen looks like. It seems that the Americans are going to help the British defend Amiens.

Gertrude has absolutely nothing to say. She seldom smiles. But she looks simply divine. I have never seen a more beautiful person than she is since the time her husband was shot down.

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I saw my sweetheart on the 20th and 21st. He comforted Gertrude very much. But Gertrude wept a great deal while he was with us.

It is almost unbelievable that so much could happen in such a short while. Think of Gertrude meeting her lieutenant, marrying him so suddenly and then his being shot down—all in less than a month. Charley says they haven't written his name on a single bullet. He is such a dear. He has what he calls a "sophomore moustache".

But I believe I loved his uniform more when he was just a cadet. In those days I could nestle my head on his shoulder very safely. Now that he is an officer he wears all those terrible ornaments and my hair is constantly becoming entangled in U. S.'s and winged propellers and silver shoulder bars. It is a symbol—I am hopelessly entangled in the U. S. Army.

May 5th. Vendeuil. Hdqtrs. of the 13th Field Hospital. There is very little time to write in my diary these days. We are extremely busy. Gertrude works silently. The soldiers stand and stare at her, open-mouthed. She becomes more beautiful every day. The city of Breteuil is only two kilometers away. It is the General Headquarters for the troops in this area. There seem to be millions of Americans. We have been twice up to Mesnil St. Firmin. It is the Field Headquarters. We went on the camion kitchen and fed out great quantities of chocolate and coffee and cigarettes and other things. There are always several Y men in the party, but the girls do the cooking and serving. A lot

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of our work is done after sundown when we go up nearer the lines. In the daytime, the air is full of all kinds of airplanes.

We have learned a new technique of handing out doughnuts—that is, when we have them to hand out, which isn't very often. We string them on a little stick and present the entire stick to the doughboy. The doughboy is supposed to take only one doughnut. Sometimes they take several—the extra ones are for buddies who are on duty. This last line of chaff is eye-water to us.

There is a Y hut at Villers Tournelle, which is under shell fire all the time. At last we see the YMCA doing something really brave. The men who were flat-foots in Paris put on a gas mask and a helmet out here and act just like soldiers.

Most of the wounded from here will have to be evacuated in ambulances because the railroads are nearly all within the range of the Boche and they are being shot at all the time. We went through a gas drill today. It was deadly.

May 10th. Paillart—Third Field Hospital. Air is full of Boche airplanes all the time. American officers are very mad because there are no American aviators. Gertrude is not very well. Charley is at Issoudun studying the Nieuport.

We have had a pay day. The boys are binged up to the ears as they say, and the guard house is working over-time. There are several classifications of being tight in this man's

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army. "D. but C." means only slightly intoxicated—that is, "drunk but coherent." "D. and S." means "drunk and staggering." "D. and D." is the only state in which a soldier may be taken in unless he is putting up an offensive battle. "D. and D." means "drunk and down," and it usually draws from ten to thirty days extra duty, if no other rule has been violated.

The soldiers up on front line duty are of course unable to get at the cafés to binge up, but the reserves have had a great day. A dog robber to an Artillery Colonel has taken a fancy to Gertrude and me. He chops us the best firewood I have seen since I left Bar-le-Duc. The dog robber was commenting on the prevalent use of alcoholic beverages. He said he used to hit the bottle very hard in his youth; in fact, he used to have a hole in his shoulder where he poured it in with a quart tin cup. Gertrude and I stand aghast at the yarns he spins.

May 15th. Breteuil sur Noye. Today I went with Gertrude to a very old French doctor. The doctor examined Gertrude and told her she would have a baby sometime in the early fall. When she heard the doctor say it she cried out aloud with joy. She as least has a chance of bearing a boy and having another Lieut. Jimmie. The old French doctor was very much moved. He expected Gertrude to be worried, but when he saw she was pleased, he patted her on the back and said how glad he was to see such a heroic woman. Gertrude is a rich girl. She can afford to have her child and bring it up in the right way. She will

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stay with me a little while longer and then go back to Paris.

May 21st. Gertrude is a completely changed person. She even talks occasionally. She is more beautiful, if possible, since she knows she will have a baby. She and I spent most of last night on the roadside several kilometers from Mesnil St. Firmin. A French officer came by and I asked him what the name of the place was. He said, "Mademoiselle, this place has no name. It is about four kilometers west of Mesnil and according to my map, is 163 meters above sea level." We fed him at once and he was profuse with his thanks.

May 25th. Four kilometers west of Mesnil, 163 meters above sea level. There were four M. P.'s on duty today. They were directing traffic in details of two. Whichever pair of them was off duty came over to our camion and washed cups. M. P.'s have always been my friends ever since the days of the Issoudun M. P. force. Later the driver of our camion came in for his share of cup washing. His name is the "Wall-Eyed Walrus." The name fits very well. He has a walrus moustache just like Old Bill in Capt. Bairnsfather's cartoons. But Wally gets on badly with the M. P.'s. He crashed in an M. P.'s front teeth last winter down in Toul and is still proud of it. It is poppy time—we decorate the camion with them every day.

May 26th. Breteuil. Letter from Charley. I had told him of Gertrude's baby. He said he wished we were married

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so we could do the same thing. The thought of being the mother of Charley's baby almost suffocates me. Charley says they kill off a cadet every day or so. He is flying a Nieuport and likes it very much. I love my Charley. Everyone expects the big offensive very soon. There is plenty of war going on always in this neck of the woods.

May 29th. Four kilometers west of Mesnil, 163 meters above sea level. It happened yesterday and is still happening. My heart is broken over the many wounded. The ambulances pass radiator to tailboard—every one full of bloody bandages. Gertrude and I scour our G. I. cans and feed every soldier who has time to stop. The Y men are working twenty-four hours a day and the doctors and nurses never stop. It seems that the Americans are going to have success. There were many little tanks, and I have never heard so much artillery since Verdun.

June 2nd. Bacouel. Divisional Field Hdqtrs. In the railway station. Today Gertrude called Paris by telephone and they told her that her husband is in a prison camp in Germany and that he is very badly wounded but is expected to live. It's almost too much for me, because I go through all her emotions with her. She cannot talk again, but her eyes shine. She has her husband and her baby. She is indeed on God's good side.

The battle is over and the Americans have won a great victory. But my heart is very heavy. There are so many wounded and so many new crosses and so many who have

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been swallowed up in the advance—the ones we will never find, the missing in action.

Gertrude and I cooked cans of cocoa and tea and scoured the G. I. cans with greater vigor than ever. The battle is over! The battle is over! Gertrude's husband is safe. Charley loves me. All these things go over and over in my head. I could almost make a song of them.

June 3rd. Today a boy was being put into an ambulance to be evacuated to the base hospital. He had been terribly burned in some way. When he saw me he asked that I let him touch his hand to my face. So I took his free hand in both of mine and held it to my face and then I kissed him. He smiled such a wan smile and thanked me. They said he could not be expected to live.

June 4th. Gertrude sings all the while. She is radiant with happiness. The battle is over. Our driver is in a jam with the Military Police. He says that one of them called him "Beer Brains" and he couldn't take that from any white man in any army. Our new driver is named "Fish Eye." He is more of a dud than Wally the Walrus. A captain stopped near our camion and cussed out some of his men until he was nearly tongue-tied. He saw us and said that every woman ought to be sent out of France until the war was over. A very red-faced artillery major came up about that time and overheard this *bon mot*. The major laughed and said that if they sent the women away, none of the soldiers would stay and there wouldn't be any war

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and then all the fly captains would be out of a job. We fed the major very tenderly and did he respond to our swell attention! He said, "Children, children, is there any little thing my outfit could do for you? Shall I lend you a detail of men to guard your camion! Where do you stay at night!" Etc. We told him in the camion and he said someone ought to write a book about the girls who served out the doughnuts and the coffee in this man's dog fight. So Gertrude and I are three-cheering the artillery all over the countryside.

June 6th. I used to think that I was a pretty fair soldier in the old days down at Bar-le-Duc, but this up-to-date war with the American invasion is so much more speedy and so much more exciting that it can't possibly be compared with anything I've ever seen. The American soldier seems to be a born speed maniac. He has very little respect for his officers but he makes up for this deficiency by being a wildcat in battle.

The artillery major with the red face who is now a daily customer of ours says that the German prisoners they captured at Cantigny said that the Americans fought in an outlandish manner—that they didn't do the things soldiers were expected to do under given conditions. We think it's too bad that the old Heinie was so put out with our red-necked doughboys. God bless every mother's son of them and I wish the war were over tonight so every Yank could go home to Ohio and Tennessee and Philadelphia and Chicago and all the other places in that apparently

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endless country. Gertrude and I are not working so hard. We will ask to go back to Paris again soon. The Chief says he wants to reorganize anyhow.

June 7th. Springtime. There are lilacs outside my window. Today I looked at Gertrude washing cups, her arms deep in the dishwater. I thought of how she is carrying around the growing germ of her baby. And how her husband is in a German prison camp. And how quickly it has all happened. And here I am with a lover flying those terrible Nieuports. Gertrude is a rich girl. But I am almost penniless. I have told her all about my trip to Vierzon with Charley when he was a cadet at Issoudun. She says I did exactly right. But what if I should have a baby, too, like Gertrude. Charley would marry me then at once, law or no law, and I would ask him to fly more carefully. It is so easy to get finished off in the air—the motor conks out or some Heinie writes your name on a machine gun bullet and there you go.

The war goes on in other places. It is sometimes unbelievable, but if one goes into a hospital it becomes very real at once. War is an accursed business. The red-faced artillery major is a philosopher. He said to me today, "Sister, there is only one thing dumber than warfare, and that is not being ready for warfare when it pounces upon you. Preparation, preparedness. That's the text of the world's message today." I thanked the major and gave him some special coffee which we keep on hand for his own and our individual benefit.

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Gertrude says the YMCA canteen aprons are excellent things for a woman in her condition. I wear them under protest. It would seem that the Y tries to make us as unattractive as possible so as to remove the possibility of sex attraction. How futile! But it's exactly what those flat-footers at Headquarters would think of.

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

July 1st, 1918. 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse. What a long while since I wrote anything in my diary. Gertrude and I came back and she resigned so she could go to the south of France and wait for her baby and her husband. She will leave the 6th of July. She has had definite news that her husband is almost entirely recovered and is getting along beautifully. My mother is in town again; she came back to get some of her belongings before she went south for good. She expects the Boche to break into Paris this time surely. It looks very bad at the Front.

I am going out to be attached to the 3rd Division YMCA and we will leave the night of the 5th. But we will celebrate the Fourth here. Charley is in town. He is on his way to a place named Cazeau to learn gunning—as if the cadets didn't do enough shooting last winter. He is now a real pilot and is rearing to go to the Front. I live in mortal fear of his life always. Every time anyone approaches me with a letter or a note of any kind I am sure it is the news of his death.

Our celebration will start the night of the third. We will celebrate Gertrude's husband's being alive, Gertrude's baby, my lover being a pilot and our satisfaction with life generally. Madame Elise works in the kitchen with one

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ear turned toward Château-Thierry. The Boche are up there, but are standing still just now. It is rumored that the American troops have made a very splendid showing against the Heinies. But the newspapers are full of blank spaces. We get the real news from the less flat-footed Y men who come back from the Front.

Today a man at Headquarters who is writing articles about the Y for the American papers said that every girl should keep notes on what happens. He said such notes will not be worth much now, but in years to come they will be priceless. Strange, about my diaries—I started in Paris in 1914 to write in a book larger than a big sheet of writing paper. At Bar-le-Duc I was using one about the size of a *carte postale* and in Issoudun I had a tiny one called a Day-a-logue. And now my diary is just the size of the little dictionaries the Yanks carry. I can keep it in my uniform skirt pocket and by writing in a small hand, a page will contain about as much as I have time to write. Here in town it's different. I have time to spread myself.

July 2nd. What a bombing raid we had last night! And the long-range gun shoots sometimes every ten minutes. Paris is a terrible place to be in and I hope to kick your hat in the creek if that isn't a fact.

The YMCA people back in Paris are worse this time than they were the time before. I suppose it's because we saw them making the big war up at Cantigny and now we see them flat-footing around Paris trying to preach platitudes to these poor Yanks, while the Yanks want to drink

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a little cognac and sleep with a few girls and then go back to the Front to be bumped off perhaps. One would think that this welfare work would either be washed out or done properly. I'll bet the higher-ups in the army are sore over their bargain though.

We still have the conferences. And the newly arrived sky pilots from the States still make their wild suggestions about methods of purifying the army and the city of Paris and all such rot. One of them said today that the non-Christian population of France had its eyes on the YMCA; that we were on trial before the world and that the slightest misstep would degrade the entire organization. I thought of that handful of Marines up at Château-Thierry and then took a long look at that flat-foot from the far West who was so sure that the Y mattered, while the life and death of our soldiers was just an unfortunate situation over which no one, not even God, had any regulation.

My mother left this morning. That's something to be glad of. I have decided to write at least one tiny page in my new diary every day. It will be about forty words. I have tried one page.

July 4th. Night. Charley is gone. He left after dinner tonight. The celebration was the most extraordinary. Charley brought four of his fellows, so we brought in an extra girl so each man would have a lady as his own. First there was Tombstone. His father is a millionaire and a manufacturer of tombstones in America. He wants to sell

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the French Government ornamental stone crosses for all the soldiers' graves. He has drawn several suggestions with "Rest in Peace", "Rock of Ages", "In Loving Memory" inscribed on them.

I nearly went cuckoo trying to explain to him that the French had their own ideas of inscriptions, but Tombstone had taken too much champagne to understand such a fine point. Then there was another lad who had a similar idea. They called him Horse Jaw. He wants to sell the French Government a consignment of popcorn poppers and peanut roasters so the one-armed poilus can push them around the city of Paris and make a living after the war is over. I almost wept at such a terrible spectacle. Horse Jaw thought I was a bum business woman.

The celebration proper started about three o'clock on July the third. The boys later took us riding in the Bois de Boulogne and then we went to dinner. Later we came back to our apartment and the boys did the wildest and most amusing things. One of them played aviator and nearly blinded himself doing a spinning nose dive when his head struck the corner of a table. Charley and Tombstone danced a dance they call the "do-si-do", which was a great success. Another one of them, called Dopie, thought he was a wolf. He kept saying, "I'm a lone wolf. It's my night out and I'll have my howl." And then he would let out the most ungodly yell I have ever heard outside of the Zoo at Antwerp. There was only one fight.

I refused to allow Gertrude to drink any champagne. I didn't think it would be the proper thing for a prospective

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mother. The boys were simply wonderful to her. She wept quite a little at their attentions. She says that there are only a few real tears—after that it's a habit.

Later in the evening Horse Jaw took me aside. He had begun to be just a little sober. He gave me a long talking to. He said, "Sister, are you going to do right by Charley?" And I said yes. It was like going to confession. Horse Jaw is not a dud after all.

When the party was almost over the bell rang and the boys yelled, "Dress, girls, the house is pinched." But it wasn't the *gendarmes* at all. It was a Major in the U. S. Army. When the boys heard me say, "Hello, Jackass," and saw me throw my arms around his neck, they nearly died. They thought I would be sent to Leavenworth on the next boat. But it was Jackass Jackson. He is now a Major in the Horse Doctors' Corps of the U. S. Army. Of course, the boys, being natural born cadets, liked him at once, and Jackass forgot about being a major and regaled us with the wildest tales I have ever heard about his exploits with the artillery. His name was almost too much for Charley. I thought my lover would expire laughing at the idea of a Horse Doctor being named Jackass. I told Jackass I had at last learned how to fry pancakes and also ham and eggs. But he looked very sad and remarked that I also had learned to bestow swell attention on a beau lover from the aviation. He seemed to know by some subtle means that Charley and I are It.

On the morning of the Fourth Charley and I went out to a flying field named Orly. It is south of Paris on the

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Fontainebleau road. The Americans have a huge acceptance field there. Charley wanted to see some of his old time buddies. On the way back we passed through Choisy le Roi. There was a little graveyard. Charley and I went in and sat down. He held me in his arms a long while. There was a pile of old designs made of colored beads. Charley took a handful of them—blue ones and white ones. He will have me sew one on his flying helmet for every month he flies—a blue one for a flying month and a white one for a month on the ground. And if he goes down and his helmet comes back to me I shall sew on a gold bead.

In the afternoon I gave him the Hindu Prince's ring. It was given to me by the Prince away back in 1914 and I haven't worn it since 1915. It fitted on one of Charley's smaller fingers. He will wear it for luck.

Charley has had some pictures made of himself. They were taken at Chateauroux. They show him amid a collection of papier-maché rocks and imitation trees, but they are good nevertheless.

Oh, how I love that boy! I leave tonight. My new partner is a girl named Lulu Shirley M. She is a very attractive person.

When we told the boys good-by before they left for Cazeau they said, "Well, fellows, we'll have to rake the YMCA girls' hair off our collar ornaments and go back to the castor oil and the hangars." Castor oil is used to oil the airplane motors.

Charley has made me promise before Gertrude as a witness that if he goes down in battle and never comes

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back I will carry on. I said that I would try. He also said that he believes in one really beautiful powerful love and although that love may be of short life, it lives on just the same, no matter what happens to the lovers. It sounded very final and awfully solemn. I wish Charley wouldn't talk about not coming back—it sounds so like a prophecy.

July 5th. Coulommiers. Stopped en route at Coulommiers for luncheon. Met members of 2nd APG (American Pursuit Group). My new partner is truly a LULU. Have infected scratch on forehead from Charley's ornaments. Ran away from war in '14—running into war in '18. Life is a riddle.

July 5th. Night. Montmirail. Traffic conditions unbelievable. Lulu is ill—rather, travel sick. One of the men in our party is also in a local hospital for the night. Flies bother us awfully. Attack is rumored for any minute. We will work on the secondary road, the one from Montmirail to Chatillon. The one from Montmirail to Condé and Jaulgonne is reserved for the Military.

July 6th. Night. L'Echelle. We made several stops today and served quite a few Yanks. The army is assembling. They better hurry. I asked a French officer today if a shell could come back to L'Echelle. He looked at his map and figured a moment. Then he said, "Yes, but William the Second would have to pull the firing mechanism. We are 20,000 meters from the nearest point of the German advance."

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July 7th. L'Echelle. We are completely lost. No one knows where the 3rd Division is. We carry on just the same.

July 10th. Voilaine on the Margny River. Talked to two runners tonight who have been all the way up to the Marne several times. They say it will be a wow of a battle when it starts. One of them drew a picture of an American flag for Muriel, daughter of innkeeper where Lulu and I are staying. Muriel thinks she is in love with the runner named Fenton from Philadelphia. Other runner named Andy—very helpful, chopped wood for us.

July 13th. Voilaine on the Margny River. Night. Can't sleep. Spent early night talking to Fenton and Andy and Muriel and mother and Lulu. Muriel is pathetically in love with Fenton. Andy chops wood. No war yet. We think that it may not happen. Fenton says yes. We serve endless lines of men. Mobs of Americans everywhere. If anything starts, we go at once back to L'Echelle and from there take the direction of Provins.

July 14th. Voilaine on the Margny River. Early Night. Beautiful summer night, like Shakespeare's summer night play. Very little prospect of war as far as we can see except endless line of Americans. Lulu has an artillery sergeant beau lover. He is from Philadelphia. We are in the middle of the 125th French Division and the 28th American Division. The Americans are from Pennsylvania.

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July 15th. Voilaine. It happened last night at midnight. We were sent back at once but we didn't go. It was perhaps the worst so far. No one knows what has happened. Wild rumors tell us that the Germans are advancing rapidly. We will start for Provins soon.

There was a mobile hospital unit near-by and we helped them all night with their resuscitation cases. It seems that the American doctors will not operate on a case that is very low. They give them hot food and certain injections and when they revive, then they operate. It was very terrible, however, when someone announced gas.

All the cases had to be evacuated or moved into the gas proof *abris*. In doing this several boys were dropped from the stretchers, as the bearers had on gas masks all the while. In case of head wounds where the gas masks could not be adjusted to the faces of the wounded boys, the nurses held the respirators in their mouths while they were being moved. It was the most heroic thing I have ever seen. I had never been in a concentration of gas that was thick enough to notice. The masks were very uncomfortable and after a while I became sick and vomited into mine. Fortunately I was on the way down into an *abri*. I took the mask off of a boy who had passed out and went on with my job. Lulu is a perfect brick. She can do more work in an hour than I can in a month.

There were two Y men who were the absolute heroes of the hospital movement. One of them finally fainted. He is an old man with completely gray hair. He must be at

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least 50 or more, and here he was working beside 20-year-old stretcher-bearers.

Only the people who have seen the effect of gas in a hospital evacuation can really know what gas means to the soldiers. It was light, however, with us—more what the boys call a "blow-back."

I am writing this while I take my half hour's rest. It is the first I have had since I can remember. And my poor tired feet are crying for vengeance. A corporal said, "Dogs botherin' you, sister?" He meant my feet. What a language the Yanks speak!

July 16th. Voilaine. We will not go to Provins.

July 17th. Terrible thunderstorm. Rain and lightning. Lulu and I thought it was the end of things.

July 20th. Voilaine on the Margny River. Nighttime. The Marne war is over. A French captain told me today that the Germans have lost the offensive. They are now on the defensive. No one will ever know exactly what happened. Just before sundown, some walking cases passed our camion and among them was Andy. He stopped a while to talk and rest. He said that the French gave way when the Heinies crossed the Marne and that the Americans stuck to their posts and that the loss of life was almost one hundred per cent in some outfits of the 28th Division. He said that several companies of the 109th Infantry have disappeared. He says that the American artillery men

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fired muzzle bursts into the advancing Heinies as they tried to cross the river and that after the river was almost filled up with dead Heinies the American artillerymen were killed and then the Heinies made their crossing.

While we were talking, little Muriel came out of her house with a flag in her hands. It was the funniest looking flag I have ever seen. She had made it as a love gift to her lover Fenton.

Muriel said, "Where is Fenton"? And Andy said, "Just back there a bit—he'll come along soon." Muriel ran back into her house to arrange her dress so she would make a nice appearance. The flag had five stars and three red stripes and four white ones. Then Andy told me that Fenton was finished off. He went forward with a message to the 109th Infantry and never returned.

Andy left very quickly. It was growing dark when we last saw Muriel. She was standing in the doorway looking at everyone who passed for her lover. She had the flag clutched in her hands.

I wonder where my Charley is tonight. I love him so.

July 22nd. Talked to a captain tonight from the 38th Infantry of the 3rd U. S. Division. He says that the French allowed the Heinies to get back across the Marne river without harassing them and that his outfit (the 38th Infantry) is about to declare war on the 125th French Division. He also said that his C. O., Colonel U. S. MacA. is the best soldier in the war and that he saved the day for the Allies. My infantry captain was on his way

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back to see "where the Hell the kitchens were and if the quartermasters were still in the war". He hadn't been shaved in a week and he swore beautifully. I fed him everything I had handy. He said he'd remember the Y with a little more kindness after tonight.

July 23rd. About to move. When the wind blows back from the Marne the odor is indescribable. It isn't the odor of dead horses either, but dead and unburied men.

July 24th. Coulommiers. Today at luncheon I heard someone talking about an American pilot who had met his death. I couldn't breathe for a moment. Then I managed to ask them who it was. It is Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt whom I knew so well at Issoudun. I am afraid my hair will be white before this war is over. I've had no news of Charley since the 5th of July.

Later I talked to a Red Cross girl who used to be at Issoudun. She had only been there a short while when I was dismissed. She said that it was rumored in the canteen that I had a lover among the cadets. But she said she didn't blame me, because if Charley and I survived the war, our married happiness would be the story-book kind one seldom hears about. She said this old-style business of a man and woman marrying one another by the absent treatment method is very much of an experiment. She said the French littérateurs compare it to picking a ripe apple from an apple tree in the dark.

I wonder if I believe all this only to justify my conduct. I wonder if I had a daughter would I allow her to

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do the same thing. I wonder! The one thing about which I do not wonder is that I love my Charley.

July 25th. Resting over the night in an abandoned French motor park, now used by the Americans to house a regiment of negroes who make roads. There are also thousands of rolling kitchens here, cooking good soup.

In one end of the barracks Lulu is playing bridge with two officers and a Y man. I am sitting alone writing by two candles. One is a short candle and the other is a long one. The light is irregular and flickery from the breeze.

I have been strangely dizzy for several days and feel so unlike myself. It may be that I shall have a baby. It would be Charley's baby. If Gertrude was only nearby so I could ask her exactly how she felt. My God, what an adventuress I am! What if this thing should really happen and Charley should be killed! I am almost penniless. All of my inheritance is gone and my mother would never speak to me if I should bring home a fatherless baby.

Outside the negroes are singing. I wish I could go out and sing with them, but it is not supposed to be done by Y ladies. The negroes are singing *Steal Away to Jesus.* I know it from the jubilee book my father got for me long ago. I wish I could worship something like these simple fellows. I feel so alone.

July 26th. En route. Better today. I suppose I'm all right again. The Americans and the French have had new successes. The dizziness has passed. I am only hungry—for food and for my lover.

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CHAPTER TWENTY

September 1st. At the roadside after washing a thousand cocoa cups. A very well-known American poet named Kilmer has been killed. A Y man who was a friend of his told me of it. The Y man had tears in his eyes. It seemed the Y man lived near the poet back in America and they were chums since boyhood. He recited me one of Sergeant Kilmer's poems about an empty house and it gave me the strangest feeling.

If my lover dies in battle I will have this to comfort me. I will have known him as a heroic figure—a bronze image—with the blue beads on his flying cap and the flying shoebox, as the cadets call it, on his breast. The *Médecin Chef* at Montdidier said that youth was the time for love, but old age was the time for habits. If we grow old together we might weary of one another and the death of our love would be a worse hurt than the death of either life.

Why do I try to philosophize myself into a detached state of mind!

It is raining—one of those lovely soft rains. I have had a letter from Gertrude. Her baby will be born the end of October or the first of November. She is divinely happy. Her husband is entirely recovered and has written to her.

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September 10th. Back in Paris. There is a hospital in the Rue de Chevreuse, just around the corner from our house —Hospital No. 3. It is the same one established in the young ladies' school so long ago by the Americans and French. The U. S. Army has taken it over. We go over every night and look after the boys who are less cracked up. We play the piano and sing them songs and write letters for them. It is against the rules but the rules seem to be very flexible. Then the boys come around to 141 Bis when they are able to walk. They say it's like heaven to get into a real home. There is a very tall, handsome Captain, who comes often. He is awaiting orders to go back to the States. He has lost his wife and only child with flu back home and has been dreadfully gassed and the doctors say he will never speak above a whisper again. Strange—some people have *all* the trouble, others, none at all. I guess I'm mighty lucky to have my Charley alive and well.

September 20th. 141 Bis Boulevard Montparnasse. For ten days I have been in paradise. Came home on Sept. 10th only to find my boy had been sent to the Orly Flying Field just outside of Paris. He is now gone to the Front with the First APG (First American Pursuit Group). I will leave soon for the south end of the line. I am praying to be somewhere near my dear. I can think of nothing when he is here, and diary writing is impossible.

An enormously funny thing happened while Charley was out at Orly. It must have been about the 17th or 18th.

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Charley and I had planned to have dinner at the apartment and go over to the Bal de la Bouffonne later to dance a few tangoes. But it rained and flying was called off all day, so Charley and his gang came into town a short while after noontime, so they could get hair-cuts and be measured for new uniforms and all such.

One of the pilots at Orly (his name is "Monkey Meat") went into a French perfumery shop to buy a bottle of hair oil and was attracted by a bowl of gold fish. While the proprietor wasn't looking Monkey Meat put his hand into the bowl and scooped out a fish and put it, wriggling and dripping, into his pocket.

Once out on the street he bought a newspaper and wrapped up the poor little *poisson d'or* and hurried to the Grand Hotel, which was the appointed rendezvous. The other pilots, including Charley, were immensely thrilled at the idea of having a fish, although they didn't know what they would do with it. The first thing, of course, was to get some water for the little fellow at once, lest he die. So they started running to the nearest bar, screaming, "*Du l'eau, du l'eau,* water, water, water." The barkeeper, thinking someone was passing out, produced a glass of water immediately and waited. Before his astonished eyes Monkey Meat slowly and carefully unrolled the paper package and deposited the gold fish in the glass. It was what we call a crisis. The Frenchman said he had never seen such remarkable jokers as the American aviators. Thereupon there was a drink all around to the health and long life of *Monsieur Poisson.* Then the fish was rolled up

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in the newspaper again. They bade the French bartender farewell and started off down the Blvd. des Italiens screaming, "*Du l'eau!* Water! Water! Gangway for the American aviation section! Water for *Monsieur Poisson!*"

The first six times they repeated this operation, the fish seemed to be having a fairly good time, but finally the boys began to get very tight, owing to the drinks they had at every bar. The tighter they got the slower they travelled, so the fish began to pass out for lack of water. Ultimately the poor little fellow gave one flop of his rear flipper and turned his lovely gold belly up to the sky and died.

There was much moaning and weeping. Monkey Meat was by this time unable to navigate. The same was true of several others. A taxicab was engaged and the entire group went back to the Grand Hotel where they buried the tiny fish in true military style in one of the tree boxes in the Palm Garden, on the Boulevard du Capucine side.

There was a burial ceremony. Jannings, the only musician present, imitated the blowing of taps by snorting through his closed fist, and Fieldmouse who carries an army automatic always, was restrained only by force from firing three volleys of 45 Colt's ammunition. Later they tried to explain in very bad American French to a French Colonel, just what had happened. But the old Colonel only said they were adorable and very great infants. The episode has been labeled, "The Tragic Tale of the Life and Death of Monsieur Poisson d'Or."

New expression. This one came from the Third Red

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Cross Hospital. Troops are passing; it is night. The ones coming out say to the ones going in, "Cheer up, soldiers, you'll all be dead in twenty-four hours."

The Paris YMCA is worse than ever, if possible, but the people at the Front do unbelievable things. It is incongruous, but a fact. It seems that the flat-foots all get together, while the real men do the same thing.

We have recently had an influx of middle-aged females from the States who talk like crusaders. They are too "glad" to be alive. I have read several little booklets recently gotten out by the YMCA, telling the troops that this is a holy war. The Kaiser did the same thing in 1914 for his troops. People are very much the same.

My brother is an instructor at Issoudun and hates it. He likes flying, however.

My sympathies for the broken-hearted, handsome Captain from No. 3 Hospital were entirely wasted. His orders have come through to go back to the States, but he is not going to his home (if he had one), he is on his way to Leavenworth. He was a deserter from the 17th Infantry and had stolen everything—from uniform to papers—from a dead captain on the battle-field. He made a good yarn out of it and if he hadn't talked too much he would probably have got by, at least, until he got to America. It certainly was a blow to our judgment, because we thought he was the real thing.

Sept. 22nd. Triaucourt. With Lulu on the old camion. Up near the war again. Many negroes in this area and my

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wildest hope is gratified. Charley is not more than ten kilometers away at the flying field near Rembercourt. Winter is coming on. The days are growing gray and the mists are gathering in the hollows early in the afternoon. Our army looks tired, but they go on with renewed vigor. Someone said that it might be over before next spring. Then Charley and I will go back to Namur and he can see if the springtime there isn't more beautiful than it is in Kentucky.

Sept. 24th. Triaucourt. I have seen Charley. He says he will be a balloon expert. He has been out several times and has been in one so-called dog fight. My heart jumps every time I hear mention of aviation. The planes from his escadrille come over our camion and they sound like flying buzz-saws. Charley held me in his arms last night and told me all over again how much he loved me. Oh, why can't this war stop today—now—this minute! He is very enthusiastic about going to Belgium. He also wants to go to Africa and hunt elephants. When we are together I do nothing but ask questions.

Have had a bit of a sore throat for several days and told Charley about it. He said I didn't catch it from kissing him, as he has never had a sore throat in all his life. Then he suggested that I hunt up my Horse Doctor, Major Jackass and have him give me the double "O", meaning in army parlance, the "once-over." But I said, "No, Jackass to the jackasses." Charley thinks I am a humorist.

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Sept. 25th. Triaucourt. My camion canteen is equipped as follows—one wood-burning stove, 3 G. I. cans, 3 small stew pots, I skillet, a hinged shelf against the wall. Back can be entirely closed with wooden doors. Stepladder from the ground with five steps. Our driver is named "Shell Shock."

Last night I talked to a Catholic Padre and a Jewish Rabbi. I asked them why the Y was so unpopular and the Salvation Army was so popular. They said the Salvation Army had been in the business of welfare for many years; that they had an organization to begin with and that they worked in a small way. That the Y had no such organization but had to work on a gigantic scale. That the Y had not done welfare work before the war, as the Red Cross did, but spiritual uplift and physical uplift, etc. It sounds logical. The Rabbi said that the army promised the Y thousands of tons of shipping, but gave them about one one-hundredth of it really. Therefore, the Y had to go out into the neutral countries and get what they could and pay the highest prices.

I was pleased to find a Jewish brother use so much good sense and not blame the Y for a bunch of duds. They are duds, but I hate to hear them called that.

Sept. 27th. Clermont. The battle of the Meuse Argonne is on. We have moved up. The roads are nothing but mud and stalled trucks. All the other barrages were mere sham battles compared to this.

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Sept. 29th. Aubreville. Our camion slipped off the road last night and turned over. Shell Shock was slightly drunk. We were not hurt. We spent the night in the quarters of a Navy outfit who have the biggest gun in the world on a railway truck. They fire it at places miles behind the Front. They said if we would give them the address of anyone in Germany we would like to have killed, they would gladly oblige. Our camion will be ready to go tomorrow. We do what we can but it seems to be very little, after all.

October 1st. In the middle of the Forêt de Hesse. We thought we were going to a place called Avocourt where the Y men had established the very first canteen in this offensive, but here we were with a camion around our necks. Shell Shock was visibly drunk and our Y men could do nothing with him. An M. P. came by a little while ago and suggested that he use the knuckle dusters on Shell Shock, but I said, "No, don't do it here. Take him down the road and dust him all you want." So he did.

Now Shell Shock's right eye is almost closed and his jaw is rather lacerated, but he went right to work as I have never seen him work before. The M. P. came back from the knuckle-dusting and said that it is the method used in the zone of advance. The M. P.'s and the non-coms just beat up the petty offenders and shoot the others who commit bigger crimes. I suggested that there was quite a lot too much shooting going on without having any shooting among ourselves, but the M. P. said there would be a Hell of a lot more shooting before we got to Berlin.

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I said, "Why go to Berlin? It's a silly place anyhow." Personally I prefer Paris.

Later in the same day. We have raised the camion so that cooking is practical, but we have passed out all our supplies. We might as well go back and give it up. The roads are absolutely impossible and our camion is a total write-off.

A group of negroes passed late today and asked us where Nixeville was. They said they left Nixeville last night and have been hunting for it ever since. We found out that it is fifteen kilometers from here. I asked them if they had a map. They said it wouldn't "do no good"; they couldn't read a map, and anyhow this war was being carried on "by guess and by gosh" and not by maps.

October 2nd. Evacuation Hospital—Varennes. We left poor old battered-up Shell Shock and our camion in the middle of the Hesse forest and came on here in a very swank staff car. We are back at the resuscitation job again.

We heard from some balloon men today that the famous balloon strafer, Lieut. Luke, is missing. I can hardly live from hour to hour thinking of what news I might hear of my Charley.

October 3rd. Never have I worked under such conditions. Lulu has passed out. She is in a cot, quite hysterical. She held a candle to make light for the doctors to carry

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on their operations until she dropped. We have no floor in the hospital and there are about four inches of mud all over everything. The cases we are receiving have been wandering around in the Argonne forest since the 26th of September and their condition is indescribable.

I cooked what we could find to cook until Lulu fainted and then I went to holding the candle. The men of this mobile field hospital are no longer men—they are gods to me. They seem to have forgotten the usual human reactions to fatigue and hunger. There is only one idea—bring in the next stretcher and let's see what we can do for the poor devil.

God, I'm hungry—and tired—and worried—and ready to die. The flying buzz-saws come over and I can't even go out to see if they are Boche or American.

Today a stretcher came in with a giant of a boy on it. Both his legs were broken but they were not infected and the doctors set them very quickly. He said as they took him back to the ambulance that he was from Ohio; that he was sure he'd go back to Ohio now, because it would take at least six months to recover from two broken legs and by that time the war would be over. I counted the six months. It would be next March. Charley and I could be in Namur in the springtime. Charley will love Namur. I wonder if my mother will like Charley.

October 10th. Varennes. Lulu has been sent back. She was very ill when last I saw her. We have many newcomers. The American doughboy is the greatest soldier on

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earth. How they can stand the conditions under which they are fighting is a mystery to me. Our hospital is much improved but busier than before. But the mud is just as bad as ever.

October 12th. Varennes. A Y man told me today that when the war is over if I wanted to go to America the Y would send me over free, on the very best boat running. So if Charley wants to go back to Ky., I can get as far as the seaport with him at no expense to either of us. But somehow I believe Namur is the best place for Hélène and Charley.

October 15th. Varennes. Went on the supply truck to Bar-le-Duc. Bribed the driver to go by way of Rembercourt. It was raining all the way so I knew Charley would be on the ground, which he was. He went on in to Bar-le-Duc with me and we spent most of the day together. He is going to have a short leave perhaps about November the first. I will take the supply run again a week from today. Our hospital is getting better. It seems that I will do my bit canteening in the remains of Varennes. My tears were very near the surface while I was with Charley. It seems too much like a dream. He says the war will be over maybe in a hurry. The American newspaper *The Stars and Stripes,* talks a lot about the Kaiser's offer of an armistice, etc.

October 16th. Varennes. Yesterday when I was in Bar-le-Duc with Charley, one of his buddies met us and said

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he was going to get a new outfit of uniforms. But Charley said, "Don't do it; any old uniform is good enough to die in." I've been thinking of that statement all day. And what terrible dreams I do have! It seems that Charley is always in some trouble and I am unable to help him. Charley told me yesterday that if he is disfigured, he will never come back—never!

This morning a quartermaster's truck stopped in front of our hospital and dropped five tons of food supplies. We had the most gorgeous dinner tonight I have ever seen in the United States Army of America. The Q. M. is back in the war again.

October 21st. Varennes. To Bar-le-Duc on the supply truck today. It has been raining for days, and rainy weather is the most perfect weather for aviators to fenoogle around. (To "fenoogle" is to waste time in an enjoyable manner.) Charley says that at the present rate of flying weather, and the way the Heinies are being licked, he has an excellent chance to get through. There are many rumors about the possibility of the Boche laying down and quitting flat. Of course, I am on top of the world. Charley and I have made all kinds of plans about how we will carry on up at Namur. He says he will introduce modern methods of farming to the astonished Belgian farmers. He did an imitation of an astonished Belgian farmer on learning how the Kentucky farmers raise tobacco.

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Bar-le-Duc was full of aviators, but what can they do! The fog is right down on the ground. One must see to fly.

Nov. 1st. Today a plane from Charley's field came over and dropped a bundle of *Stars and Stripes*. It told of Austria being entirely licked, and also Turkey. The jolly old war will be over before we know it and my lover and I will be on our way to Namur. We might even spend Christmas at what remains of the château.

Today a wounded walking case said to his buddy, "Is that you, Ben?" And Ben said, "Yes, this is me somewhere inside of ten layers of French mud."

If the fog will only hold out until the Germans give up. Charley can't fly in this weather. I'm glad I argued him out of being a night flying combat pilot on those terrible Camels. The Camel is a sweetheart killer, if I know anything. I have made friends with a Q. M. Sergeant. He supplies me with everything I need from sugar and cocoa to fresh meat, and, best of all, makes no record of it.

November 4th. I wash cups and cook cocoa and make special dishes for sick boys with the speed of lightning, because the fog is holding out and the *Stars and Stripes* tells us that Austria has given the Kaiser the cold shoulder and left the poor old doddering cuckoo to his own devices. There is a chance of the war being over in a very few hours. Charley and I will go to Namur in time for Thanksgiving. There is a new phrase. The doughboys all say it. It is: "Who won the war?"—each unit claiming that they

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did, single-handed. Yesterday I said, "The aviation won the war," and they nearly mobbed me. The aviation, my dears, seems to be in very bad repute.

I pray all the while for fog.

Most of the wounded in our hospital come from the 28th, 35th, 1st and 77th Divisions.

November 5th. Varennes. Charley and three of his buddies came to visit me today. They all agreed that Charley was the wildest and the surest pilot in the air, but he has promised me to be logical. Logic, that's what we need in a time like this—more logic and more love. I'm in favor of both. Charley has invited all his buddies to visit with us for Thanksgiving at Namur. I wonder where we will put them. The château is smashed, according to rumor.

November 6th. The nervous tension of these days is unbelievable. I suppose Gertrude's baby is born by now. The fog gets better all the while. God is good, after all.

November 7th. Visited by Charley and buddies. C. O. wants to know who I am canteening for, doughboys or aviators. I said, "For the love of one aviator, my kind sir," but he didn't hear me. The aviators are very helpful; they wipe cups just as they did at Issoudun so long ago. Charley says after the *guerre* I will never wipe another anything. He says I should be decorated with the order of the sour dish rag. "Chevalier of the Ordre of the S. D. R." Fog holds out. My nerves can't hold out much longer though.

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November 9th. Fog and rain in the A. M. Slightly cleared up in the afternoon.

November 10th. It must be true! The nearby Signal Corps men who have the carrier pigeons and the wireless say that the Kaiser has fled from Germany. That means that the war is over because the Kaiser was the war—nothing else!

November 11th. 6:25 A. M. It is over! The Signal Corps men have intercepted the news. It will be effective at eleven o'clock today. We can't realize it yet somehow. The reaction is too terrible. Charley and I will be married at once and go to Namur as soon as he can be released from the Military. I cannot write down my happiness. It seems more than I deserve.

Later in the Same Day. I tried to get back to Charley's airdrome, but could not. Thought maybe he would come to Varennes, but the roads are so terrible. We have had mobs of doughboys wandering hither and yon, singing and rejoicing and yelling like Comanche Indians. I can't believe it yet. I shan't believe it until I see Charley and we go back to Bar-le-Duc for a few days' leave. Then it will be true.

After Midnight. At sundown today the officers in the hospital came to me and said, "Let's have a party," and I said, "Yes, let's." But I also said we would have to do

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something for the enlisted men and they said, of course. So several of the girls were detailed to look after whatever extra food and celebration the boys had and I went to helping out on the officers' party. I admit I was wishing for Charley all the while, but I fried pancakes and cooked the rum sauce for them until I nearly dropped.

As the party went on there were speeches. One was a very funny harangue entitled "In Defense of the Happy Ending". Then a French officer got up and said just a few words, but what words they were! He said that the men who had died in the war had burned their spirits so as to make a little flame and thereby help dispel the gathering darkness of oppression. It was very touching, but gaiety was the most general note. There were also about a hundred verses of *Mademoiselle From Armentiers*. I couldn't stay for all of them, although I listened outside the half-closed door. They were each one better than the ones before.

Tomorrow I shall surely see my lover boy Charley. How weary I am today but my happiness is indescribable. My arms ache to embrace my lover.

Rembercourt Airdrome.
1st American Pursuit Group.

Miss Hélène R. ——

Dear Miss ——

It becomes my painful duty to tell you that Lieutenant Charley Morrison is dead.

I tried to make myself come up to your canteen at

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Varennes yesterday so that I could tell you all about it, but I could not. Now I am doing the cowardly thing. I am writing you the details in a letter and having one of our motorcycle men deliver it to you.

You know, of course, that we have been unable to go on our usual patrol ever since the latter part of October. . . . fog . . . down . . . on . . . hangars . . . the fields . . . in mud . . . afternoon of the 9th . . . cleared off a bit . . . sun might come out.

. . . 5th or 6th of November . . . many new arrivals . . . new pursuit group. . . . never been . . . over the Front . . . skies seemed to . . . clear up . . . afternoon of . . . 9th . . . prevailed upon . . . C. O. to allow them . . . go over . . . balloon or trench strafing . . . hostilities might cease over night . . .

. . . your fiancé, Charley Morrison, headed one patrol . . . I headed another . . . out we went. . . . no exact idea of what happened after we left the field . . . I got back with one of my patrol. . . .

. . . gather . . . Charley's patrol got into difficulties . . . Fokkers and Pfaltz's between Montigny-devant-Sassey and Saubmory . . . running dog fight and Charley went down on fire . . . Montigny.

. . . remaining . . . members . . . his patrol came back . . . very hazy story.

. . . elements of 90th Division passed . . . Montigny . . . morning . . . 10th, but no trace of American . . . found. Since then two non-coms . . . (one of them being

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Charley's chief mechanic) . . . been . . . to Montigny . . . no trace . . . found. . . . like Guynemer and Frank Luke . . . he was swallowed up in the skies. . . . Montigny . . . so pounded by . . . American and German barrages . . . that . . . an airplane could not have lived . . .

. . . knew Charley Morrison on the Border in 1916 . . . sergeant in . . . artillery and later . . . First Officers' Training Camp . . . then Ground School . . . Columbus, Ohio . . . you remember . . . winter as . . . cadets at Issoudun, Charley doing M. P. duty . . . while I . . . plugging . . . typewriter . . . Headquarters . . . guard.

Charley told me . . . morning before he was killed . . . he and you planned to be married and go . . . Namur . . . introduce scientific farming. I went through . . . foot-locker and . . . bedding roll . . . took out all your letters. You will find . . . attached to this writing . . . separate cover. . . . also found . . . pair of . . . bedroom slippers. . . . from Paris . . . intended to give them to you. He told me . . . worn the pompoms off of . . . ones you have. I am giving the slippers to the . . . give them . . . to you . . . Charley would want you to have them.

. . . expecting to leave Rembercourt at once . . . follow . . . advance to Germany. . . . shall go . . . Montigny-devant-Sassey . . . orders notwithstanding, shall stop . . . to make . . . personal inspection of surrounding country . . . assure myself that Charley's remains . . . not . . . overlooked.

. . . nothing else . . . must pardon . . . details . . .

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only way I could . . . explain . . . tragedy . . . at . . . moment of our great victory.

. . . place myself at your service . . . any and all times.

Believe me, sincerely,

E. H. B., 1st Lieut.

November 12, 1918.

THE END

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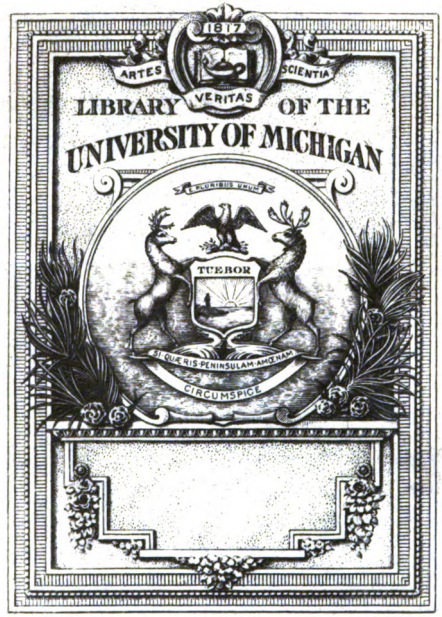

THE GIFT OF
Flora Finley Noble

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VOL. I—NO. 23.
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THE
BIG SAVIN
December 20th, 1916.
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For France and Her Allies
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VOO-DESSERVEUX SVAIT, MONSIEUR? PRWYOUAT-ILL EST NE PA NECESSAIR POOR VOO?
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STRICT AS EVER
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